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GRAY'S LETTERS

VOL. I

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THE LETTERS  
OF  
THOMAS GRAY

INCLUDING THE CORRESPONDENCE  
OF GRAY AND MASON

EDITED BY  
DUNCAN C. TOVEY  
EDITOR OF "GRAY AND HIS FRIENDS," ETC,

VOL. I



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## PREFACE.

IF I had their permission, I should like to dedicate this volume to four kindly correspondents whom it has never been my privilege to meet, but to whose encouragement in this, or comments on my previous work on Gray, I am much indebted. These are Professors Hales and Dowden on this side of the Atlantic, and Professors Phelps and Kittredge on the other. I am able to face once more some adverse and captious criticism, in the belief that my labours on Gray seem to them neither superfluous, nor, in spite of errors and oversights which, of all students of the poet they are best able to detect, unscholarly. And I must also record my obligations to my friend Canon Ainger, Master of the Temple, and to Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, Cambridge—as well as many others—whose judgment none could venture to question, and whose approval of my edition of Gray's poems has kept me in good heart under many inevitable difficulties and delays in the production of the present volume. My two sons, Duncan Tovey, late of Selwyn College, Cambridge, and Donald F. Tovey, late of Balliol, have given me substantial help, the first by investigating for me in the British Museum, and the second in the notes which bear upon music. In all other instances I trust that my indebtedness has been scrupulously acknowledged in the notes themselves. In particular I shall be sorry if anywhere I have inadvertently appropriated what is Mitford's. I have at least *restored* to him much that is his own.<sup>1</sup> He was a most valuable

<sup>1</sup> “*From Mitford*” after a note means that his note has been either shortened or in some way corrected or improved in detail.



editor. His knowledge of Gray's period was extensive as well as minute. What seem to be his mistakes, are often quite obviously errors of the press, due to his extremely small hand, and his imperfect correction of the proofs. He certainly had no great skill in assigning the letters to their right dates: but it should be remembered that in some respects his task was more difficult than ours. In his time the voluminous correspondence of Walpole was appearing, so to speak, in *driblets*; the combination of it into one series in chronological order was effected after his labours upon Gray were over. Inaccurate as that combination still remains, it is a ready clue to the proper place of certain letters of Gray.<sup>1</sup>

To the number and length of the notes much objection will, I know, be raised. I can only excuse myself completely on the plea that no one is obliged to read them. I shall be quite content if it is admitted that I have given, as far as I could, a truer text of this collection of letters—a feast at which many will prefer to sit unelbowed by the commentator. But I hope, nevertheless, that these notes will be useful to students of a period sufficiently remote from us to include much that is practically forgotten, though well worth remembering, in literature; for in dealing with Gray, we are dealing with a singularly receptive mind—who, in a reserved and almost secretive fashion, was focussing in himself very many of the best influences of his time. A man is always tempted to think that what has benefited himself, will benefit

<sup>1</sup> For instance, take the letter to Chute, which should be dated (as on p. 110) May 13, 1742. In the original nothing is left but the letter M and the figure 1, and the letters O. S. The breaking of the seal, if I remember right, has destroyed the rest. The letter has been assigned conjecturally by Mitford (and Mr. Gosse) to 1746. But in the body of the letter is this: "The invalides at Chelsea intend to present Ranelagh Gardens as a nuisance . . . it opens, I think, to night." And Walpole writes to Mann, May 26th, 1742, "Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea." Therefore the date of Gray's letter is May 24th, 1742. But as Walpole uses the new style, this is for Gray May 13th, and the missing letters and figures are "ay 3, 1742." Two letters to Walpole have hitherto been so far misplaced that I did not, to my great regret, discover this until it was too late to rectify the errors except in the dating and my notes.



others also; and I do not repent of the curiosity which has led me to examine with care what Gray thought it worth his while to read. To concentrate the attention on a single person, and to follow the direction of his eyes, if only he is a competent observer, is no bad way of discovering what are the significant movements in his world. It is a way which very naturally recommends itself to those of us who are more interested in biography than in history, and who can best appreciate thoughts and tendencies through sympathy with the human beings to whom they have been a new experience.

I could not refrain from illustrating even the references which Gray makes to current politics and history. If he was a "literary recluse," he kept himself always well informed about the course of events, and on one notable occasion, the Trial of the Scotch Peers in '46, the poet was actually present at a really dramatic scene; and he was constantly in touch, after '45, with Horace Walpole. Walpole himself was engaged in politics rather ostensibly than actively, and both men have something of the Lucretian temper and attitude, and were amused spectators of ills from which they were exempt. It may be that among the greatest benefactors to posterity are some whom posterity brands as lacking earnestness: how seldom we echo the cries of the most eager combatants in battles long ago! It is the comfortable lookers on, or those who have never plunged too far into the dust and turmoil of the fray, to whom we lend our ears, not because they are great and good, but because they tell us without much passion so much that is definite and tangible.

It is hoped that the readers of this correspondence will judge without bias, simply from the text itself, how far the poet's characteristic melancholy and scant productiveness were due to his time and his environment. The present editor cannot hope that anything which he has written or might write on the subject will much avail otherwise against the glamour of Matthew Arnold's criticism:

"Gar manches  
Hat er euch weis gemacht, das ihr ein Säculum glaubt."

But a phrase of sinister significance has been used in this

connection. The view expressed in "Gray and His Friends" has been described as an attempt "to put the clock back." The phrase marks a worse than Alexandrian or Byzantine age in literature. It marks a time when, instead of reading a classic work, we read "about it and about it," and accept the impressions of some gifted interpreter as the conclusion of the whole matter. The clock, however perfect, does not *make* the time of day, unless we are next to hear that the weathercock prescribes the direction of the wind. The writer, as well as his critic, survives for some of us. Readers will, perhaps, return to him again, with the Mitfords, rather than the Matthew Arnolds, as their guides after all.<sup>1</sup> It will, I am sure, be acknowledged at last that our poet's melancholy and reticence were individual and innate, and were not forced upon him by his age or that larger world which he looked upon with curious but not querulous eyes. It would have been little short of miraculous if Gray had grown to manhood with strong physical vitality and a corresponding buoyancy of spirit. Of twelve children he was the only one who survived the years of infancy. There is no doubt that his earliest years and even the first period of his college life were clouded by the fact that he had to be a silent or ineffectual witness of the suffering of his good and loving mother<sup>2</sup> at the hands of a selfish and cruel

<sup>1</sup> I formed and stated my own views as to Gray's character and choice of life before I was familiar with Mitford's sober and measured judgment on the same subject. Mr. Arthur Benson's beautiful poem on Gray has fascinated without converting me to that side of the question which a poet's instinct would inevitably choose.

<sup>2</sup> I must postpone the account, which I meant to give in this volume, of some of Gray's correspondents. But I cannot too soon correct a misinterpretation in Mr. Gosse's amusing and popular life of Gray, which, if accepted, would lead us to form a very unpleasant conception of the poet's character. When poor Mrs. Gray was lying on her death-bed it is natural to suppose that her surviving sisters were with her. To these Gray refers as his aunts. But Mr. Gosse says that Gray speaks of his mother also as "his old aunt," and that, too, in a letter to Walpole (January, 1753) informing him that he had come to Stoke, at half an hour's warning, not expecting to find her alive. A further link in this strange chain of inference. In the *same* letter Gray says if his aunts suspected he wrote verses they *would burn him for a poet.*

husband; one of those long and dull domestic tragedies, in which no young soul ever takes part even as a *muta persona*, without being either spoiled or saddened. Horace Walpole's "Gray never was a boy"<sup>1</sup> means more than that he was, like Horace himself, literary and unathletic, and the words mark an essential difference between the lads. They indicate in Gray the premature wisdom, and the sensitive reserve, which children sometimes acquire when they are conscious of an unhappy secret, and struggle under a burden which Nature never meant them to bear. If this be so we have precisely the material which, combined with great mental gifts, produces the despondent censor of human affairs and tendencies. Yet in these letters there is more of Democritus than of Heraclitus. It is Horace Walpole who more often plays the part of the crying philosopher, with an earnestness which perhaps was not altogether affected; it is Gray who rebukes him for doing so. He himself sits smiling at rebellion at home, and war abroad; and watches as from a side-box the drama of the great Frederic, with keen but not anxious interest in the *dénoûement*. If he is disheartened by the course of events, he feels that it is wrong to be so, an offence against his own maxim, that to despair of the republic is a deadly sin; and he never associates such despondency with his better self. At a crisis when Chesterfield almost howls, "We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect," Gray writes "*I would wish to be like Mr Bonfoy*, and think that everything turns out the best in the world, but it won't do, *I am stupid and low-spirited*." These are the days when that splenetic divine, Dr. John Brown, at intervals a lunatic and always quarrelsome, wrote his once famous

"This remark," says Mr. Gosse, "shows that Gray had never mentioned to his *mother* or either of his aunts that he wrote verses." More should certainly have been made of these strange instances of filial and maternal solicitude. The misinterpretation of the phrase, "as much to seek," on which I comment on p. 115 *infra*, has, I am glad to see, been removed in the second edition of Mr. Gosse's "*Life of Gray*."

<sup>1</sup> Mason, on the other hand, found too much of the schoolboy in Gray's letters. The phenomena of sadness and levity in the grown man are quite compatible.

"Estimate;" and twenty-five years later Cowper approved his censures, and thought his presages of ruin only a little ante-dated.<sup>1</sup> Gray and Cowper were both marked by Melancholy "for her own." But Gray is indeed "a solitary fly." He has no Mrs. Unwin or Lady Austen at his side to administer cheerfulness. When this depressing "Estimate" burst upon the world, he was himself depressed beyond his wont. Yet all he has to say about it is that he cannot understand why it is admired in town; that he expected it would be admired in Cambridge, but "they affect not to like it," though he knows "they ought." If we remember in what contempt he holds the judgment of Cambridge critics, we shall easily interpret this enigma. "What," he proceeds, "would you have me do? There is one thing in it I applaud, which is the dissertation against trade, for I have always said it was the ruin of the nation." We are not concerned with the wisdom or insight of these pronouncements; we have only to appreciate the temper and mental attitude which they reveal. They are the words of a man who gives his intellect and perhaps his prejudices where Cowper gives his soul and his religion. The gist and moral of this book do not trouble him in the least; his censure of it is, I believe, purely literary. Our failures, our losses, our mismanagement he treats in a half-bantering fashion, which indicates not indeed levity, but the absence of any profound misgivings, any acute dismay. Their monotony displeases him, "he has given up all thoughts of England and cares for nobody but the King of Prussia." His interest revives with the ascendancy of Pitt, from which he augurs better things; and our wars and politics once more become amusing. But neither defeat nor triumph does much to quicken the pulse of a creature exceptionally sensitive, inquiring, intelligent, and in private life keenly sympathetic. A mind thus tempered if it is really out of touch with the spirit of the time, finds a voice in complaint and expostulation, not necessarily, of course, addressed to the

<sup>1</sup> "And yet his judgment was not framed amiss;  
Its error, if it erred, was merely this—  
He thought the dying hour already come," etc.

"TABLE-TALK."

public ear. If Gray, surely sufficiently expansive in his correspondence, betrays no such morbid symptoms, it is because he lives in his age, and shares that latent sense of security which is the Briton's peculiar comfort, because it enables the mob to explode rather with rage than panic when things go wrong, and society to lament or criticise with no very agonizing distress. Happy, we are tempted to exclaim, is the people that is in such a case; whose discontents can evaporate in a Brown's "Estimate," and are not forced to find adequate utterance in the laments of a Leopardi, wrung from the inmost heart. As for Gray, if he had been "born in the same year with Burns,<sup>1</sup> we should have had another man of Cowper's temperament, and more than Cowper's isolation, facing with Cowper the same moving scenes of life; but we should have had in him no second Cowper—by which is simply meant, no poet impelled to draw from his own epoch a serious and impressive moral.

"A man born in 1759," says Matthew Arnold, "could profit by that European renewing of men's minds of which the great historical manifestation is the French Revolution." And he instances Bonstetten, that young friend who so fascinated Gray in the last years of his life, and who was himself to receive fresh vitality from the events of 1789. This again is a question of temperament, and at no time was Gray a Bonstetten. We surely ought to draw some inferences from the way in which he faces the stirring events which he actually survived; and there is abundant evidence that like Horace Walpole, he wrote of these in the spirit of a highly-gifted *quidnunc*, and with even less emotion than his fashionable friend. The great and stimulating days of the French Revolution Horace Walpole lived to see, and it is made a reproach to him that he did no justice to the prime actors in the drama. It is a reproach which he shares with many a contemporary of far greater insight and capacity; and I am almost glad that Gray was taken away from the evil to come, for I am

<sup>1</sup> Burns, b. 1759, d. 1796. Cowper, b. 1731, d. 1800. In what is written above, I have only supplemented those illustrations of my opinion which I have already given in "Gray and his Friends."



certain that he would have shared it too. Macaulay has told us with much truth that in the time of Walpole France was the interpreter between England and mankind, and that before the final crisis, it was plain "that mighty principles were at work whether for evil or for good," and "that a great change in the whole social system was at hand." And he is speaking of writers whom Gray read and judged, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, and the rest of the Encyclopædists, when he says that Walpole troubled himself little about the portents which were daily to be discerned in the French literature of his time," and that "the fashions and scandal of Versailles and Marli, fashions and scandal a hundred years old, occupied him infinitely more than a great moral revolution which was taking place in his sight." Truly said; but just as true of Gray as of Walpole—with the one irrelevant distinction, that Gray is more interested in the characters than in the clothes of the departed. Both converse with ghosts, the more vivid the more distant; though to the one the eyes and voice become distinct by remoteness, and to the other the lace and shoe-buckles. But compare Gray's treatment of historic France with his criticism of that vital French literature which was sowing the whirlwind. He looks back over two centuries and a half, and Sully and his master are to him like the persons of a drama; and of Sully he says, "his base application to Concini after the murder of Henry *has quite ruin'd him in my esteem*, and destroy'd all the merit of that honest surly Pride, *for which I honour'd him before.*" He writes as a spectator, and his artistic sense is shocked, as it would have been if Shakespeare had made the rugged Kent suddenly turn *volte-face* to curry favour with Goneril and Oswald. He reads the Nouvelle Héloïse and here is what he says of *that*:

"Rousseau's people do not interest me, there is but one character and one style in them all, I do not know their faces asunder. I have no esteem for their persons and conduct, *am not touched with their passions*; and as to their story, I do not believe a word of it—not because it is improbable, but because it is absurd. If I had any little propensity, it was to Julie; but now she has gone and (so



hand over head) married that Monsieur de Wolmar, I take her for a *vraie Suisse*, and do not doubt but that she has taken a cup too much like her lover."

Let others—some probably will—call this a bad judgment; it suffices that it is a merely literary judgment; and therefore for those who concern themselves with Rousseau as an influence for good or evil, no judgment at all. He speaks of Sully's "*Mémoires*" and Rousseau's "*Héloïse*" exactly in the same vein,—with the difference that the history is interesting and the novel is not. "*Emile*" he treats more kindly, and we see the *wherefore* of this when we remember what is the main theme of "*Emile*," and that Gray writes to a friend who has a growing family. He says to Wharton:

"I doubt you have not read Rousseau's '*Emile*:' every body that has children, should read it more than once, for tho' it abounds with his usual glorious absurdity, tho' his general scheme of education be an impracticable chimera: yet there are a thousand lights struck out, a thousand important truths better express'd than ever they were before, that may be of service to the wisest man. Particularly I think he has observed children with more attention and knows their meaning and the working of their little passions better than any other writer. As to his religious discussions, w<sup>ch</sup> have alarmed the world and engaged their thoughts more than any other part of his book, I set them all at nought, and wish they had been omitted."

In this there is much candour and intelligence,—but also a certain limitation which, I think, was partly self-imposed. Take an Englishman of our own generation, cultivated and gifted, in comfortable circumstances, and with no very keen interest in social or economic problems. Does he not speak of Ruskin in the tone in which Gray speaks of Rousseau? Would he not readily adopt for Ruskin's paradoxes—some of them so like Rousseau's—that epithet "*glorious absurdity*" which so happily makes the concession—"if these are follies, they are such as only a man of genius could pen?" Gray recognizes, within a well-defined range, the fruitful suggestiveness of Rousseau. But, the genuine type herein of the practical but somewhat unimpressible Briton of his day, he will not trouble him-

self about the speculations of the *vicaire Savoyard* which set the religious world of the continent on fire. It is not that he cannot understand and follow them; rather he has already been there. He has heard and said the same kind of thing many a time in London, at Strawberry Hill, or at Cambridge. Conyers Middleton and his circle have talked in much the same tones in every combination room. In his salad days (if he ever had any) Gray might have applauded Rousseau's courage; at any rate, he is severe enough in 1747 upon Middleton, when he believes that he is about to sacrifice for the sake of a trumpery sinecure, a work on the Miracles which "would have made a great noise." But he has ceased altogether at the date of Rousseau's "Emile" to measure such books by their volcanic effects. Some of Rousseau's conclusions were his also, and the unmistakable earnestness of the *profession de foi* might have impressed him more, but that it ran counter at a crucial point to his emotional needs, and the satisfaction he had found for these. For the *Vicaire* rejects prayer as illogical and impertinent, and it is very noticeable that after dismissing his discussions so summarily, Gray goes on to hope that Wharton is not weary of family prayers, and adds "Poor Mrs Bonfoy (who taught me to pray) is dead." In these solemn matters we find Gray more and more focussing his mind upon his own experiences, and disposed in the presence of any new lights to scrutinize the source from which they come, and this is, in every age, the mark of a disposition at once cautious and serious. Again, the "Emile" was stimulating on the social and political as well as the religious side, and it is almost inconceivable that a man capable of receiving a new impulse from the French Revolution would have passed without notice the premonition—ominous as thunder in a clear sky—which surprises us in these pages—"Teach your son some handicraft. Who knows what may befall this satrap whom you have reared exclusively for high estate? The great man becomes little, the rich man poor, the monarch a subject. We are nearing a crisis, the age of revolutions is at hand. The great monarchies of Europe have not long to last." Assuredly we are not to impute it to Gray as a fault that—poet and student of history though he

was—he was no quicker of apprehension in these things than the average Englishman of his day; or than Goldsmith; or than Johnson. Gray in 1739, in Paris, with his aristocratic friends, at the card-tables, or the opera, or the Comédie Française; or at Rheims, dancing—strange sight!—through the astonished streets with Walpole and the other gentlemen, before the carriages of the ladies after an extemporized *fête-champêtre* in the gardens there; the guileless Goldsmith in 1755 playing—very badly—on the flute for the delectation of the peasantry of the Loire and discovering a little later through the spectacles of Montesquieu that honour is the *fort* of the French aristocracy, and expense their foible; Johnson in 1775 talking Latin with Benedictine monks, watching with disgust the footman who helps him to sugar with his fingers, and blows down the spout of the tea-pot, and interested in Sansterre as a brewer, the Parisian counterpart of Thrale;—they are all alike unconscious of the signs of storm. And positive warnings of its approach Gray rejects in “Emile,” leaving Jean-Jacques an inspired Mr. Barlow; and Mr. Barlow without the inspiration Jean-Jacques in fact becomes for us. The book which in France ends in a Revolution, in England ends in “Sandford and Merton.” Equally characteristic both of Gray and of his time is his treatment of the Encyclopédie; for him it is a huge magazine, in no sense explosive. His physical dread of fire has no counterpart here. He reads and criticises French literature with no suspicion that Rousseau spells Robespierre, and Diderot, Danton. On the other hand, he is the Englishman of all days in this, that his interest in the rights and wrongs of other nations while it cannot be roused by any general survey of their social and political conditions, is keen enough in view of any concrete instance of flagrant injustice. In 1898 and 1899 there were more well-educated Englishmen than it would be prudent to attempt to number whose ignorance of the state of parties in France, was about balanced by their repugnance to the writings of M. Zola. But the sins of M. Zola were almost expiated in their eyes by his chivalrous and self-sacrificing protest in *l'affaire Dreyfus*. As they looked on Zola, so Gray looked on Voltaire—as a cynical pessimist, dangerous

in proportion to his cleverness, and especially bad for young men. But what Zola was to *l'affaire Dreyfus*, Voltaire was to *l'affaire Calas*: and accordingly Gray writes of him thus:

"That inexhaustible, eternal, entertaining, Scribler Voltaire, at last (I fear) will go to heaven, for to him entirely it is owing that the King of France and his council have review'd & set aside the decision of the parliament of Thoulouse in the affair of Calas. the poor man, 'tis true, has been broke on the wheel long ago: but his Widow and wretched family may have some reparation, & his Murthurers may smart a little for it. You see a Scribler may be of some use in the world!"

Once more—the earthquake at Lisbon was a moral as well as a physical shock; we know what a world of doubts and questionings it set in vibration. Voltaire, always alert to tease mankind, improved the occasion after his own manner, to disturb the comfortable optimism which had been philosophized by Leibnitz, and popularized by Pope. He disgusted Mason, who seems to have tried in vain to excite in Gray more than a languid interest in the matter. Gray at Stoke, lonely (the good mother dead, who made the place dear to him), suffers from that melancholy which he had described fourteen years before to West, as "black indeed, for it believes, nay is sure, of every thing that is unlikely, so it be but frightful: and on the other hand excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and everything that is pleasurable; a state from which the Lord deliver us! for none but he & sunshiny weather can do it." He is doing nothing, he tells Mason, "not such a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered & diversified with a succession of fleeting colours, but heavy, lifeless, without form and void, sometimes almost as black as the moral of Voltaire's '*Lisbon*' which angers you so." We see from this how individual was that side of his character of which so much has been made; how independent of the greater moments or tendencies of human affairs. His remedies are occupation and sunshine. "To be employed is to be happy" is his maxim; his Eton friends called him Oromasdes, and he describes himself as a Guèbre. He might find material enough on which to feed his mind in

those dark hours which he describes so well, but he rejects the unwholesome diet, and "tries to be like M<sup>r</sup> Bonfoy." In this instance of the earthquake we may credit him with enough intelligence to see that no new calamity, however terrible and sweeping, could add any substantial force to the mass of facts patent in all ages, which make impeachments of the Divine justice possible for minds predisposed to indulge in them. The problems of Voltaire are such as many reflective children have set themselves; they, in fact, occurred on the same occasion to Goethe, then an infant six years old. The boy's solution is said to have been that an immortal soul can receive no injury from a mortal accident; and though for Goethe other conceptions may have displaced this early consolation of philosophy, some form of it sufficed for the piety of the eighteenth century, and sufficed for Gray.

Of all the poets of that age, he was the most self-centred, the least sensitive to the stimulus of passing events. The goad was applied, and applied in vain. Impulses, presages, call them what you will, abound; he knows them; as a wide and conscientious reader he has better opportunities of knowing them than most men; but, as we have seen,

"they pass by him as the idle wind  
Which he respects not."

It is wonderful that he, of all men, should be selected as the poet whom an uncongenial generation forced into reticence. His verse was always welcome; either to the many, or, what pleased him better still, to the intelligent few. In the "Elegy," he rode to fame upon the flowing tide; and when he said that it was popular only because of its theme, and would have been no less popular if it had been written in prose, he spoiled a truth by a paradox. Blair's "Grave" and Young's "Night Thoughts" had given sentiment its direction; but Gray well knew that the poetic form had advantaged Blair and Young, and that the music which he himself elaborated so slowly and with such patient care had in it a power to create a mood and command a world denied to the prose of "Hervey's Meditations on the Tombs," to which meritorious work I suspect in this strange *dictum* a covert allusion. The setting of the "Elegy" was



no less in vogue than the subject; and at the very time he was composing it with such fastidious pains, Collins, and Joseph and Thomas Warton, had published poems, out of which every detail of his eventide picture might have been culled. These poets, Gray included, were in that advancing line of which Thomson and Dyer were the fuglemen at an earlier date; for poetry in the eighteenth century was seeking and finding in the natural world fresh vitality and inspiration, and, moreover, in the rough audacities, sometimes happy, sometimes the reverse, of "The Seasons," had begun to break the trammels of a diction which was fast becoming limited and conventional. But the weakness of Thomson's great and fruitful experiment is on the human side of it; his reflections and digressions have a rhetorical air, and do not arise spontaneously out of the scene; he seems to be in contact rather than communion with nature. It is a step in advance when, as in the "Elegy" and Collins's "Evening," the spirit is attuned to the twilight landscape, by a magic seemingly effortless, yet almost lost to literature since the days of "Il Penseroso." The supercilious criticism which Gray bestows on Collins<sup>1</sup> is perplexing, and is only partially explained by a fact, which could be confirmed in other instances, that poets do not always see themselves as posterity sees them, or recognize the spiritual succession to which they belong. He credits Collins with "great variety of words," and this, expressed as the historic truth, means that Collins, like Gray, was not content with the language of the age, but enriched his verse from the almost forgotten resources of an older speech. But he also attributes to him "a bad ear and Images with no choice at all;" and—I write it most reluctantly—I question the sincerity of this amazing verdict. It is quite inconceivable that a man with a taste, which, contrasted with the criticism of his day, might be

<sup>1</sup> See to Wharton, Dec. 27, 1746.

<sup>2</sup> He says (*l. c.*) of Warton and Collins—"each is the half of a considerable Man, and one the counterpart of the other." Unjust as this is to Collins, it is quite true that if we could infuse into Warton's pretty verses on "Evening"—written in the same stanza as the "Elegy"—the deeper feeling of Collins's ode, we should produce the twin-sister to Gray's "considerable" poem.



called catholic and unprejudiced, was really insensible to the exquisite and sympathetic melody of the "Ode to Evening," and that, too, when he was himself brooding over a poem so like it in some obvious features—in descriptive details for instance, and a pervading tone of gentle melancholy. If we listen to Carlyle, we shall avoid all speculation in the "might-have-beens;" yet if ever poet was born before his time, and laboured only that others might enter into his labours; sowing the seed but just missing the harvest, it was that proud, ambitious and sensitive genius, whose many great designs the ill-success of his first bold venture, made only four years before Gray's almost unsought triumph with the "Elegy," did so much to paralyze. The unhappy little volume of odes had for the public the appearance<sup>1</sup> of a novel experiment—and the fate of the earlier inventor (whether we call him Collins or de Caus) is sometimes the madhouse. Gray's popularity as an elegiac poet, enabled him to take up with better success the threads which had dropped from the hands which could weave no graceful and varied fancies any more, and in 1757, when Collins was a frantic or moody lunatic, appeared the "Progress of Poesy," and "The Bard." That these should encounter adverse criticism was inevitable; but even this criticism was of the kind which is bestowed upon poets already famous who choose to baffle expectation by adopting an unfamiliar strain; the criticism, for instance, which from certain quarters at first greeted Tennyson's "Maud." They were read by all in the fashionable world, and all in the political world, who laid claim to culture, including the hereditary legislator who thought that the last stanza of "The Bard" referred to Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell; and Mr. Fox, who thought that if the Bard sung his song but once over, King Edward could not possibly understand him; and the three Lords at York races who, says Gray, declared "I was impenetrable and inexplicable," and then to the disgust of Mr. Beding-

<sup>1</sup> In some cases the form, but always the diction, of these poems must have been strange to all but students of literature. If we would realize what a number of familiar words, some of them now in common use, passed for archaic at this date, we must read Gray's letter to West of April, 1742 (p. 98 *infra*).

field, an intelligent admirer, who witnessed and reported the scene, "bought me and put me in their pocket." They were read by the Speaker who pronounced "The Bard" "a good pretty tale, but nothing to the *Churchyard*," and praised by Francklin, the professor of Greek at Cambridge, who however had forgotten, if he ever knew, his Pindar, and mistaking the Æolian harp which Gray invoked for the ingenious toy re-invented by Mr. Oswald, sagely remarked (in print) that it would be a difficult instrument to dance to. Mrs. Garrick, on the other hand, fascinated by the "many-twinkling feet" of the "Progress of Poesy," declared, with all the authority of an expert, that Gray was the only poet who understood dancing, and her husband complimented and consoled him in an ode. Dr. Brown, the irritable, was loud in admiration; so was Warburton, whose name was a power. Lyttelton and Shenstone, gentle and pellucid bards, liked the Odes much, but wished they were clearer. They received their crowning honour in the bitter-sweet of parody; the poet's warrant that many have read him, and are familiar with his manner. Their success was such that they delivered—too late an atonement—poor Collins from neglect; in the course of one generation his lyrics, too, were honoured. And if *he* had been alive in 1789, he might well have found himself a prophet new-inspired; for his praise of freedom, though learnt perhaps in a questionable school, is not the cant of party politics, but has every mark of a genuine, if youthful, enthusiasm.

In all Gray's work as far as the "Progress of Poesy" inclusive, he was a follower rather than a pioneer. But in "The Bard" he showed the way, and I am inclined to think that enough has not been made of this poem as a turning point in our literary history. He can be shown to have begun his studies in Scandinavian literature at the time of its composition, and the combined effect of "The Bard" and the "Norse Odes" I have elsewhere tried to trace in detail. If our poet was indifferent to the progress of a movement to which he himself gave impetus, it was for no want of encouragement, and in more than one direction he saw, if he did not choose to recognize, the firstfruits of his own experiment. But if in his last years he had responded to the voices of friends urging him to write, it is probable

that his energy, always so languid and intermittent, would have chosen some easy channel; the versification, let us say, of more legends from the Sagas. It may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that only in one instance did he execute happily any serious task not self-imposed. The exception was the Installation Ode, in which the signs of affectation and effort are redeemed by the skilful choice of incident and emblem which he had already practised in "The Bard." We may be sure that if he had been able, he would have composed, in response to the appeal of friendship, things better than the epitaphs on Mrs. Jane Clarke and Wharton's boy—the little "Robin" whom he himself knew and loved. He gives us, in these two productions, conclusive evidence of the truth of his own declaration that he could not write under pressure. The verses on Sir William Williams are better than these in sentiment and expression; but we should call them too theatrical for genuine feeling, even if we did not remember that he facetiously prophesied that the unhappy subject of them would "lay his fine Vandyck head in the dust." Contrast with these artificial efforts the spontaneous tributes, English and Latin, to the memory of West, both so instinct with genuine sorrow. Solicited homage he never paid with success to any of the departed, except a cat.

The lighter his theme the more facile his pen. A spice of malice also gives him stimulus. He can dash off the Long Story, long as it is, with ease; he can satirize Fox and "Jemmy Twitcher," or banter Mason in verse, as readily as he can write those letters in which he so often exhibits his whimsical scorn of notable persons such as Newcastle and Dr. Chapman. Horace Walpole was not far wrong when he said: "Gray never wrote anything easily, but things of humour. Humour was his natural and original turn."<sup>1</sup> It is probable that his shyness and reserve prevented all but his intimate friends from discovering this constant factor in his composition; and perhaps few of the magnates with whom he came in contact suspected that the punctilious and decorous little

<sup>1</sup> Murphy, in the same way, remarked of Johnson, that "with great powers of mind, wit and humour were his shining talents."

gentleman, who spoke so concisely and cautiously, was taking note of their oddities of speech and manner, and bursting to tell Wharton the last of their absurdities. The young bloods of Peterhouse who behaved so badly to their famous fellow-commoner, would have been surprised to know how much of the undergraduate survived in him; how, though admitted to the secrets of the college, he laughed at the Master and his "implications," and at the other potentate over the way, the great inventor, "the high and mighty Prince Roger, surnamed the Long, Lord of the great Zodiac, the glass Uranium and the chariot that goes without horses;" what secret sympathy he had with the "boys" of Pembroke, whom he describes as giggling behind the screen of the College Hall, whilst Tuthill "was holding a Candle—not to the Devil," but to this great Roger in whose teeth the candle-holder had just obtained a fellowship; how diverted he was with "Chappy," the newly-appointed Head of Magdalene, doing the honours of his Lodge "with a great deal of comical dignity," assisted by a gyp "in greasy leather breeches and a livery." Many of these touches are, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "too Hogarthian" for full quotation; his account, for example, of the sad fate of Chapman, victim of five large mackerel full of roe, and a turbot; and the story of his own death as it would some day be told in the newspapers. Mason, whom in the ungarbled correspondence he generally addressed as "Dear Scroddles," and treated with scant respect, suggested to Walpole<sup>1</sup> that he should erase "the infantine beginnings and conclusions of some of the letters, which are hardly fit for schoolboys, and yet will not be considered as written by a schoolboy." We thank him, in spite of his bad advice, for teaching us that word. If he had "wreaked his wicked will" we should have missed many evidences that the child was never lost in Gray; but it was a truth which even garbling could not quite suppress.<sup>2</sup> The melancholy man with a touch of genius is apt

<sup>1</sup> Cunningham's "Walpole's Letters," vol. vi., p. 32.

<sup>2</sup> I wish I could say that Gray's mirth was always free from coarseness; but even his extant letters are sometimes marked by the bad taste of his time. When Mitford, in 1816, returned the Wharton letters, he wrote, "I am sure you will excuse my men-

to perplex his more cautious admirers by sudden outbursts of the wild merriment which, they think, he ought to have put away with his short frocks. Here was one out of several points of contact between Gray and Johnson in spite of their antagonism instinctive and acquired. How puzzled Boswell is when Johnson is "exceedingly diverted at what seemed to others a very small sport"! and, indeed, the fun which the "aweful melancholy and venerable" one found in the very ordinary circumstance that his friend Langton was moved to make a will, remains mysterious to posterity—though it was funny enough to make the great man hold by a post while he sent forth peals of laughter which resounded from Temple Bar to Shoreditch. Such indecorum as this Gray never exhibited in the streets; but with a pen in his hand he can forget propriety on just as slight provocation. And in this vein he is prompt and spontaneous enough; as also in those occasional criticisms which make his letters invaluable to students of literature. But when he undertakes a great poem his pen numbs his hand; "the fruit of long delay" often never ripens at all. Arnold calls him a "born" poet; the epithet is either superfluous or misleading. Collins was a "born" poet, by native and irresistible impulse

"Singing as the linnet sings  
That on the green bough dwelleth."

And who will deny that an incommunicable gift was bestowed on Gray? Without that gift poetry was never written, was never even translated. Hobbes thought otherwise, and we know what he made of Homer. Never-

tioning that the more strictly you preserve them from inspection, the more, I will take upon me to say, will the fame of Gray be consulted. . . . I have endeavoured to avoid on the one hand any thing like Mason's alterations; on the other, an indiscriminate publication that should not tend to increase the reputation of Gray." As Mitford certainly published at last all the letters to Wharton in the Egerton MSS., it is probable that the Wharton family destroyed those to which he here refers before they parted with the collection. Any inferences therefore which I may have drawn from intervals in this correspondence must be accepted with caution.



theless, to Gray was imparted a very tiny, although a very pure flame, and he took all imaginable pains to feed it. His power to assimilate was immeasurably greater than his power to create. Quite his most faultless poem is the "Hymn to Adversity," for which even Johnson has nothing but praise; and the "Hymn to Adversity" is a splendid *cento*; though it was a poet's eye that selected the materials, and a poet's hand that put them together. Sometimes his inability to work without a model becomes strikingly apparent; he has left us the whole plot of his unfinished "Agrippina;" and it corresponds, detail for detail, with the plot of Racine's "Britannicus." In respect of structure, Collins's "Ode to Simplicity"<sup>1</sup> is an embryo "Progress of Poesy," and it is hardly conceivable that Gray did not thence derive a hint upon which he, without doubt, immensely improved. And in spite of the unlimited time and pains bestowed on them, do not almost all Gray's completed poems bear some signs of the flagging wing? Others, after Matthew Arnold, must praise without reserve the "evolution" of the "Progress of Poesy;" can a poem, we ask in all humility (and perhaps in ignorance of the true meaning of the phrase) be perfectly "evolved" which ends with the anti-climax that the writer, who might well have forgotten himself in such a theme, is "far below the good," but also "far above the great"? It is invidious to offer such criticism on such beautiful work; it is like quarrelling with the lark because, after singing gloriously in mid-heaven, he drops, like a plummet, into his nest. But when it is affirmed that Gray did not write much because the age was not encouraging, it becomes absolutely necessary to insist as evidence of a certain *intrinsic* defect on the fact that on themes chosen by himself and evolved in protracted leisure, he waits so long for the final "spark from heaven to fall"—that in sheer weariness he gives us at last something not exactly heaven-born instead of it. Though he well knew, for he so advised Mason, that a poem should not end with the worst lines in it, perhaps I am not singular in accounting the epitaph in the "Elegy"

<sup>1</sup> This is more obvious when we read the poem, and forget the misleading title.



a very disappointing<sup>1</sup> conclusion. Gray himself admitted that the last part of the "Bard" was weakly; and assuredly the transition to another mood is too abrupt and short-lived; it is one thing to foretell tragic events, and quite another to foretell "the literature of the Elizabethan era"; the Bard is, indeed, "labouring in his vocation;" but he *does* labour; for what place in indignant prophecy have "pleasing pain," "buskin'd measures," and "Truth severe by Fairy fiction dressed"—phrases redolent of learning and criticism? If it is thus with him when he can take his own time, it is not surprising that writing under pressure, he brought the Installation Ode to such a lame and impotent ending.

He was himself quite conscious of his limitations. "He congratulated himself," says Norton Nicholls, "on not having a good verbal memory; for without it he said he had imitated too much; and if he had possessed such a memory, all that he wrote would have been imitation, from his having read so much." "I asked him," says the same friend, "why he had not continued the beautiful fragment beginning:

"As sickly plants betray a niggard earth;"

he said, *because he could not*; he explained that he had been used to write only lyric poetry, in which, the poems being short, he had accustomed himself, and was able to polish every part; *that this having become habit*, he could not write otherwise, and that the labour of this method in a long poem would be intolerable."<sup>2</sup> Here we have the exact picture of a fastidious mind, critical, receptive, and impressionable; its gathered stores, because they are not "something apart" but fused with it, becoming vague and almost unconscious reminiscence. And the world of paint-

<sup>1</sup> The germ of truth in the opinion which dates the Elegy from 1742 may be that this epitaph was written then, and attached subsequently with the help of the "hoary-headed swain" to the lines with which, according to Mason, the poem originally ended.

<sup>2</sup> See the whole passage quoted on p. 323, n. 1. The last part of it shows that Gray would have been more than just to "the times of desertion and relapse," as they have been called, in his great disparager Wordsworth.

ing abounds in instances of that scrupulous conscience, haunting and at last irresistible, which is acquired at first by working minutely on a small canvas, until the artist grows incapable of the comparative neglect or less perfect development of detail, to which he must reconcile himself for the completion of larger designs. Such an artist in poetry was Gray; and it should be remembered that the poet was a part, and not the largest part, of him. He had interests almost as wide and various as Goethe's, though he pursued them in a less masterful fashion. His careful records, catalogues, and notes indicate a soul impatient of *inertia*, yet unable to energize. There can be little question that in subjects congenial to an age of prose and reason, history, philosophy (natural and metaphysical), and the interpretation of the Greek and Latin classics he might have made his mark but for the languor, of which we can give a sufficient account, without censuring his contemporaries. That god Languor and his sister Dyspepsia have good cause to grumble about the many victims of which modern criticism would rob their shrines.

It is noteworthy that he was more fluent in Latin than in English verse. Latin, taught him by his nursing mother, Eton, was in literature his original tongue; and if he ever "lisped" in numbers, those numbers came from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace. His poetic thoughts first took a form in which imitation is counted not plagiarism, but a sign of promise; sometimes perhaps achieving its last triumph in a copy of verses on "The Calydonian Boar;" but sometimes, as in him, becoming the medium in which true and native feeling finds its earliest, and for a while perhaps its readiest and most effective utterance. The poet of the Elegy is foreshadowed and described in that single Alcaic stanza in which he has called him more than thrice blessed who has felt in his secret heart the welling fount of tears. Scholars forget his imperfect mastery of the measure, in their admiration for the essential grace and beauty of the "Ode on the Grande Chartreuse." This graceful and fascinating accomplishment, acquired with difficulty, but when once acquired, practised with ease and delight, has beguiled more than one true poet into the by-paths of literature. Men of boundless intellectual energy, Milton

and Landor, can break, though they never can forget, the spell; others of less force, or with a less distinct vocation remain true to their first impressions, and through their devotion to these

“The *world* has wanted many an idle song.”

But there are poets whose English verse this long discipline has only restrained and limited and made cautious and conservative; and though we must regard Gray as an innovator, we must bear in mind how careful he was to have classical warrant for much that to his contemporaries would seem strange or obscure in the scanty and painful efforts of his Muse. I say “painful” because the word expresses the fact, whether the fact is apparent or not to the general reader. Those who detect with Johnson a “strutting dignity,” and with Mr. Swinburne a “falsetto” in his verse, of course cannot indict the eighteenth century for a fault which is clearly only the effect of powers strained beyond their measure. And we, who are more than contented with the result, able as we are to demonstrate the labour by which it has been achieved, cannot refuse to give some value to the instinct of a poet, to the manner born, who detects in the fabric of the verse itself a lack of spontaneity.

It is the easier for Gray’s admirers to make these concessions, because they are interested in his literary character as a whole, and his attraction for them is not sensibly diminished by criticism which only adds another to the several problems of which he is the centre. He is the type of a class of men, whose various tastes compete for the ascendancy<sup>1</sup> over their minds, and who have the pleasing torment of fancy and imagination to contend with as well. Such men, for divers reasons, are not keenly solicitous of literary fame, and soon join the number of those who find it more blessed to receive than to give. In the Elizabethan age Gray would have been well content to be numbered with the accomplished gentlemen and

<sup>1</sup> Though Walpole said, “We rode over the Alps in the same chaise, but Pegasus drew on his side, and a cart-horse on mine”—even in Italy archæology, art criticism, and music had as large a place in Gray’s mind as nature and poetry.

courtiers who wrote to please themselves; if he had made "sugared sonnets" then, they would have remained "among his private friends," and been lost or anonymous by this time; and there was then no impudent "Magazine of Magazines" to force an "Elegy" into publicity. It is probable that, his temperament and private circumstances remaining the same, he could have fallen upon no age so favourable to his fame as that in which his lot was cast. The nearer his date approached ours, the worse he would have fared. Editors of "Monthlies" have long ago ceased to capture by surprise the efforts of retiring genius; the greater honours of the last quarter of the nineteenth century have been given not to grace and finish but to vigour and eccentricity; and in favour of these criticism has already become so "appreciative," that it scarcely retains a rag of that modest conservatism, without which it is either partial, or venal, or absurd. The progress of Poesy in the eighteenth century was gradual, if assured; how gradual may be seen by the fact that distance has already almost effaced distinctions which were once sufficiently clear. Amongst us nine-tenths of those who read the "Elegy" regard it as a beautiful but somewhat conventional poem; to Johnson it seemed an experiment, its diction reeking with archaisms and affected inversions.<sup>1</sup> The average reader no more discerns these excrescences than he can name or know the mountains in the moon. We have covered a great part of the literature of Gray's century with stucco, and thus avenged its many outrages upon the architecture of an earlier date. But a poet's eccentricities, as long as they were confined within reasonable limits neither much helped nor much retarded his success, and instances of distinction suddenly achieved by single poems of very moderate length are more common in the eighteenth century than in any other. Pope's "Essay on Criticism," Thomson's "Winter," Johnson's "London," Gray's "Elegy," Goldsmith's "Traveller"—the list is by no means complete—are examples of an assured position

<sup>1</sup> This appears in the burlesque version of a chorus of the Medea, in which he exaggerates the peculiarities of Gray's style. (See Preface to Gray's "English Poems," Camb. Univ. Press.)

in the roll of the poets obtained at a bound.<sup>1</sup> Surely never was there a time when a man, exempt from the perpetual stimulus of poverty, and therefore disposed to mature his work at leisure, might publish successive pieces of little compass, with fairer hopes of a welcome. Compare his fame with that of a man of our own time, the volume of whose work is equally small. There is a certain analogy between Gray and the author of "Ionica." They were both men of very wide literary attainments, with a marked resemblance in their preferences and pursuits, they were both steeped in Greek and Latin literature, though when they came to write English verse the difference between them was that William Johnson was Greek in spirit, and Gray at his best an admirer and imitator of the Greeks. That William Johnson made, in the mould of Horace, exercises for schoolboys, which, if they were adequately rendered into English, would capture the judgment of every mind at all sensitive to the beauty of lyric poetry, is as certain as that some of Gray's most characteristic work is obscured in the same disguise. The fact is only significant as indicating a training and bias which unmistakably helped to fix the character of their English verse. But very different were the fates of these two men, so akin in their education and their tastes, both of them little solicitous of literary fame, both handicapped in this respect by the kind of culture which makes a writer careful and fastidious, whilst it contributes nothing to his attraction for the mass of readers. For few outside the world of Eton men, and by no means all even of these, knew of the author of "Ionica" in the days when he was best known; and Gray, in spite of himself, stepped easily

<sup>1</sup> "London" did not deliver Johnson from poverty, but it won him reputation and the praise of Pope and Gray. "The Traveller" was at once appreciated by Gray; it was Goldsmith's first essay in poetry, and the first work of his to which he attached his name. He was in full employment when it was published, and his distresses were the result of his own improvidence. The modest price at which these poems were sold speaks well for the diffusion of taste in the century; "London" was priced at a shilling, and reached a second edition in the course of a week; the "Elegy" cost sixpence; "The Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard" together, a shilling; "The Traveller" eighteenpence.



into a fame not only English but European. No difference which we may choose to assert in the intrinsic merit of these two poets will suffice to account for the reputation of the one, and the obscurity of the other; the main cause of this discrepancy is to be sought in the gradual growth of literature, since Gray's time, in volume and variety, with the necessary drawback that some good work suffers a long neglect, and genius itself maintains its sovereign station by persistent and strenuous effort.

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## ERRATA.

- P. 22, note, first line, *for* 17<sup>tes</sup>, *read* 16<sup>tes</sup>.  
 P. 63, n. 2, *read* See next letter, n. 1.  
 P. 64, n. 3, *for* n. 4, *read* n. 3.  
 P. 90, l. 3, *read* "My dear Sir."  
 P. 115, n. 2, *ad fin.*, *for* "Woollaston," *read* "Woolston."  
 P. 145, note, *read* "Wolterton."  
 P. 162, postscript l. 3, *for* "whether" *read* "whither," as Gray probably pronounced and certainly wrote.  
 P. 262, notes, *ad fin.*, *read* "without notice, 'to Tuthill.'"  
 P. 296, n. 1, l. 22, *read* l'Ecluse.  
 P. 311, n. 4, l. 1, *pl.*—So Mitford; but *read fil.*  
 P. 352, l. 10 from bottom, *for* "when she pleases," *read* "where," etc.



## GRAY'S LETTERS.

### I.<sup>1</sup> *To Richard West.*

When you have seen one of my days, you have seen a whole year of my life: they go round and round like the blind horse in the mill, only he has the satisfaction of fancying he makes a progress and gets some ground; my eyes are open enough to see the same dull prospect, and to know that having made four-and-twenty steps more, I shall be just where I was. I may, better than most people, say my life is but a span, were I not afraid lest you should not believe that a person so short-lived could write even so long a letter as this; in short, I believe I must not send you the History of my own Time, till I can send you that also of the Reformation. However, as the most deserving people in the world must sure have the vanity to wish somebody had a regard for them, so I need not wonder at my own, in being pleased that you care about me. You need not doubt, therefore, of having a first row in the front box of my little heart, and I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there; it is asking you to an old play, indeed, but you will be candid enough to excuse the whole piece for the sake of a few tolerable lines.

<sup>1</sup> Exact date uncertain. Replies, however, to the P.S. of a letter of West's, Christchurch, Nov. 14, 1735, "I desire that you will send me soon, and truly and positively, a History of your own Time," and carries on the same reference to the histories of Bishop Burnet, West's maternal grandfather.

II. *To Richard West.*

Cantabr. May 8, 1736.

MY DEAR WEST,

My letter enjoys itself before it is opened, in imagining the confusion you will be in when you hear that a coach and six is just stopped at Christ Church gates,<sup>1</sup> and desires to speak with you, with a huddle of things in it, as different as ever met together in Noah's Ark; a fat one and a lean one, and one that can say a little with his mouth and a great deal with his pen, and one that can neither speak nor write. But you will see them; joy be with you! I hope too I shall shortly see you, at least in *congratulatione Oxoniensi*.

My dear West, I more than ever regret you; it would be the greatest of pleasure to me to know what you do, what you read, how you spend your time, etc., and to tell you what I do not do, not read, and how I do not, for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives. Take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business, and yet neither something nor nothing give me any pleasure. For this little while last past I have been playing with Statius; we yesterday had a game at quoits together. You will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little pique to him.<sup>2</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

but I won't plague you too much, and so break the affair in the middle, and now leave you to resume your Aristotle, instead of your friend and servant,

T. GRAY.

<sup>1</sup> This is no doubt the visit referred to in a letter from Walpole to George Montagu, dated King's College, May 30th, 1736, beginning: "You will excuse my not having written to you, when you hear I have been a jaunt to Oxford. As you have seen it, I shall only say I think it is one of the most agreeable places I ever set eyes on."

<sup>2</sup> Here follows, as I should infer from Mitford, a part of the translation from Statius given in Aldine ed., pp. 105-108, down to "labouring power." Yet West in his reply praises the concluding line, "And calmed the terrors of his claws in gold." Mitford perhaps contents himself with printing what Mason had omitted. Mason says expressly that the poem was sent separately.

III. *To the Rev. George Birkett.*October 8.<sup>1</sup>

SIR,

As I shall stay only a fortnight longer in town, I'll beg you to give yourself the trouble of writing out my Bills, and sending 'em, that I may put myself out of your Debt, as soon as I come down: if Piazza<sup>2</sup> should come to you, you'll be so good as to satisfie him: I protest, I forget what I owe him, but he is honest enough to tell you right. My father and mother desires me to send their compliments, and I beg you'd believe me,—S<sup>r</sup>, your most obedt. humble servt.,

T. GRAY.

IV. *To Richard West.*

You must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinences to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas, I cannot see in too much light; I am

<sup>1</sup> Year uncertain. Birkett was the tutor under whom Gray was admitted a Pensioner at Peterhouse, July 3, 1734. Mr. Gosse tells us "the tutor seems to have flown into a rage at the pert tone of this epistle, and we have the rough draught of two replies on the fly-sheet. The first addresses him as 'pretty Mr. Gray' . . . but this has been cancelled, . . . and the final answer is very friendly, and states that the writer would do anything 'for your father and your uncle, Antrobus.'"

<sup>2</sup> Ashton calls him "Walpole's Italian" in a letter to West, the 4th of March, 1736. Mr. Gosse gives his name as Hieronimo Bartolomeo Piazza, and says he was "a renegade Dominican friar." See Mason's note on letter xiii. *infra*.

no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly ; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said, "the wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there ; their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses ; there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch and gather under her shadow ; it shall be a court of dragons ; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest."<sup>1</sup> You see here is a pretty collection of desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle, and perhaps it may also allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles ; however, I defy your owls to match mine.

If the default of your spirits and nerves be nothing but the effect of the hyp, I have no more to say. We all must submit to that wayward queen ; I too in no small degree own her sway,

I feel her influence while I speak her power.

But if it be a real distemper, pray take more care of your health, if not for your own at least for our sakes, and do not be so soon weary of this little world : I do not know what<sup>2</sup> refined friendships you may have contracted in the other, but pray do not be in a hurry to see your acquaintance above ; among your terrestrial familiars, however, though I say it, that should not say it, there positively is not one that has a greater esteem for you than yours most sincerely, etc.

Peterhouse, December, 1736.

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah xiii. 21 ; xxxii. 14 ; xxxiv. 14, 15.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps he meant to ridicule the affected manner of Mrs. Rowe's letters of the dead to the living ; a book which was, I believe, published about this time.—*Mason*.

V.<sup>1</sup> *To Horace Walpole.*

You can never weary me with the repetition of any thing that makes me sensible of your kindness ; since that has been the only idea of any social happiness that I have almost ever received, and which (begging your pardon for thinking so differently from you in such cases) I would by no means have parted with for an exemption from all the uneasiness mixed with it: but it would be unjust to imagine my taste was any rule for yours ; for which reason my letters are shorter and less frequent than they would be, had I any materials but myself to entertain you with. Love and brown sugar must be a poor regale for one of your goût, and, alas ! you know I am by trade a grocer.<sup>2</sup> Scandal (if I had any) is a merchandise you do not profess dealing in ; now and then, indeed, and to oblige a friend, you may perhaps slip a little out of your pocket, as a decayed gentlewoman would a piece of right mecklin, or a little quantity of run tea, but this only now and then, not to make a practice of it. Monsters appertaining to this climate you have seen already, both wet and dry. So you perceive within how narrow bounds my pen is circumscribed, and the whole contents of my share in our correspondence may be reduced under the two heads of 1st, you, 2ndly, I ; the first is, indeed, a subject to expatiate upon, but you might laugh at me for talking about what

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Walpole, on my informing him that it was my intention to publish the principal part of Mr. Gray's correspondence with Mr. West, very obligingly communicated to me the letters which he had also received from Mr. Gray at the same period. From this collection I have selected such as I thought would be most likely to please the generality of readers ; omitting, though with regret, many of the more sprightly and humorous sort, because either from their personality, or some other local circumstance, they did not seem so well adapted to hit the public taste.—*Mason.*

<sup>2</sup> *I. e.* A man who deals only in coarse and ordinary wares : to these he compares the plain sincerity of his own friendship, undisguised by flattery ; which, had he chosen to carry on the allusion, he might have termed the trade of a confectioner.—*Mason.* I suspect an allusion more personal ; possibly to the trade of Gray's grandfather, vaguely described by biographers as a merchant. Gray may also be thinking of the French *épiciér*, used to designate a man of coarse taste in letters, the modern Philistine.



I do not understand; the second is so tiny, so tiresome, that you shall hear no more of it, than that it is ever yours.

Peterhouse, December 23, 1736.

## VI. *To Richard West.*

After a month's expectation of you, and a fortnight's despair, at Cambridge, I am come to town, and to better hopes of seeing you. If what you sent me last<sup>1</sup> be the product of your melancholy, what may I not expect from your more cheerful hours? For by this time the ill health that you complain of is (I hope) quite departed; though, if I were self-interested, I ought to wish for the continuance of any thing that could be the occasion of so much pleasure to me. Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world.<sup>2</sup> However, when you come, I believe they must undergo the fate of all humble companions, and be discarded. Would I could turn them to the same use that you have done, and make an Apollo of them. If they could write such verses with me, not hartshorn, nor spirit of amber, nor all that furnishes the closet of an apothecary's widow,<sup>3</sup> should persuade me to part with them: But, while I write to you, I hear the bad

<sup>1</sup> This was "Ad Amicos," a paraphrase in English, partly from Tibullus, partly from a letter of Pope to Steele. It is printed, for the first time as West wrote it, in "Gray and His Friends," pp. 95-98.

<sup>2</sup> Rogers quotes upon this the words of Constance ("K. John," iii., iv. 93, *sq.*):

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks," etc.

But Gray had, I suspect, latent in his mind the "pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur" of Cicero *pro Archia*.

<sup>3</sup> Modelled obviously on "Othello," iii. 3, 330, "Not poppy, nor mandragora," etc.

news of Lady Walpole's death on Saturday night last.<sup>1</sup> Forgive me if the thought of what my poor Horace must feel on that account, obliges me to have done in reminding you that I am yours, etc.

London, Aug. 22, 1737.

### VII. *To Horace Walpole.*

I was hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe<sup>2</sup> at my Uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and craggs that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous: Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches,<sup>3</sup> and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

And as they bow their hoary tops relate,  
In murm'ring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;

<sup>1</sup> Lady Walpole died on the 20th of August. Gray heard the news either from Ashton or from Mrs. Gray. See on this point "Gray and His Friends," p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> At Burnham, in Buckinghamshire.

<sup>3</sup> Gray may be said to have discovered the now famous Burnham Beeches.

While visions, as poetic eyes avow,  
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats *ME I*,<sup>1</sup> (*il penseroso*) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is talk to you, but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a Gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old,<sup>2</sup> and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko.<sup>3</sup> I shall be in Town in about three weeks. Adieu.

September, 1737.

<sup>1</sup> The same ludicrous expression is met with in Foote's "Play of the Knights," p. 27, from the mouth of Sir Penurious Trifle—"And what does *me I*, but take a trip to a coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane," etc. See also "Don Quixote" by Smollett, vol. iv. p. 30, and Cibber's "Lady's Stake," act i.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> He lived nine years longer, and died at the great age of eighty-six. Mr. Gray always thought highly of his pathetic powers, at the same time that he blamed his ill taste for mixing them so injudiciously with farce, in order to produce that monstrous species of composition called Tragi-comedy.—*Mason*.

<sup>3</sup> "The Fatal Marriage" (later "Isabella") was written in 1694. Isabella, with fatal consequences, marries again, believing her first husband to be dead. "Oroonoko" turned upon a real incident, the kidnapping of an African prince of that name to one of the West Indian Islands. It was written in 1696. Hallam says that, in "Oroonoko," Southern deserves the high praise of having, first of any English writer, denounced the traffic in slaves and the cruelties of their West Indian bondage. "Isabella" was not unknown to the stage when Hallam wrote; he says that the part was as well fitted to exhibit an actress of great tragic powers as that of Belvidera in Otway's "Venice Preserved."

VIII. *To Horace Walpole.*<sup>1</sup>

I sympathize with you in the sufferings which you foresee are coming upon you. We are both at present, I imagine, in no very agreeable situation; for my part I am under the misfortune of having nothing to do, but it is a misfortune which, thank my stars, I can pretty well bear. You are in a confusion of wine, and roaring, and hunting, and tobacco, and, heaven be praised, you too can pretty well bear it; while our evils are no more I believe we shall not much repine. I imagine, however, you will rather choose to converse with the living dead, that adorn the walls of your apartments, than with the dead living that deck the middles of them; and prefer a picture of still life to the realities of a noisy one, and as I guess, will imitate what you prefer, and for an hour or two at noon will stick yourself up as formal as if you had been fixed in your frame for these hundred years, with a pink or rose in one hand, and a great seal ring on the other. Your name, I assure you, has been propagated in these countries by a convert of yours, one \* \*, he has brought over his whole family to you; they were before pretty good Whigs, but now they are absolute Walpolians. We have hardly any body in the parish but knows exactly the dimensions of the hall and saloon at Houghton, and begin to believe that the lanthorn<sup>2</sup> is not so great a consumer of the fat of the land as disaffected persons have said: For your reputation, we keep to ourselves your not hunting nor drinking hogan, either of which here would be sufficient to lay your honour in the dust. To-morrow se'nnight I hope to be in Town, and not long after at Cambridge, I am, etc.

Burnham, Sept. 1737.

<sup>1</sup> At this time with his father at Houghton. Mr. Gray writes from the same place he did before, from his Uncle's house in Buckinghamshire.—*Mason*.

<sup>2</sup> A lanthorn for eighteen candles, of copper-gilt, hung in the hall at Houghton. It became a favourite object of Tory satire at the time; see the "Craftsman." This lanthorn was afterwards sold to the Earl of Chesterfield. (Walpole to Mann, July 15th, 1750.)

IX. *To Richard West.*

Literas, mi Favoni! abs te demum, nudiustertius credo, accepi plane mellitas, nisi forte quâ de ægritudine quâdam tuâ dictum: atque hoc sane mihi habitum est non paulo acerbius, quod te capitis morbo implicitum esse intellexi; oh morbum mihi quam odiosum! qui de industriâ id agit, ut ego in singulos menses, Dii boni, quantis jucunditatibus orbarer! quam ex animo mihi dolendum est, quod

Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid! <sup>1</sup>

Salutem, mehercule, nolo tam parvipendas, atque amicis tam improbe consulas: quanquam tute fortassis aestuas angusto limite mundi, viamque (ut dicitur) affectas Olympo, nos tamen non esse tam sublimes, utpote qui hisce in sordibus et fæce diutius paululum versari volumus, reminiscendum est: illæ tuæ Musæ, si te ament modo, derelinqui paulisper non nimis ægre patientur: indulge, amabo te, plus quam soles corporis exercitationibus: magis te campus habeat, aprico magis te dedas otio, ut ne id ingenium quod tam cultum curas, diligenter nimis dum foves, officiosarum matrum ritu, interimas. Vide, quæso, quam *ιατρικῶς* tecum agimus,

ἢ δ' ἐπιθήσω  
φάρμαχ' ἃ κεν πάσῃσι μελαινάων ὀδυνάων.<sup>2</sup>

Si de his pharmacis non satis liquet, sunt festivitates meræ, sunt facetiæ et risus; quos ego equidem si adhibere nequeo, tamen ad præcipiendum (ut medicorum fere mos est) certe satis sim;<sup>3</sup> id quod poeticè sub finem epistolæ lusisti, mihi gratissimum quidem accidit; admodum Latine coctum et conditum tetrastichon, Græcam tamen illam ἀφέλειαν mirifice sapit: tu quod restat, vide, sodes, hujusce hominis ignorantiam; cum, unde hoc tibi sit depromptum,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lucretius, iv. 1133, 1134.

<sup>2</sup> Hom. Il., iv. 190, 191.

<sup>3</sup> Gray perhaps wrote *sum*.

<sup>4</sup> It was a poem of six lines of Poseidippus ("Gray and his Friends," p. 104); why Gray called West's version, also of six lines, a tetrastichon I do not know, unless he uses the word in the general sense of "epigram."



(ut fatear) prorsus nescio: sane ego equidem nihil in capsis reperio quo tibi minimæ partis solutio fiat. Vale, et me ut soles, ama.

A.D. 11 Kalend. Februar. [1738].

### X. *To Ashton.*<sup>1</sup>

To Mr Ashton at the Honb<sup>le</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Lewis's,<sup>2</sup> in Hanover Square, London.

MY DEAR ASHTON,

It seems you have forgot the poor little tenement in which you so long lodg'd, and have set your heart on some fine Castle in the Air: I wish I were Master of the Seat you describe, that I might make yr Residence more agreeable, but as it is, I fear you'll hardly meet with common Conveniences.

I deserve you should be angry with me for haveing been so little punctual, in paying my Dues, & returning thanks for your advice some time since. All is at present, mighty well, that is just as you remember it, & imagin'd it would be: cool enough not to burn, and warm enough not to freeze one, but methinks the Counsel you gave me, was what you did not think proper to make use of in like Circumstances yrself; perhaps you know why the same way of acting should be improper for you, & proper for me: I don't doubt but you have your reasons, & I trust you would not have me do anything wrong.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Ashton, one of the "Quadruple Alliance" (or four friends at Eton), the other three being Gray, West, and Walpole. He was called "Plato" in this small circle. He was admitted scholar of King's in 1734; became a Fellow in due course; subsequently Fellow of Eton, rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn. See further references in Index. He was, at the date of this letter, Walpole's closest friend at Cambridge. He died at Bath in 1775; Cunningham says that his friendship with Walpole had long ago ceased at that time. In fact it ended in 1750, when Ashton offended his friend and patron by writing against Middleton. See Walpole's Letters, ed. Cunningham, vol. iii. p. 216.

<sup>2</sup> "The Mrs. Lewis to whom the letters directed to Mr. Ashton were enclosed, was Anne, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Nathan Wright, baronet, of Tofts Hall, who died 1777" (MS. note of Mitford).

The account W : gives me of your way of Life is better than I expected. to be sure you must meet daily with little particulars enough to fill a letter, and I should be pleas'd with the most minute. Has M<sup>rs</sup> L: a pimple upon her nose? does her Woman love Citron Water? &c: any of these would be a high regale for me. but perhaps you think it telling tales: you know best. Have you seen Madame Valmote?<sup>1</sup> naughty Woman! was you at the Christening? is the Princess with Child again? was you at the review? have you wrote e'er a critique on the Accidence? is Despauterius<sup>2</sup> or Linacer most in your favor? but perhaps you think this tittle-tattle. Well! you know best. Pot-fair<sup>3</sup> is at its height; there's old raffleing. Walpole is gone to Stamford, & to Lynn but returns in a day or two. I am gone to the Carrier's with this letter, and  
am

ever yrs

T. G.

June 30—Cambridge. [1738.]

### XI. *To Richard West.*

[This letter began with the Sapphic Ode "Barbaras ædes," etc. (Ald. ed. pp. 144, sq.).]

Ohe! amicule noster, et unde, sodes, tu μουσοπάρακτος adeo repente evasisti? jam rogitaturum credo. Nescio hercle, sic plane habet. Quicquid enim nugarum ἐπὶ σχολῆς inter ambulandum in palimpsesto scriptitavi, hisce te maxime impertiri visum est, quippe quem probare, quod meum est, aut certe ignoscere solitum probe novi: bonâ tuâ veniâ sit si forte videar in fine subtristior; nam risui jamdudum

<sup>1</sup> Amelia Sophia, wife of the Baron de Walmoden, and mistress of George II. She came to England after the death of Queen Caroline in 1737. The christening referred to above is that of George Augustus, afterwards George III., which took place in June, 1738.

<sup>2</sup> Jean Despautère, born at Ninove in Flanders, died 1520. His grammar was in vogue in France until superseded by that of the Port-Royal.

<sup>3</sup> On Midsummer Common at "Commencement." See Gunning's "Reminiscences."

salutem dixi; etiam paulo mœstitiæ studiosiorem factum  
scias, promptumque, *Καινοῖς παλαιὰ δακρύοις στένειν κακά.*<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

Sed de me satis. Cura ut valeas.

Jun. 1738.<sup>2</sup>

## XII. To Horace Walpole.

MY DEAR SIR,

I should say<sup>3</sup> Mr. Inspector General of the Exports and Imports; but that appellation would make but an odd figure in conjunction with the three familiar monosyllables above written, for

Non benè conveniunt nec in unâ sede morantur  
Majestas & amor.<sup>4</sup>

Which is, being interpreted, Love does not live at the Custom-house; however, by what style, title, or denomination soever you choose to be dignified or distinguished hereafter, these three words will stick by you like a burr, and you can no more get quit of these and your christian name than St. Anthony could of his pig. My motions at present (which you are pleased to ask after) are much like those of a pendulum or (Dr. Longically<sup>5</sup> speaking) oscillatory. I swing from Chapel or Hall home, and from home to Chapel or Hall. All the strange incidents that happen in my journeys and returns I shall be sure to acquaint you with; the most wonderful is, that it now rains exceedingly, this has refreshed the prospect,<sup>6</sup> as the

<sup>1</sup> This is adapted from a fragment of the *Ἀλέξανδρος* of Euripides (fr. 1, ap. Dindorf), *παλαιὰ καινοῖς δακρύοις οὐ χρηὶ στένειν*. Gray probably found it in Stobæus. For other instances of the somewhat recondite reading with which these young men delighted to mystify one another see letter ix. and *infra*, letter of May 8, 1742. Here followed the Alcaic Fragment "O Lacrymarum Fons," etc. (Ald. ed. p. 146).

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps Jul. [July].

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Walpole was just named to that post, which he exchanged soon after for that of Usher of the Exchequer.—*Mason*.

<sup>4</sup> Ovid. *Met.*, II. 845, 846.

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Long, the Master of Pembroke Hall, at this time read lectures in experimental philosophy.—*Mason*.

<sup>6</sup> All that follows is a humorously-hyperbolic description of the quadrangle of Peter-House.—*Mason*.

way for the most part lies between green fields on either hand, terminated with buildings at some distance, castles, I presume, and of great antiquity. The roads are very good, being, as I suspect, the works of Julius Cæsar's army, for they still preserve, in many places, the appearance of a pavement in pretty good repair, and, if they were not so near home, might perhaps be as much admired as the Via Appia; there are at present several rivulets to be crossed, and which serve to enliven the view all around. The country is exceeding fruitful in ravens and such black cattle; but, not to tire you with my travels, I abruptly conclude. Yours, etc.

August, 1738.

### XIII. *To Richard West.*

I am coming away all so fast, and leaving behind me without the least remorse, all the beauties of Sturbridge Fair.<sup>1</sup> Its white bears may roar, its apes may wring their hands, and crocodiles cry their eyes out, all's one for that; I shall not once visit them, nor so much as take my leave. The university has published a severe edict against schismatical congregations, and created half a dozen new little procterlings to see its orders executed, being under mighty apprehensions lest Henley<sup>2</sup> and his gilt tub should

<sup>1</sup> "In the neighbourhood of Cambridge is held *Stourbridge Fair*, so called from a Bridge over the Brook *Stour*, which runs by the old *Paper-mills* into the River *Grant*" ("*Cantabrigia Depicta*," 1763). For a further account, see Gunning's "*Reminiscences of Cambridge*."

<sup>2</sup> "High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone  
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne."

*Dunciad*, ii. 1, 2,

where the note runs: "The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold." On book iii. we read "that J. Henley the Orator preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling." It is further stated of him that "he declaimed for some years against the greatest persons, and from his Oratory in Newport-Market, Butcher-Row, 'put the Church and all that in danger.'" He was of St. John's, Cambridge, had been admitted to priests' orders, but did not, as he informed the public, rise in the Church, "*because he was not qualified to be a complete spaniel.*"

come to the Fair and seduce their young ones; but their pains are to small purpose, for lo, after all, he is not coming.

I am at this instant in the very agonies of leaving college, and would not wish the worst of my enemies a worse situation. If you knew the dust, the old boxes, the bedsteads, and tutors that are about my ears, you would look upon this letter as a great effort of my resolution and unconcernedness in the midst of evils. I fill up my paper with a loose sort of version of that scene in Pastor Fido that begins, *Care selve beati*.<sup>1</sup>

Sept. 1738.

#### XIV. *To his Mother*.<sup>2</sup>

Amiens, April 1, N. S. 1739.

As we made but a very short journey to-day, and came to our inn early, I sit down to give you some account of our expedition. On the 29th (according to the style here)

<sup>1</sup> This Latin version is extremely elegiac, but as it is only a version I do not insert it. Mr. Gray did not begin to learn Italian till about a year and a half before he translated this scene; and I find amongst his papers an English translation of part of the 4th Canto of Tasso's "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," done previously to this, which has great merit. In a letter to Mr. West, dated March, 1737, he says, "I learn Italian like any dragon, and in two months am got through the 16th Book of Tasso, whom I hold in great admiration; I want you to learn too, that I may know your opinion of him; nothing can be easier than that language to anyone who knows Latin and French already, and there are few so copious and expressive." In the same letter he tells him, "that his College has set him a versifying on a public occasion (viz. those verses which are called *Tripes*) on the theme of *Luna est habitabilis*." (Ald. ed. pp. 140 sq.)—*Mason*. The version of "*Care selve beati*" has altogether disappeared. The translation from Tasso is either that from the *fourteenth* canto (Aldine edition, pp. 109-111), or has also been lost.

<sup>2</sup> This correspondence is defective towards the end, and includes no description either of Venice or its territory—the last places which Mr. Gray visited. This defect was occasioned by an unfortunate disagreement between him and Mr. Walpole, arising from the difference of their tempers. The former being from his earliest years curious, pensive, and philosophical; the latter gay, lively, and consequently inconsiderate. This, therefore, occasioned their separation at Reggio. Mr. Gray went before him to Venice; and,



we left Dover at twelve at noon, and with a pretty brisk gale, which pleased everybody mighty well, except myself, who was extremely sick the whole time: we reached Calais by five: The weather changed, and it began to snow hard the minute we got into the harbour, where we took the boat and soon landed. Calais is an exceeding old, but very pretty town, and we hardly saw any thing there that was not so new and so different from England, that it surprised us agreeably. We went the next morning to the great Church, and were at high Mass (it being Easter Monday). We saw also the Convents of the Capuchins, and the Nuns of St. Dominic; with these last we held much conversation, especially with an English Nun, a Mrs. Davis, of whose work I sent you by the return of the Pacquet, a letter-case to remember her by. In the afternoon we took a post-chaise (it still snowing very hard) for Boulogne, which was only eighteen miles further. This chaise is a strange sort of conveyance, of much greater use than beauty, resembling an ill-shaped chariot, only with the door opening before instead of the side; three horses draw it, one between the shafts, and the other two on each side, on one of which the postillion rides, and drives too: <sup>1</sup> This vehicle will upon occasion, go fourscore miles a-day, but Mr. Walpole, being in no hurry, chooses to make easy journies of it, and they are easy ones indeed; for the motion is much like that of a sedan, we go about six miles

staying there only till he could find means of returning to England, he made the best of his way home, repassing the Alps, and following almost the same route through France by which he had before gone to Italy.

In justice to the memory of so respectable a friend Mr. Walpole enjoins me to charge himself with the chief blame in their quarrel, confessing that more attention and complaisance, more deference to a warm friendship, superior judgment, and prudence might have prevented a rupture that gave much uneasiness to them both, and a lasting concern to the survivor, though in the year 1744 a reconciliation was effected between them by a lady who wished well to both parties.—*Mason*. The year of the reconciliation was probably 1745, as may be inferred from a passage in the letter to Chute, *infra*, of Oct. 12, 1746. See further "Gray and his Friends," pp. 3-12.

<sup>1</sup> This was before the introduction of post-chaises here, else it would not have appeared a circumstance worthy notice.—*Mason*.

an hour, and commonly change horses at the end of it: It is true they are no very graceful steeds, but they go well, and through roads which they say are bad for France, but to me they seem gravel walks and bowling-greens; in short it would be the finest travelling in the world, were it not for the inns, which are mostly terrible places indeed. But to describe our progress somewhat more regularly, we came into Boulogne when it was almost dark, and went out pretty early on Tuesday morning; so that all I can say about it is, that it is a large, old, fortified town, with more English in it than French. On Tuesday we were to go to Abbéville, seventeen leagues, or fifty-one short English miles; but by the way we dined at Montreuil, much to our hearts' content, on stinking mutton cutlets, addled eggs, and ditch water. Madame the hostess made her appearance in long lappets of bone lace and a sack of linsey-woolsey. We supped and lodged pretty well at Abbéville, and had time to see a little of it before we came out this morning. There are seventeen convents in it, out of which we saw the chapels of Minims and the Carmelite Nuns. We are now come further thirty miles to Amiens, the chief city of the province of Picardy. We have seen the cathedral, which is just what that of Canterbury<sup>1</sup> must have been before the reformation. It is about the same size, a huge Gothic building, beset on the outside with thousands of small statues, and within adorned with beautiful painted windows, and a vast number of chapels dressed out in all their finery of altar-pieces, embroidery, gilding, and marble. Over the high altar are preserved, in a very large wrought shrine of massy gold, the relics of St. Firmin, their patron saint. We went also to the chapels of the Jesuits and Ursuline Nuns, the latter of which is very richly adorned. To-morrow we shall lie at Clermont, and next day reach Paris. The country we have passed through hitherto has been flat, open, but agreeably diversified with villages, fields well-cultivated, and little rivers. On every hillock is a windmill, a crucifix, or a Virgin Mary dressed in flowers, and a sarcenet robe; one

<sup>1</sup> Gray is speaking, of course, only of the subordinate decorations: in a letter to his mother architectural distinctions would have been out of place.

sees not many people or carriages on the road ; now and then indeed you meet a strolling friar, a countryman with his great muff, or a woman riding astride on a little ass, with short petticoats, and a great head-dress of blue wool. \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

## XV. *To West.*

Paris, April 12, 1739.

Enfin donc me voici à Paris. Mr. Walpole is gone out to supper at Lord Conway's,<sup>1</sup> and here I remain alone, though invited too. Do not think I make a merit of writing to you preferably to a good supper ; for these three days we have been here, have actually given me an aversion to eating in general. If hunger be the best sauce to meat, the French are certainly the worst cooks in the world ; for what tables we have seen have been so delicately served, and so profusely, that, after rising from one of them, one imagines it impossible ever to eat again. And now, if I tell you all I have in my head, you will believe me mad, mais n'importe, courage, allons ! for if I wait till my head grow clear and settle a little, you may stay long enough for a letter. Six days have we been coming hither, which other people do in two ; they have not been disagreeable ones ; through a fine, open country, admirable roads, and in an easy conveyance ; the inns not absolutely intolerable, and images quite unusual presenting themselves on all hands. At Amiens we saw the fine cathedral, and eat paté de perdrix ; passed through the park of Chantilly by the

<sup>1</sup> Eldest son of the first Lord Conway by Charlotte Shorter, his third wife, sister of Horace Walpole's mother. He was afterwards Earl of Hertford ; was made marquis, 1793 ; died 14th of June, 1794 (Cunningham). He is described as "a man of most unblemished morals." "The King sometimes observes to Mr. Grenville that there are not among his servants too many people of decent or orderly character : that Lord Hertford is respectable in that light, and therefore not lightly to be cast aside." He was to have been sent in 1755 as ambassador to Paris, in response to a request for a man "of the first character and quality ;" but his going was suspended. Walpole speaks of him as "rather too gentle and courteous to combat so presumptuous a court" (*from Mitford*).

Duke of Bourbon's palace, which we only beheld as we passed; broke down at Lusarche; stopt at St. Denis, saw all the beautiful monuments of the Kings of France, and the vast treasures of the abbey, rubies, and emeralds as big as small eggs, crucifixes, and vows, crowns and reliquaries, of inestimable value; but of all their curiosities the thing the most to our tastes, and which they indeed do the justice to esteem the glory of their collection, was a vase of an entire onyx, measuring at least five inches over, three deep, and of great thickness. It is at least two thousand years old, the beauty of the stone and sculpture upon it (representing the mysteries of Bacchus) beyond expression admirable; we have dreamed of it ever since. The jolly old Benedictine,<sup>1</sup> that showed us the treasures, had in his youth been ten years a soldier; he laughed at all the relics, was very full of stories, and mighty obliging. On Saturday evening we got to Paris, and were driving through the streets a long while before we knew where we were. The minute we came, voilà Milors Holdernesse,<sup>2</sup> Conway and his brother;<sup>3</sup> all stayed supper, and till two o'clock in the morning, for here nobody ever sleeps; it is not the way: Next day go to dine at my Lord Holdernesse's, there was the Abbé Prevôt, author of the "Cleveland,"<sup>4</sup> and several other pieces much esteemed: The rest

<sup>1</sup> "A Benedictine monk, who was there [at the convent of the Chartreux] at the same time, said to me of this picture [one of le Sueur's, depicting a miracle by S. Bruno, now in the Luxembourg]. *C'est une fable, mais on la croyait autrefois.* Another, who showed me relics in one of their churches, expressed as much ridicule of them"—Walpole to West, about the same time as this of Gray's.

<sup>2</sup> Robert D'Arcy, fourth Earl of Holdernesse, to whom Mason was appointed chaplain in 1754; he was one of the Secretaries of State from 1751 to 1761. To him, on the 9th of September, 1759, Wolfe addressed the despondent letter, which was followed four days later by his victory and death. He was removed from office in 1761 (after George III.'s accession), to make way for Lord Bute. In April, 1757, he had resigned the seals, "as a declaration," says Walpole, "of the Newcastle squadron against Fox;" but, writes Mason to Gray, "he came in again so soon that it was the same thing as if he had never gone out." "He died," says Mitford, "in 1778, when the earldom became extinct; his only daughter married the Duke of Leeds."

<sup>3</sup> *Vide infra*, letter xvi. n. 1.

<sup>4</sup> "Histoire de M. Cleveland, fils naturel de Cromwel; ou, le

were English. At night we went to the Pandore; a spectacle literally, for it is nothing but a beautiful piece of machinery of three scenes. The first represents the chaos, and by degrees the separation of the elements. The second, the temple of Jupiter, the giving of the box to Pandora. The third, the opening of the box, and all the mischiefs that ensued. An absurd design, but executed in the highest perfection, and that in one of the finest theatres in the world; it is the grande sale des machines in the Palais des Tuileries. Next day dined at Lord Waldegrave's;<sup>1</sup> then to the opera. Imagine to yourself for the drama four acts<sup>2</sup> entirely unconnected with each other, each founded on some little history, skilfully taken out of an ancient author, *e.g.* Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, etc., and with great address converted into a French piece of gallantry. For instance, that which I saw, called the Ballet de la Paix, had its first act built upon the story of Nireus. Homer having said he was the handsomest man of his time, the poet, imagining such a one could not want a mistress, has given him one. These two come in and sing sentiment in lamentable strains, neither air nor recitative; only, to one's great joy, they are every now and then interrupted by a dance, or (to one's great sorrow) by a chorus that borders the stage from one end to the other, and screams, past all power of simile to represent. The second act was Baucis and Philemon. Baucis is a beautiful young shepherdess, and Philemon her swain. Jupiter falls in love with her, but nothing will prevail upon her; so it is all mighty well, and the chorus sing and dance the praises of Constancy. The two other acts were about Iphis and Ianthe, and the judgment of Paris. Imagine, I say, all this transacted by cracked voices, trilling divisions upon two notes and a half, accompanied by an orchestra of humstrums, and a whole

*Philosophe Anglais. Ecrite par Lui-même.* Utrecht (Paris), 1732-39. It appeared almost at the same time in English, being published by Nicholas Prevost, in the Strand. The Abbé Prevost is better known as the author of "*Manon Lescaut*."

<sup>1</sup> James, first Earl of Waldegrave, Ambassador at Paris, died 1741.

<sup>2</sup> The French opera has only three acts, but often a prologue on a different subject, which (as Mr. Walpole informs me, who saw it at the same time) was the case in this very representation.—*Mason.*



house more attentive than if Farinelli<sup>1</sup> sung, and you will almost have formed a just notion of the thing.<sup>2</sup> Our astonishment at their absurdity you can never conceive; we had enough to do to express it by screaming an hour louder than the whole *dramatis personæ*. We have also seen twice the *Comédie Française*; first, the *Mahomet Second*,<sup>3</sup> a tragedy that has had a great run of late; and the thing itself does not want its beauties, but the actors are beyond measure delightful. Mademoiselle Gaussin<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Carlo Broschi (probably took the name Farinelli from his uncle the composer) was in England during the years 1734, 1735, and 1736. Gray had no doubt heard him. He is depicted singing at the lady's *toilette* in the fourth plate of Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode." A letter from Theresa Blount, of October 29th, 1735, has: "Lady Cadogan has let my sister (Martha) enjoy ffarinelli and her opera tickett til she comes after Xmas" ("Notes and Queries," January 31st, 1880).

<sup>2</sup> Our author's sentiments here seem to correspond entirely with those which J. J. Rousseau afterwards published in his famous "Lettre sur la Musique Française." In a French letter also, which Mr. Gray writ to his friend soon after this, he calls their music "des miaulemens & des heurlemens effroyables, mêlés avec un tintamarre du diable; voilà la musique Française en abrégé."  
—Mason.

<sup>3</sup> "Mahomet II." was by Jean-Baptiste Sauvé de Lanouë (born at Meaux in 1701, died at Paris in 1760). He was an actor as well as a dramatist, and is said to have succeeded by his *esprit* in spite of great defects both of voice and person. When he produced in this year of 1739 his "Mahomet II." at the *Comédie-Française* he was directing a *troupe* of comedians at Rouen. Voltaire, when *his* "Mahomet" was appearing in 1742, addressed Lanouë in this characteristic fashion:

"Mon cher Lanouë, illustre père  
De l'invincible Mahomet,  
Soyez le parrain d'un cadet,  
Qui sans vous n'est point fait pour plaire.  
Votre fils fut un conquérant,  
Le mien a l'honneur d'être apôtre,  
Prêtre, filou, dévot, brigand;  
Faites-en l'aumônier du vôtre."

Little perhaps now survives of this once famous person except two lines from his "Coquette corrigée," which have passed into a proverb:

"Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte est pour le sot;  
L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne et ne dit mot."

<sup>4</sup> Mademoiselle Gaussin made her *début* as Voltaire's Zaire, and became at once famous. Lessing ("Hamburgische Dramaturgie,"

(M. Voltaire's Zara) has with a charming (though little) person the most pathetic tone of voice, the finest expression in her face, and most proper action imaginable. There is also a Dufrêne,<sup>1</sup> who did the chief character, a handsome man and a prodigious fine actor. The second we saw was the *Philosophe marié*,<sup>2</sup> and here they performed as well in comedy; there is a Mademoiselle Quinault,<sup>3</sup> somewhat in Mrs. Clive's<sup>4</sup> way, and a Monsieur

17<sup>tes</sup> Stück) tells us, with a touch of anti-Gallican malice, that Voltaire himself was so enchanted with her performance that he piteously regretted his advanced years. He remarks that in the English version of "Zaïre," by Aaron Hill, the same part was committed to a novice of eighteen, the wife of Colley (?) Cibber, and with equal success.

<sup>1</sup> Abraham-Alexis-Quinault du Fresne made his first appearance on the stage in 1712. He was especially famous in the character of *le Glorieux*, in the comedy of that name by Destouches.

<sup>2</sup> By Destouches (Philippe Néricault), born at Tours in 1680, sent to London in 1717 to assist the Abbé Dubois in the negotiations with which he was charged. He was in England for seven years, and there married. He is said to have received no reward for his services. He retired to the neighbourhood of Melun, and devoted himself to agriculture and literature. He died in 1754. His son, who edited an *édition de luxe* of his works, in four quarto volumes, tells us, in the preface, that his father, for certain reasons, wished his marriage to be kept a secret, but that one of his wife's family chattered about it, and that this gave occasion to "Le Philosophe Marié." Lessing mentions this fact ("Hamburgische Dramaturgie," 51<sup>stes</sup> Stück) to combat the statement of Chevrier that "Le Philosophe Marié" was a plagiarism from the "Jaloux Désabusé" of Campistron.

<sup>3</sup> This was Mdlle. Quinault *cadette*, whose elder sister, a person of very inferior capabilities to hers, had retired from the French stage in 1723. The actress whom Gray saw had originally adopted the great tragic rôles, such as Phèdre and Chimène, but turned to comedy as more suited to her powers, and was especially successful as a *soubrette*. The part she played in "Le Philosophe Marié" was that of Céliante, the jealous and mischief-making sister of the comedy. She retired from the stage in 1741, but her *salon* continued to be the *rendezvous* of the encyclopædists, and Voltaire was among her correspondents; nor did she die until 1783.

<sup>4</sup> "Mrs. Clive in the sprightliness of humour I have never seen equalled. What Clive did best, she did better than Garrick; but could not do half so many things well; she was a better romp than any I ever saw in nature" (Johnson, ap. Boswell, vol. iv. p. 243, ed. Birkbeck Hill). Walpole said in 1765: "Mrs. Clive is at least as perfect [as Garrick] in low comedy." Johnson said: "Clive, sir, is a good thing to sit by: she understands what you

Grandval,<sup>1</sup> in the nature of Wilks,<sup>2</sup> who is the genteelest thing in the world. There are several more would be much admired in England, and many (whom we have not seen) much celebrated here. Great part of our time is spent in seeing churches and palaces full of fine pictures, etc., the quarter of which is not yet exhausted. For my part, I could entertain myself this month merely with the common streets and the people in them. \* \* \*

## XVI. *To Ashton.*

DEAR ASHTON,

You and West have made us happy to night in a heap of letters, & we are resolv'd to repay you twofold. Our English perhaps may not be the best in the World, but we have the Comfort to know that it is at least as good as our French. So to begin. Paris is a huge round City, divided by the Seine, a very near relation (if we may judge by the resemblance) of your old acquaintance, that ancient river, the river Cam. along it on either side runs a key of perhaps as handsome buildings, as any in the World. the view down which on either hand from the Pont Neuf is the charming'st sight imaginable. There are infinite Swarms of inhabitants and more Coaches than Men. The Women say" (Langton ap. Boswell, iv. 7). She died at her house at Twickenham in 1785.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Grandval, son of Nicolas Racot Grandval, a writer of comedies. Charles Grandval was not only an actor, but also a writer of several *opéra-comiques*, said to be witty, but admitted to be immoral. As an actor he was particularly distinguished in the rôles of *petit-maitre*. He was born in 1711, and died in 1784.

<sup>2</sup> Wilks acted the part of Juba in Addison's "Cato." In 1773 Boswell observed to Johnson that "he had not now such a company of actors as in the last age: Wilks, Booth, etc., etc." Johnson said: "You think so, because there is one who excels all the rest so much: you may compare them with Garrick and see the deficiency" (Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," August 28th). The kindness of Wilks to Savage is commemorated by Johnson in a famous and characteristic passage in the Life of that unfortunate man; his qualities, he says, "deserve still greater praise when they are found in that condition which makes almost every other man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, and brutal." Wilks was for some time manager of Drury Lane Theatre before the date of this letter of Gray's. See the 182d Tatler (1710) for a comparison between Wilks and Cibber.

in general dressd in Sacs, flat Hoops of 5 yards wide nose-gays of artificial flowers on one shoulder, and faces dyed in Scarlet up to the Eyes. The Men in bags, roll-upps, Muffs & Solitaires. Our Mornings have been mostly taken up in Seeing Sights: few Hotels or Churches have escapd us, where there is anything remarkable as to building, Pictures or Statues.

Mr Conway<sup>1</sup> is as usual, the Companion of our travels, who, till we came, had not seen anything at all; for it is not the fashion here to have Curiosity. We had at first arrival an inundation of Visits pouring in upon us, for all the English are acquainted, and herd much together & it is no easy Matter to disengage oneself from them, so that one sees but little of the French themselves. To be introduced to the People of high quality, it is absolutely necessary to be Master of the Language, for it is not to be imagined that they will take pains to understand anybody, or to correct a stranger's blunders. Another thing is, there is not a House where they do'nt play, nor is any one at all acceptable, unless they do so too, a professed Gamester being the most advantageous character a Man can have at Paris.<sup>2</sup> The Abbés indeed & men of learning are a People of easy access enough, but few English that travel have knowledge enough to take any great pleasure in this Company, at least our present lot of travellers have not. We are, I think to remain here no longer than *Ld*<sup>3</sup> Conway stays, &

<sup>1</sup> Walpole's maternal cousin, the Mr. Conway and General Conway of his correspondence, second son of the first Lord Conway, by Charlotte Shorter, his third wife, sister of Lady Walpole . . . Commander in Chief 1782, Field Marshal 1793. He married the Dowager Countess of Aylesbury, daughter of John D. of Argyle; his only child by this marriage was Mrs. Damer, the sculptor, to whom Walpole left Strawberry Hill" [Cunningham].

<sup>2</sup> On the same day Walpole writes to West: "It is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's service as they call it, and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming-houses. There are at least an hundred and fifty people of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, etc. The men who keep the hazard-table at the Duke de Guevres' pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their house."

<sup>3</sup> *Vide supra*, letter xv. note 1.

then set out for Rheims, there to reside a Month or two, & then to return hither again & very often little hankerings break out, so that I am not sure, we shall not come back to-morrow.

We are exceedingly unsettled & irresolute, do'nt know our own Minds for two Moments together, profess an utter aversion for all manner of fatigue, grumble, are ill-natured & try to bring ourselves to a State of perfect Apathy in which [we] are so far advanced, as to declare we have no notion of caring for any mortal breathing but ourselves. In short I think the greatest *evil* could have hap-pen'd to us, is our liberty, for we are not at all capable to determine our own actions.

My dear Ashton, I am ever

Yours sincerely

T: G:

Paris--Hotel de Luxembourg, Rue  
des petits Augustins  
*April 21, N. S. [1739]*

## XVII. *To West.*

Paris, May 22, 1739.

After the little particulars aforesaid I should have proceeded to a journal of our transactions for this week past, should have carried you post from hence to Versailles, hurried you through the gardens to Trianon, back again to Paris, so away to Chantilly. But the fatigue is perhaps more than you can bear, and moreover I think I have reason to stomach your last piece of gravity. Supposing you were in your soberest mood, I am sorry you should think me capable of ever being so dissip  , so evapor  , as not to be in a condition of relishing any thing you could say to me. And now, if you have a mind to make your peace with me, arouse ye from your megrims and your melancholies, and (for exercise is good for you) throw away your night-cap, call for your jack-boots, and set out with me, last Saturday evening, for Versailles—and so at eight o'clock, passing through a road speckled with vines, and villas, and hares, and partridges, we arrive at the great avenue, flanked on either hand with a double row of trees



about half a mile long, and with the palace itself to terminate the view; facing which, on each side of you is placed a semi-circle of very handsome buildings, which form the stables. These we will not enter into, because you know we are no jockeys. Well! and is this the great front of Versailles? What a huge heap of littleness!<sup>1</sup> it is composed, as it were, of three courts, all open to the eye at once, and gradually diminishing till you come to the royal apartments, which on this side present but half a dozen windows and a balcony. This last is all that can be called a front, for the rest is only great wings. The hue of all this mass is black, dirty red, and yellow; the first proceeding from stone changed by age; the second, from a mixture of brick; and the last, from a profusion of tarnished gilding. You cannot see a more disagreeable tout-ensemble; and, to finish the matter, it is all stuck over in many places with small busts of a tawny hue between every two windows. We pass through this to go into the garden, and here the case is indeed altered; nothing can be vaster and more magnificent than the back front; before it a very spacious terrace spreads itself, adorned with two large basins; these are bordered and lined (as most of the others) with white marble, with handsome statues of bronze reclined on their edges. From hence you descend a huge flight of steps into a semi-circle formed by woods, that are cut all around into niches, which are filled with beautiful copies of all the famous antique statues in white marble. Just in the midst is the basin of Latona; she and her children are standing on the top of a rock in the middle, on the sides of which are the peasants, some half, some totally changed into frogs, all which throw out water at her in great plenty. From this place runs on the great alley, which brings you into a complete round, where is the basin of Apollo, the biggest in the gardens. He is rising

<sup>1</sup> Macaulay writes (Paris, February 2nd, 1839): "I resolved to go to Versailles. The Palace is a huge heap of littleness" ("Life and Letters," Popular Ed., p. 371). I suspect that he was referring to this expression of Gray's, and probably underlined *is*. Walpole writing to West, at the same date approximately as that of Gray's letters, jocularly says that he has resigned to Gray the task of writing the panegyric of Versailles, for "*he* likes it." Walpole also calls the great front "a lumber of littleness." The original expression is, of course, Pope's (Description of Timon's Villa).

in his car out of the water, surrounded by nymphs and tritons, all in bronze, and finely executed, and these, as they play, raise a perfect storm about him; beyond this is the great canal, a prodigious long piece of water, that terminates the whole: All this you have at one coup d'œil in entering the garden, which is truly great. I cannot say as much of the general taste of the place: every thing you behold savours too much of art; all is forced, all is constrained about you; statues and vases sowed every where without distinction; sugar loaves and minced pies of yew; scrawl work of box, and little squirting jets-d'eau, besides a great sameness in the walks, cannot help striking one at first sight, not to mention the silliest of labyrinths, and all *Æsop's* fables in water; since these were designed in usum Delphini only. Here then we walk by moonlight, and hear the ladies and the nightingales sing. Next morning, being Whitsunday, make ready to go to the Installation of nine Knights du Saint Esprit, Cambis is one:<sup>1</sup> high mass celebrated with music, great crowd, much incense, King, Queen, Dauphin, Mesdames,<sup>2</sup> Cardinals, and Court: Knights arrayed by his Majesty; reverences before the altar, not bows, but curtsies; stiff hams: much tittering among the ladies; trumpets, kettle-drums and fifes. My dear West, I am vastly delighted with Trianon, all of us with Chantilly; if you would know why, you must have patience, for I can hold my pen no longer, except to tell you that I saw *Britannicus*<sup>3</sup> last night; all the characters, particularly *Agrippina* and *Nero*, done to perfection; to-morrow *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*.<sup>4</sup> We are making you a little bundle of petites pieces; there is nothing in them, but they are acting at present; there are too *Crebillon's* Letters, and *Amusemens sur le langage des Bêtes*, said to be of one

<sup>1</sup> The Comte de Cambis was lately returned from his embassy in England.—*Mason*.

<sup>2</sup> Louis XV. (le Bien-aimé), his wife Maria Leczinski of Poland; his son, who predeceased him in 1762 (according to Michelet), and his daughters, who, in 1774, were the "poor withered ancient women" who "alone wait at the loathsome sick bed" on which he died. (*Carlyle*, *Fr. Rev.*, i., c. 3.)

<sup>3</sup> Racine's "*Britannicus*," undoubtedly the model of Gray's "*Agrippina*."

<sup>4</sup> The "*Phèdre*," I suppose, of Racine. See next letter.

Bougeant, a Jesuit;<sup>1</sup> they are both esteemed, and lately come out. This day se'nnight we go to Rheims.

### XVIII. *To Ashton.*

MY DEAR ASHTON,

I shall not make you any excuses, because I ca'n't: I shall not try to entertain you with descriptions for the same reason; and moreover because I believe you do'n't care for them: so that you can have no occasion to wonder at my brevity, when you consider me as confin'd to the narrow bounds of *We*, quatenus *We*, which I continue.

Our tête à tête Conversations that you enquire after, did consist less in Words, than in looks and signs, & to give you a notion of them, I ought to send you our Pictures: tho' we should find it difficult to sit for 'em in such attitudes as we naturally fall into, when alone together. At present M<sup>r</sup> Conway who lives with us, joins to make them a little more verbose, & everything is mighty well. On Monday next we set out for Rheims, (where we expect to be very dull) there to stay a Month or two, then we cross Burgundy & Dauphiny, & so go to Avignon, Aix, Marseilles &c., the Weather begins to be violently hot already even here, and this is our ingenious Contrivance, as the Summer increases, to seek out cool retreats among the scorcht rocks of Provence. I will not promise, but that if next Winter bid fair for extreme Cold we shall take a trip to Muscovy. You in the mean time, will be quietly enjoying the temperate air of England, under yr own Vine, and under your own (at least under M<sup>rs</sup> Lewis's) Figtree and I do'n't doubt but the fruits of your leisure will turn to more account, than those of our laborious peregrination, and while our thoughts are rambling about & changing situation oftener than our bodies, you will be fixing your attention upon some weighty truth, worthy a Sage of yr honor's magnitude. The end of yr researches, I mean whatever your profound Contemplation brings to light, I shd be proud to be acquainted with, whether it

<sup>1</sup> For West's reply on the subject of these worse than worthless books, see "Gray and His Friends," p. 129.

please to be invokd under the appellation of Sermon, Vision, Essay or discourse; in short, on whatever head, you may chuse to be loquacious (Wall on Infant Baptism excepted) a dissertation will be very acceptable, and receivd with a reverence due to the hand it comes from.

We have seen here your "Gustavus Vasa<sup>1</sup>" that had raisd the general expectation so high, long ago. a worthy piece of prohibited Merchandise, in truth! The Town must have been extreme mercifully disposd; if for the sake of ten innocent lines that may peradventure be pickd out, it had consented to spare the lives of the ten thousand wicked ones, that remain. I dont know what condition your Stage is in, but the French is in a very good one at present. Among the rest they have a Mad<sup>lle</sup> Dumenil<sup>2</sup> whose every look and gesture is violent Nature, she is Passion itself, incarnate.

I saw her the other Night do the Phædra of Racine, in a manner which affected me so strongly, that as you see, I ca'n't help prattling about her even to you, that do not care two Pence.

<sup>1</sup> Walpole writing to West from Rheims, June 18th, 1739, N.S., describing his exercises in French, says: "Besides this, I have paraphrased half the first act of your new 'Gustavus' which was sent us to Paris; a most dainty performance, and just what you say of it." Henry Brooke's "Gustavus Vasa" was prohibited under Sir Robert Walpole's Act for Licensing Plays. The prohibition called forth Johnson's ironical "Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage." Brooke subsequently wrote "The Fool of Quality," a novel, by which he is better known.

<sup>2</sup> Marie Françoise Dumesnil, of the Comédie Française, born in 1711, retired from the stage April 7th, 1776, and died in 1803, just after she had published her Memoirs under the editorship of M. Coste. There is an interesting article about her in the "Biographie Universelle." Voltaire, in an essay, "Des Divers Changements arrivés à l'art tragique," written in 1761, says of her: "pour le grand pathétique de l'action, nous le vîmes la première fois dans Mademoiselle Dumesnil" (Works, ed. 1832, vol. lxx. p. 86). She seems to have shared the favour of the Parisian public with Mlle. Clairon. Walpole thought her superior to Mrs. Siddons. Writing to the Countess of Ossory, Nov. 3rd, 1782, he says: "All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. I dare say that were I one and twenty, I should have thought her marvellous: but alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil," etc., etc. (Letters, ed. Cunningham, viii. 295).

You have got my Ld Conway<sup>1</sup> then among Ye: what do People think about him, & his improvements? You possibly see him sometimes, for he visits at M<sup>rs</sup> Conduit's. is he charming, and going to be married like M<sup>r</sup> Barrett?<sup>2</sup> Pray write to me & persuade *West* to do the same, who, unless you rouse him, & preach to him, what a Sin it is to have the vapours, & the dismals, will neglect himself; I wont say his friends; that I believe him to be incapable of: I again recommend him to yr Care, that you may nourish him, and cherish him & administer to him, some of that cordial Spirit of Chearfulness that you used to have the receipt of.

My Compliments to my Lord.<sup>3</sup> Good night.

Yours ever

T. G.

[May, 1739.]

### XIX. *To his Mother.*

Rheims, June 21, N. S. 1739.

We have now been settled almost three weeks in this city, which is more considerable upon account of its size and antiquity, than from the number of its inhabitants, or any advantages of commerce. There is little in it worth a stranger's curiosity, besides the cathedral church, which is a vast Gothic building of a surprising beauty and lightness, all covered over with a profusion of little statues, and other ornaments. It is here the Kings of France are crowned by the Archbishop of Rheims, who is the first Peer, and the Primate of the kingdom: The holy vessel made use of on that occasion, which contains the oil, is kept in the church of St. Nicasius hard by, and is believed to have been brought by an angel from heaven at the coronation of Clovis, the first christian king. The streets in general have but a melancholy aspect, the houses all old; the public walks run along the side of a great moat under

<sup>1</sup> See letter xv. note 1.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Thomas Lennard Barret, afterwards Lord Dacre. He married Anne, daughter of Lord Chief Justice Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden. His place at Belhouse in Essex is described in a letter from Walpole to Richard Bentley of Nov. 3, 1754.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Plymouth, to whom Ashton was tutor.



the ramparts, where one hears a continual croaking of frogs; the country round about is one great plain covered with vines, which at this time of the year afford no very pleasing prospect, as being not above a foot high. What pleasures the place denies to the sight, it makes up to the palate; since you have nothing to drink but the best champagne in the world, and all sort of provisions equally good. As to other pleasures, there is not that freedom of conversation among the people of fashion here, that one sees in other parts of France; for though they are not very numerous in this place, and consequently must live a good deal together, yet they never come to any great familiarity with one another. As my Lord Conway had spent a good part of his time among them, his brother, and we with him, were soon introduced into all their assemblies: As soon as you enter, the lady of the house presents each of you a card, and offers you a party at quadrille; you sit down, and play forty deals without intermission, excepting one quarter of an hour, when every body rises to eat of what they call the gouter, which supplies the place of our tea, and is a service of wine, fruits, cream, sweetmeats, crawfish and cheese. People take what they like, and sit down again to play; after that, they make little parties to go to the walks together, and then all the company retire to their separate habitations. Very seldom any suppers or dinners are given; and this is the manner they live among one another; not so much out of any aversion they have to pleasure, as out of a sort of formality they have contracted by not being much frequented by people who have lived at Paris. It is sure they do not hate gaiety any more than the rest of their country-people, and can enter into diversions, that are once proposed, with a good grace enough: for instance, the other evening we happened to be got together in a company of eighteen people, men and women of the best fashion here, at a garden in the town to walk; when one of the ladies bethought herself of asking, Why should not we sup here? Immediately the cloth was laid by the side of a fountain under the trees, and a very elegant supper served up; after which another said, Come, let us sing; and directly began herself: From singing we insensibly fell to dancing, and singing in a round; when

somebody mentioned the violins, and immediately a company of them was ordered: Minuets were begun in the open air, and then came country-dances, which held till four o'clock next morning; at which hour the gayest lady there proposed, that such as were weary should get into their coaches, and the rest of them should dance before them with the music in the van; and in this manner we paraded through all the principal streets of the city, and waked every body in it. Mr. Walpole had a mind to make a custom of the thing, and would have given a ball in the same manner next week; but the women did not come into it; so I believe it will drop, and they will return to their dull cards, and usual formalities. We are not to stay above a month longer here, and shall then go to Dijon, the chief city of Burgundy, a very splendid and very gay town; at least such is the present design.

*XX. Gray and Walpole to Ashton.*

To  
Mr Ashton  
at Mrs Lewis's  
Hanover Square  
London  
Franc à Paris

MY DEAR ASHTON,

1) The exceeding Slowness and Sterility of me, & the vast abundance & volubility of Mr Walpole & his Pen will sufficiently excuse to you the shortness of this little matter. He insists that it is not him but his Pen that is so volubility, & so I have borrowed it of him; but I find it is both of 'em that is so volubility, for tho I am writing as fast, as I can drive, yet he is still chattering in vast abundance. I have desired me to hold his tongue, pho, I mean him, & his, but his Pen is so used to write in the first Person, that I have screwd my finger and thumb off, with forcing it into the third. After all this confusion of Persons, & a little Stroke of Satyr upon me the Pen returns calmly back again into the old *I* and *me*, as if nothing had happened, to tell you how much I am tired,

& how cross I am, that this cursed Scheme of Messrs. Selwyn & Montague<sup>1</sup> should have come across all our Measures, & broke in upon the whole year, which, what with the Month we have to wait for them, & the Month they are to stay here, will be entirely slipt away, at least, the agreeable Part of it, and if we journey at all, it will be thro' dirty roads and falling leaves.

The Man, whose arguments you have so learnedly stated, & whom you did not think fit to honour with a Confutation, we from thence conceive to be one, who does us honour, in thinking us fools, & so you see, I lay my claim to a share of the glory; we are not vastly curious about his name, first because it do'n't signify, 2dly because we know it already; it is either S<sup>r</sup> T: G: himself, or yr friend M<sup>r</sup> Fenton, if it's them we do'n't care, & if it is not, we do'n't care neither, but if you care to convince the Man, whoever he be, that we are in some points not altogether fools, you might let him know that we are most sincerely

Yours

H. W. 𐄂.

Rheims—July. [1739.]

## XXI. *To Ashton.*

Rheims, 25 Aug. N: S [1739].

MY DEAR ASHTON,

I am not so ignorant of Pain myself as to be able to hear of anothers Sufferings, without any Sensibility to them, especially when they are those of one, I ought more particularly to feel for: tho' indeed the goodness of my own Constitution, is in some sense a misfortune to me, for as the health of everybody I love seems much more preca-

<sup>1</sup> Walpole to West, Rheims, July 20th, 739, writes: "This is the day that Gray and I intended for the first of a southern circuit; but as Mr. Selwyn and George Montagu design us a visit here we have put off our journey for some weeks." [George Augustus Selwyn the wit. He was at Eton with Walpole, who was about two years his senior.—*Cunningham.*] Montagu is of course Walpole's correspondent, concerning whom see Cunningham's ed. of Walpole's "Letters," vol. i. p. 2, n. 4.

rious than my own, it is but a melancholy prospect to consider myself as one, that may possibly in some years be left in the World, destitute of the advice or Good Wishes of those few friends, that used to care for me, and without a likelihood or even a desire of gaining any new ones. this letter will, I hope, find you perfectly recovered, & your own painful experience will, for the future, teach you not to give so much in to a Sedentary Life, that has [I] fear been the Cause of your illness. Give my duty to your Mind, & tell her she has taken more care of herself, than of my tother poor friend, your Body, & bid her hereafter remember how nearly *her* Welfare is connected with *his*: tell her too that she may pride herself in her great family, & despise him for being a poor Mortal, as much as she pleases, but that he is her wedded husband, & if he suffers, she must smart for it. my inferences you will say, do'nt follow very naturally, nor have any great relation to what has been said, but they are as follows. Mess<sup>rs</sup> Selwin and Montagu have been here these 3 weeks, are by this time pretty heartily tired of Rheims, & return in about a Week. The day they set out for England, we are to do the same for Burgundy, in our way only as it is said to Province,<sup>1</sup> but People better informd conceive that Dijon will be the end of our expedition. for me, I make everything that does not depend on me, so indifferent to me, that if it be to go to the Cape of Good Hope I care not: if you are well enough, you will let me know a little of the history of West who does not remember there is such a place as Champagne in the world.

Your's ever  
T. G.

To

M<sup>r</sup> Ashton at M<sup>r</sup> Lewis's  
in Hanover Square  
London  
franc a Paris.

pour l'Angleterre  
franc jusqu'a Paris

<sup>1</sup> *Sic ap.* Mitford.

XXII. *To his Father.*

Dijon, Friday, Sept. 11, N. S. 1739.

We have made three short days journey of it from Rheims hither, where we arrived the night before last: The road we have passed through has been extremely agreeable: it runs through the most fertile part of Champagne by the side of the river Marne, with a chain of hills on each hand at some distance, entirely covered with woods and vineyards, and every now and then the ruins of some old castle on their tops; we lay at St. Dizier the first night, and at Langres the second, and got hither the next evening time enough to have a full view of this city in entering it: It lies in a very extensive plain covered with vines and corn, and consequently is plentifully supplied with both. I need not tell you that it is the chief city of Burgundy, nor that it is of great antiquity; considering which one should imagine it ought to be larger than one finds it. However, what it wants in extent, is made up in beauty and cleanliness, and in rich convents and churches, most of which we have seen. The palace of the States is a magnificent new building, where the Duke of Bourbon is lodged when he comes every three years to hold that assembly, as governor of the Province. A quarter of a mile out of the town is a famous Abbey of Carthusians, which we are just returned from seeing. In their chapel are the tombs of the ancient Dukes of Burgundy, that were so powerful, till at the death of Charles the Bold, the last of them, this part of his dominions was united by Lewis XI. to the crown of France. To-morrow we are to pay a visit to the Abbot of the Cistercians, who lives a few leagues off, and who uses to receive all strangers with great civility; his Abbey is one of the richest in the kingdom; he keeps open house always, and lives with great magnificence. We have seen enough of this town already to make us regret the time we spent at Rheims; it is full of people of condition, who seem to form a much more agreeable society than we found in Champagne; but as we shall stay here but two or three days longer, it is not worth while to be introduced into their houses. On Mon-



day or Tuesday we are to set out for Lyons, which is two days journey distant, and from thence you shall hear again from me.

### XXIII. *To West.*

Lyons, Sept. 18, N. S. 1739.

SCAVEZ vous bien, mon cher ami, que je vous hais, que je vous deteste? voila des termes un peu forts; and that will save me, upon a just computation, a page of paper and six drops of ink; which, if I confined myself to reproaches of a more moderate nature, I should be obliged to employ in using you according to your deserts. What: to let any body reside three months at Rheims, and write but once to them! Please to consult Tully de Amicit. page 5. line 25, and you will find it said in express terms, "Ad amicum inter Remos relegatum mense uno quinquies scriptum esto;" nothing more plain or less liable to false interpretations. Now because, I suppose, it will give you pain to know we are in being, I take this opportunity to tell you that we are at the ancient and celebrated Lugdunum, a city situated upon the confluence of the Rhône<sup>1</sup> and Saône (Arar, I should say) two people, who though of tempers extremely unlike, think fit to join hands here, and make a little party to travel to the Mediterranean in company; the lady comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of Burgundy, incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis in utram partem fluat<sup>2</sup> judicari non possit; the gentleman runs all rough and roaring down from the mountains of Switzerland to meet her; and with all her soft airs she likes him never the worse; she goes through the middle of

<sup>1</sup> "At Lyons I was taken to see the place where the two rivers meet, the one gentle, feeble, languid, yet of no depth; the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent. But different as they are, they meet at last." Pitt's speech (1755) on the coalition between Fox and Newcastle. "But his expression 'languid, though of no depth' is hardly just to the Saône, however just it may be to the Duke of Newcastle. We went down at a noble rate," writes Macaulay amid these scenes in 1838.

<sup>2</sup> Cæsar, B. G., i. 12. Gray had Cæsar constantly in his hands during this part of his travels, as appears from the notes of his which are transcribed in "Gray and His Friends," pp. 213, sq.

the city in state, and he passes incog. without the walls, but waits for her a little below. The houses here are so high, and the streets so narrow, as would be sufficient to render Lyons the dimmallest place in the world, but the number of people, and the face of commerce diffused about it, are, at least, as sufficient to make it the liveliest: between these two sufficiencies, you will be in doubt what to think of it; so we shall leave the city, and proceed to its environs, which are beautiful beyond expression: it is surrounded with mountains, and those mountains all be-dropped and bespeckled with houses, gardens, and plantations of the rich Bourgeois, who have from thence a prospect of the city in the vale below on one hand, on the other the rich plains of the Lyonnais, with the rivers winding among them, and the Alps, with the mountains of Dauphiné, to bound the view. All yesterday morning we were busied in climbing up Mount Fourviere, where the ancient city stood perched at such a height, that nothing but the hopes of gain could certainly ever persuade their neighbours to pay them a visit: Here are the ruins of the Emperors' palaces, that resided here, that is to say, Augustus and Severus; they consist in nothing but great masses of old wall, that have only their quality to make them respected. In a vineyard of the Minims are remains of a theatre; the Fathers, whom they belong to, hold them in no esteem at all, and would have showed us their sacristy and chapel instead of them: The Ursuline Nuns have in their garden some Roman baths, but we having the misfortune to be men, and heretics, they did not think proper to admit us. Hard by are eight arches of a most magnificent aqueduct, said to be erected by Antony, when his legions were quartered here: There are many other parts of it dispersed up and down the country, for it brought the water from a river many leagues off in La Forez. Here are remains too of Agrippa's seven great roads which met at Lyons; in some places they lie twelve feet deep in the ground: In short, a thousand matters that you shall not know, till you give me a description of the Pais de Tom-bridge, and the effect its waters have upon you.

XXIV. *To his Mother.*

Lyons, Oct. 13, N. S. 1739

It is now almost five weeks since I left Dijon, one of the gayest and most agreeable little cities of France, for Lyons, its reverse in all these particulars. It is the second in the kingdom in bigness and rank, the streets excessively narrow and nasty; the houses immensely high and large; (that, for instance, where we are lodged, has twenty-five rooms on a floor, and that for five stories) it swarms with inhabitants like Paris itself, but chiefly a mercantile people, too much given up to commerce, to think of their own, much less of a stranger's diversions. We have no acquaintance in the town, but such English as happen to be passing through here, in their way to Italy and the south, which at present happen to be near thirty in number. It is a fortnight since we set out from hence upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which lies through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the grand Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow (for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads) we arrived at a little village, among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse: It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine<sup>1</sup>-trees hanging over head; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld: Add to this the strange views made by the craggs and cliffs on the other hand; the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down

<sup>1</sup> *Not pine trees, but beech and firs.—Mitford.*

into the vale, and the river below; and many other particulars impossible to describe; you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St. Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers, who are commissioned to entertain strangers, (for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else) received us very kindly; and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city; for there are 100 fathers, besides 300 servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do every thing among themselves: The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery, but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain's side. Next day we continued our journey by Chamberry, which, though the chief city of the duchy, and residence of the king of Sardinia, when he comes into this part of his dominions, makes but a very mean and insignificant appearance; we lay at Aix, once famous for its hot baths, and the next night at Annecy; the day after, by noon, we got to Geneva. I have not time to say any thing about it, nor of our solitary journey back again. \* \* \*

### XXV. *To his Father.*

Lyons, Oct. 25, N. S. 1739.

In my last I gave you the particulars of our little journey to Geneva: I have only to add, that we stayed about a week, in order to see Mr. Conway settled there: I do not wonder so many English choose it for their residence; the city is very small, neat, prettily built, and extremely populous; the Rhône runs through the middle of it, and it is surrounded with new fortifications, that give

it a military compact air; which, joined to the happy, lively countenances of the inhabitants, and an exact discipline always as strictly observed as in time of war, makes the little republic appear a match for a much greater power; though perhaps Geneva, and all that belongs to it, are not of equal extent with Windsor and its two parks. To one that has passed through Savoy, as we did, nothing can be more striking than the contrast, as soon as he approaches the town. Near the gates of Geneva runs the torrent Arve, which separates it from the King of Sardinia's dominions; on the other side of it lies a country naturally, indeed, fine and fertile; but you meet with nothing in it but meagre, ragged, bare-footed peasants, with their children, in extreme misery and nastiness; and even of these no great numbers; You no sooner have crossed the stream I have mentioned, but poverty is no more; not a beggar, hardly a discontented face to be seen; numerous and well-dressed people swarming on the ramparts; drums beating, soldiers, well clothed and armed, exercising; and folks, with business in their looks, hurrying to and fro; all contribute to make any person, who is not blind, sensible what a difference there is between the two governments, that are the causes of one view and the other. The beautiful lake, at one end of which the town is situated; its extent; the several states that border upon it; and all its pleasures, are too well known for me to mention them. We sailed upon it as far as the dominions of Geneva extend, that is, about two leagues and a half on each side; and landed at several of the little houses of pleasure, that the inhabitants have built all about it, who received us with much politeness. The same night we eat part of a trout, taken in the lake, that weighed thirty-seven pounds; as great a monster as it appeared to us, it was esteemed there nothing extraordinary, and they assured us, it was not uncommon to catch them of fifty pounds; they are dressed here and sent post to Paris upon some great occasions; nay, even to Madrid, as we were told. The road we returned through was not the same we came by: We crossed the Rhône at Seyssel, and passed for three days among the mountains of Bugey, without meeting with any thing new: At last we came out into the plains of La



Bresse, and so to Lyons again. Sir Robert has written to Mr. Walpole, to desire he would go to Italy; which he has resolved to do; so that all the scheme of spending the winter in the south of France is laid aside, and we are to pass it in a much finer country. You may imagine I am not sorry to have this opportunity of seeing the place in the world that best deserves it; Besides as the Pope (who is eighty-eight, and has been lately at the point of death) cannot probably last a great while, perhaps we may have the fortune to be present at the election of a new one, when Rome will be in all its glory. Friday next we certainly begin our journey; in two days we shall come to the foot of the Alps, and six more we shall be in passing them. Even here the winter is begun; what then must it be among those vast snowy mountains where it is hardly ever summer? We are, however, as well armed as possible against the cold, with muffs, hoods, and masks of beaver, fur-boots, and bear skins. When we arrive at Turin, we shall rest after the fatigues of the journey. \* \* \*

## XXVI. *To his Mother.*

Turin, Nov. 7, N. S. 1739.

I am this night arrived here, and have just set down to rest me after eight days tiresome journey: For the three first we had the same road we before passed through to go to Geneva; the fourth we turned out of it, and for that day and the next travelled rather among than upon the Alps; the way commonly running through a deep valley by the side of the river Arc, which works itself a passage, with great difficulty and a mighty noise, among vast quantities of rocks, that have rolled down from the mountain-tops. The winter was so far advanced, as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the savageness and horror of the place: The sixth we began to go up several of these mountains; and as we were passing one, met with an odd accident enough: Mr. Walpole had a little fat black spaniel,<sup>1</sup> that he was very fond of, which he

<sup>1</sup> "It was called 'Tory,' an odd name enough for a dog of his."  
MS. note by Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne.

sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the chaise side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most; on one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice; it was noon-day, and the sun shone bright, when all of a sudden, from the wood-side, (which was as steep upwards, as the other part was downwards) out rushed a great wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a minute; we all saw it, and yet the servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do any thing to save the dog.<sup>1</sup> If he had not been there, and the creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses; chaise, and we, and all must inevitably have tumbled above fifty fathoms perpendicular down the precipice. The seventh we came to Lanebourg,<sup>2</sup> the last town in Savoy; it lies at the foot of the famous mount Cenis, which is so situated as to allow no room for any way but over the very top of it. Here the chaise was forced to be pulled to pieces, and the baggage and that to be carried by mules: We ourselves were wrapped up in our furs, and seated upon a sort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles in the manner of a bier, and so begun to ascend by the help of eight men. It was six miles to the top, where a plain opens itself about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep snow, and in the midst of that a great lake of unfathomable depth, from whence a river takes its rise, and tumbles over monstrous rocks quite down the other side of the mountain. The descent is six miles more, but infinitely more steep than the going up; and here the men perfectly fly down with you, stepping from stone to stone with incredible swiftness in places where none but they could go three paces without falling. The immensity of the precipices, the roaring of the river and torrents that run into it, the huge craggs

<sup>1</sup> This odd incident might have afforded Mr. Gray a subject for an ode, which would have been a good companion to that on the death of a favourite cat.—*Mason*. Walpole also describes this incident in a letter to West from Turin, Nov. 11th, 1739.

<sup>2</sup> Lans-le-Bourg, 3 m. N. W. of Mont Cenis, on the right bank of the Arc.

covered with ice and snow, and the clouds below you and about you, are objects it is impossible to conceive without seeing them; and though we had heard many strange descriptions of the scene, none of them at all came up to it. We were but five hours in performing the whole, from which you may judge of the rapidity of the men's motion. We are now got into Piedmont, and stopped a little while at La Ferriere, a small village about three quarters of the way down, but still among the clouds, where we began to hear a new language spoken round about us; at last we got quite down, went through the Pas de Suse, a narrow road among the Alps, defended by two fortresses, and lay at Bossolens: Next evening through a fine avenue of nine miles in length, as straight as a line, we arrived at this city, which, as you know, is the capital of the Principality, and the residence of the King of Sardinia. \* \* \*<sup>1</sup> We shall stay here, I believe, a fortnight, and proceed for Genoa, which is three or four days journey to go post. I am, etc.

## XXVII. *To West.*

Turin, Nov. 16, N. S. 1739.

After eight days journey through Greenland, we arrived at Turin. You approach it by a handsome avenue of nine miles long, and quite strait. The entrance is guarded by certain vigilant dragons, called Douâniers, who mumbled us for some time. The city is not large, as being a place of strength, and consequently confined within its fortifications; it has many beauties and some faults; among the first are streets all laid out by the line, regular uniform buildings, fine walks that surround the whole, and in general a good lively clean appearance: But the houses are of brick plastered, which is apt to want repairing; the windows of oiled paper, which is apt to be torn, and

<sup>1</sup> \* \* \* That part of the letter here omitted, contained only a description of the city; which, as Mr. Gray has given it to Mr. West in the following letter, and that in a more lively manner, I thought it unnecessary to insert: A liberty I have taken in other parts of this correspondence, in order to avoid repetitions.—  
*Mason.*

every thing very slight, which is apt to tumble down. There is an excellent Opera, but it is only in the Carnival: Balls every night, but only in the Carnival: Masquerades too, but only in the Carnival. This Carnival lasts only from Christmas to Lent; one half of the remaining part of the year is passed in remembering the last, the other in expecting the future Carnival. We cannot well subsist upon such slender diet, no more than upon an execrable Italian Comedy, and a Puppet-Show, called *Rappresentazione d'un' anima dannata*, which, I think, are all the present diversions of the place; except the Marquise de Cavallac's *Conversazione*, where one goes to see people play at Ombre and Taroc, a game with 72 cards all painted with suns, and moons, and devils and monks. Mr. Walpole has been at court; the family are at present at a country palace, called *La Venerie*. The palace here in town is the very quintessence of gilding and looking-glass; inlaid floors, carved pannels, and painting, wherever they could stick a brush. I own I have not, as yet, any where met with those grand and simple works of Art, that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for: But those of Nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining: Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry.<sup>1</sup> There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon-day; You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement; and perhaps should have been a dis-

1

"Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breath'd around."

*Progress of Poesy.*

In this letter to West we have the first indications of a thought which never left Gray's mind, and which made him, for Englishmen, the first discoverer of the glory, as distinguished from the horror, of mountain scenery.

ciple of his, had I been born in his time. You may believe Abelard and Heloïse were not forgot upon this occasion: If I do not mistake, I saw you too every now and then at a distance along the trees; il me semble, que j'ai vu ce chien de visage là quelque part.<sup>1</sup> You seemed to call to me from the other side of the precipice, but the noise of the river below was so great, that I really could not distinguish what you said; it seemed to have a cadence like verse. In your next you will be so good to let me know what it was. The week we have since passed among the Alps, has not equalled the single day upon that mountain, because the winter was rather too far advanced, and the weather a little foggy. However, it did not want its beauties; the savage rudeness of the view is inconceivable without seeing it: I reckoned in one day, thirteen cascades, the least of which was, I dare say, one hundred feet in height. I had Livy in the chaise with me, and beheld his "Nives cœlo propè immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora jumentaque torrida frigore, homines intonsi & inculti, animalia inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu; omnia confragosa, præruptaque."<sup>2</sup> The creatures that inhabit them are, in all respects, below humanity; and most of them, especially women, have the tumidum guttur, which they call goscia. Mont Cenis, I confess, carries the permission<sup>3</sup> mountains have of being frightful rather too far; and its horrors were accompanied with too much danger to give one time to reflect upon their beauties. There is a family of the Alpine monsters I have mentioned, upon its very top, that in the middle of winter calmly lay in their stock of provisions and firing, and so are buried in their hut for a month or two under the snow. When we were down it, and got a little way into Piedmont, we began to find "Apricos quosdam colles, rivosque prope sylvas, & jam humano cultu digniora loca."<sup>4</sup> I read Silius

<sup>1</sup> I do not suppose that this really refers to any special peculiarity in West's outward man: though Cole says, "Mr. West was . . . tall and slim, of a pale and meagre look and complexion."

<sup>2</sup> Livy, xxi. 32.

<sup>3</sup> A phrase borrowed from Madame De Sevigné, who quotes a *bon mot* on Pelisson, qu'il abusoit de la permission qu'ont les hommes, d'être laids.—*Mason*.

<sup>4</sup> Livy, xxi. 37.



Italicus too, for the first time; and wished for you according to custom. We set out for Genoa in two days time.

### XXVIII. *To West.*

Genoa, Nov. 21, 1739.

Horridos tractus, Boreæq; linquens  
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem  
Advehor brumam, Genuæq; amantes  
Littora soles.

At least if they do not, they have a very ill taste: for I never beheld any thing more amiable: Only figure to yourself a vast semicircular basin, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all round it palaces, and churches peeping over one another's heads, gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees, fountains, and trellis-works covered with vines, which altogether compose the grandest of theatres. This is the first coup d'œil, and is almost all I am yet able to give you an account of, for we arrived late last night. To-day was, luckily, a great festival, and in the morning we resorted to the church of the Madonna delle Vigne, to put up our little orisons; (I believe I forgot to tell you, that we have been some time converts to the holy Catholic church) we found our Lady richly dressed out, with a crown of diamonds on her own head, another upon the child's, and a constellation of wax lights burning before them: Shortly after came the Doge, in his robes of crimson damask, and a cap of the same, followed by the Senate in black. Upon his approach began a fine concert of music, and among the rest two eunuchs' voices, that were a perfect feast to ears that had heard nothing but French operas for a year. We listened to this, and breathed nothing but incense for two hours. The Doge is a very tall, lean, stately, old figure, called Constantino Balbi; and the Senate seem to have been made upon the same model. They said their prayers, and heard an absurd white friar preach, with equal devotion. After this we went to the Annonciata, a church built by the family Lomellini, and

belonging to it; which is, indeed, a most stately structure, the inside wholly marble of various kinds, except where gold and painting take its place. From hence to the Palazzo Doria. I should make you sick of marble, if I told you how it was lavished here upon the porticoes, the balustrades, and terraces, the lowest of which extends quite to the sea. The inside is by no means answerable to the outward magnificence; the furniture seems to be as old as the founder of the family.<sup>1</sup> There great embossed silver tables tell you, in bas-relief, his victories at sea; how he entertained the Emperor Charles, and how he refused the sovereignty of the Commonwealth when it was offered him; the rest is old-fashioned velvet chairs, and gothic tapestry. The rest of the day has been spent, much to our hearts' content, in cursing French music and architecture, and in singing the praises of Italy. We find this place so very fine, that we are in fear of finding nothing finer. We are fallen in love with the Mediterranean sea, and hold your lakes and your rivers in vast contempt. This is

“The happy country where huge lemons grow,”

as Waller says;<sup>2</sup> and I am sorry to think of leaving it in a week for Parma, although it be

The happy country where huge cheeses grow.

## XXIX. *To his Mother.*

Bologna, Dec. 9, N. S. 1739.

Our journey hither has taken up much less time than I expected. We left Genoa (a charming place, and one that deserved a longer stay) the week before last; crossed the mountains, and lay that night at Tortona, the next at St. Giovanni, and the morning after came to Piacenza. That city (though the capital of a Dutchy) made so frippery an appearance, that instead of spending some

<sup>1</sup> The famous Andrea Doria.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> “Bermudas, wall’d with rocks, who does not know?  
That happy island where huge lemons grow.”

*Battle of the Summer Islands* (Canto i. 4, 5).

days there, as had been intended, we only dined, and went on to Parma; stayed there all the following day, which was passed in visiting the famous works of Correggio in the Dome, and other churches. The fine gallery of pictures, that once belonged to the Dukes of Parma, is no more here; the King of Naples has carried it all thither, and the city had not merit enough to detain us any longer, so we proceeded through Reggio to Modena; this, though the residence of its Duke, is an ill built melancholy place, all of brick, as are most of the towns in this part of Lombardy: He himself lives in a private manner, with very little appearance of a court about him; he has one of the noblest collections of paintings in the world, which entertained us extremely well the rest of that day and a part of the next; and in the afternoon we came to Bologna. So now you may wish us joy of being in the dominions of his Holiness. This is a populous city, and of great extent: All the streets have porticoes on both sides, such as surround a part of Covent-Garden, a great relief in summer-time in such a climate; and from one of the principal gates to a church of the Virgin, [where is a wonder-working picture, at three miles distance] runs a corridore of the same sort, lately finished, and indeed a most extraordinary performance. The churches here are more remarkable for their paintings than architecture, being mostly old structures of brick; but the palaces are numerous, and fine enough to supply us with somewhat worth seeing from morning till night. The country of Lombardy, hitherto, is one of the most beautiful imaginable; the roads broad, and exactly straight, and on either hand vast plantations of trees, chiefly mulberries and olives, and not a tree without a vine twining about it and spreading among its branches. This scene, indeed, which must be the most lovely in the world during the proper season, is at present all deformed by the winter, which here is rigorous enough for the time it lasts; but one still sees the skeleton of a charming place, and reaps the benefit of its product, for the fruits and provisions are admirable; in short, you find every thing that luxury can desire in perfection. We have now been here a week, and shall stay some little time longer. We are at the foot of the Appennine moun-

tains; it will take up three days to cross them, and then we shall come to Florence, where we shall pass the Christmas. Till then we must remain in a state of ignorance as to what is doing in England, for our letters are to meet us there: If I do not find four or five from you alone, I shall wonder.

### XXX. *To his Mother.*

Florence, Dec. 19, N. S. 1739.

We spent twelve days at Bologna, chiefly (as most travellers do) in seeing sights; for as we knew no mortal there, and as it is no easy matter to get admission into any Italian house, without very particular recommendations, we could see no company but in public places; and there are none in that city but the churches. We saw, therefore, churches, palaces, and pictures from morning to night; and the 15th of this month set out for Florence, and began to cross the Appennine mountains; we travelled among and upon them all that day, and, as it was but indifferent weather, were commonly in the middle of thick clouds, that utterly deprived us of a sight of their beauties: For this vast chain of hills has its beauties, and all the valleys are cultivated; even the mountains themselves are many of them so within a little of their very tops. They are not so horrid as the Alps, though pretty near as high; and the whole road is admirably well kept, and paved throughout, which is a length of fourscore miles, and more: We left the pope's dominions, and lay that night in those of the Grand Duke at Fiorenzuola, a paltry little town, at the foot of Mount Giogo, which is the highest of them all. Next morning we went up it; the post-house is upon its very top, and usually involved in clouds, or half-buried in the snow. Indeed there was none of the last at the time we were there, but it was still a dismal habitation. The descent is most excessively steep, and the turnings very short and frequent; however, we performed it without any danger, and in coming down could dimly discover Florence, and the beautiful plain about it, through the mists, but enough to convince us, it must be one of the noblest prospects upon earth in summer. That

afternoon we got thither; and Mr. Mann,<sup>1</sup> the resident, had sent his servant to meet us at the gates, and conduct us to his house. He is the best and most obliging person in the world. The next night we were introduced at the Prince of Craon's<sup>2</sup> assembly (he has the chief power here in the Grand Duke's absence). The princess, and he, were extremely civil to the name of Walpole, so we were asked to stay supper, which is as much as to say, you may come and sup here whenever you please; for after the first invitation this is always understood. We have also been at the Countess Suarez's, a favourite of the late Duke, and one that gives the first movement to every thing gay that is going forward here. The news is every day expected from Vienna of the Great Duchess's delivery; if it be a boy, here will be all sorts of balls, masquerades, operas, and illuminations; if not, we must wait for the Carnival, when all those things come of course. In the mean time it is impossible to want entertainment; the famous gallery, alone, is an amusement for months; we commonly pass two or three hours every morning in it, and one has perfect leisure to consider all its beauties. You know it contains many hundred antique statues, such as the whole world cannot match, besides the vast collection of paintings, medals, and precious stones, such as no other prince was ever master of; in short, all that the rich and powerful house of Medicis has in so many years got together.<sup>3</sup> And

<sup>1</sup> Horace Mann, Esq., better known as Sir Horace Mann, Walpole's relation and correspondent from 1741 to 1786, a period of forty-five years, during which period they never met. He was the son of Robert Mann, Deputy Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital; his brothers, Galfridus, James, and Edward, were army clothiers. Mann was British Minister at Florence when Walpole visited Florence in 1741, and at his death he was still residing there, as British Envoy at the Court of Tuscany. He was created a baronet in 1755. He died unmarried at Florence, 16th November, 1786, and his remains were brought to England by his nephew and heir Sir Horace Mann, and buried at Linton, in Kent, where Walpole erected a monument to Sir Horace's twin brother, Galfridus, who died in 1756. His letters to Walpole have been preserved, but they are mighty dull.—*Cummingham*. The Casa Ambrosio at Florence, where Mann resided, is now, the late Mr. Chaloner Chute informed me, the Hôtel Grande Bretagne.

<sup>2</sup> See *infra*, letter xli. n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> He catalogued and made occasional short remarks on the pic-



besides this city abounds with so many palaces and churches, that you can hardly place yourself any where without having some fine one in view, or at least some statue or fountain, magnificently adorned; these undoubtedly are far more numerous than Genoa can pretend to; yet, in its general appearance, I cannot think that Florence equals it in beauty. Mr. Walpole is just come from being presented to the Electress Palatine Dowager; she is a sister of the late Great Duke's; a stately old lady, that never goes out but to church, and then she has guards, and eight horses to her coach. She received him with much ceremony, standing under a huge black canopy, and, after a few minutes talking, she assured him of her good will, and dismissed him: She never sees any body but thus in form; and so she passes her life, poor woman! \* \* \*

### XXXI. *To West.*

Florence, Jan. 15, 1740.

I think I have not yet told you how we left that charming place Genoa: How we crossed a mountain of green marble, called Buchetto: How we came to Tortona, and waded through the mud to come to Castel St. Giovanni, and there eat mustard and sugar with a dish of crows' gizzards: Secondly, how we passed the famous plains; "Quâ Trebie, etc."<sup>1</sup> Nor, thirdly, how we passed through Piacenza, Parma, Modena, entered the territories of the Pope; stayed twelve days at Bologna; crossed the Appennines, and afterwards arrived at Florence. None of these things have I told you, nor do I intend to tell you, till you ask me some questions concerning them. No not even of Florence itself, except that it is as fine as possible, and has every thing in it that can bless the eyes. But,

tures, etc., which he saw here, as well as at other places, many of which are in my possession, but it would have swelled this work too much if I had inserted them.—*Mason*. They are to be found partly in the fourth volume of Mitford's collected edition of Gray's Works, the rest in "Gray and his Friends," sect. vi.

<sup>1</sup> Here follow the verses beginning *Qua Trebie glaucas etc.* etc.—Aldine ed., p. 147.

before I enter into particulars, you must make your peace both with me and the Venus de Medicis, who, let me tell you, is highly and justly offended at you for not inquiring, long before this, concerning her symmetry and proportions. \* \* \*

### XXXII. *To Wharton.*

Proposals for printing by Subscription, in

THIS LARGE

LETTER,

THE TRAVELS OF T: G: GENT:

which will consist of the following Particulars.

#### CHAP: 1:

The Author arrives at Dover; his conversation with the Mayor of that Corporation; sets out in the Pacquet-Boat, grows very sick; the Author spews, a very minute account of all the circumstances thereof: his arrival at Calais; how the inhabitants of that country speak French, & are said to be all Papishes; the Author's reflexions thereupon.

#### 2.

How they feed him with Soupe, and what Soupe is. how he meets with a Capucin; & what a Capucin is. how they shut him up in a Post-Chaise, & send him to Paris; he goes wondring along dureing 6 days; & how there are Trees, & Houses just as in England. arrives at Paris without knowing it.

#### 3.

Full account of the river Seine, & of the various animals & plants its borders produce. Description of the little Creature called an Abbé, its parts, & their uses; with the reasons why they will not live in England, and the methods, that have been used to propagate them there. a Cut of the inside of a Nunnery; its Structure, wonderfully adapted to the use of the animals, that inhabit it: a short account of them, how they propagate without the help of a Male, and how they eat up their own young ones, like Cats and

Rabbets. supposed to have both sexes in themselves, like a Snail. Dissection of a Dutchess with Copper-Plates, very curious.

## 4.

Goes to the Opera; grand Orchestra of Humstrums, Bag-pipes, Salt-boxes, Tabours, & Pipes. Anatomy of a French Ear, shewing the formation of it to be entirely different from that of an English one, & that Sounds have a directly contrary effect upon one & the other. Farinelli at Paris said to have a fine manner, but no voice. Grand Ballet, in which there is no seeing the dance for Petticoats. Old Women with flowers, & jewels stuck in the Curls of their grey Hair; Red-heel'd Shoes & Roll-ups innumerable, Hoops, & Paniers immeasurable, Paint unspeakable. Tables, wherein is calculated with the utmost exactness, the several Degrees of Red, now in use, from the riseing blush of an Advocate's Wife to the flameing Crimson of a Princess of the blood; done by a Limner in great vogue.

## 5.

The Author takes unto him a Taylour; his Character. how he covers him with Silk, & Fringe, & widens his figure with buckram a yard on each side; Wastcoat, & Breeches so strait, he can neither breath, nor walk. how the Barber curls him en Bequille, & à la negligee, & ties a vast Solitaire about his Neck; how the Milliner lengthens his ruffles to his finger's ends, & sticks his two arms into a Muff. how he cannot stir, & how they cut him in proportion to his Clothes.

## 6.

He is carried to Versailles; despises it infinitely. a dissertation upon Taste. goes to an Installation in the Chappel-royal. enter the King & 50 Fiddlers Solus. Kettle-Drums & Trumpets, Queens, & Dauphins, Princesses, & Cardinals, Incense, & the Mass. Old Knights makeing Curtsies; Holy-Ghosts & Fiery-tongues.

## 7.

Goes into the country to Rheims in Champagne. stays

there 3 Months, what he did there (he must beg the reader's pardon, but) he has really forgot.

## 8.

Proceeds to Lyons. Vastness of that City. Can't see the Streets for houses.<sup>1</sup> how rich it is, & how much it stinks. Poem upon the Confluence of the Rhône & the Sâone, by a friend of the Author's; very pretty!

## 9.

Makes a journey into Savoy, & in his way visits the Grand Chartreuse; he is set astride upon a Mule's back, & begins to climb up the Mountain. Rocks & Torrents beneath; Pine-trees, & Snows above; horrors, & terrors on all sides. the Author dies of the Fright.

## 10.

He goes to Geneva. his mortal antipathy to a Presbyterian, and the cure for it. returns to Lyons. gets a surfeit with eating Ortolans, & Lampreys; is advised to go into Italy for the benefit of the air. . . .

## 11.

Sets out the latter end of November to cross the Alps. he is devoured by a Wolf, & how it is to be devoured by a Wolf. The 7<sup>th</sup> day he comes to the foot of Mount Cenis. how he is wrap'd up in<sup>2</sup> Bear Skins, & Beaver-Skins, Boots

<sup>1</sup> When one is misled by a proper name, the only use of which is to direct, one feels like the countryman, who complained—"That the houses hindered him from seeing Paris." The thing becomes an obstruction to itself. Walpole's "Fugitive Pieces," vol. i., p. 222.—From the "Menagiana," vol. i., p. 13. "Mons. le Duc de M. disoit, que les maisons de Paris estoient si hautes, qu'elles empechoient de voir la ville." See also Bp. Hall's "Satires" (Singer's ed.), p. 72.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter from Walpole to West, dated Turin, Nov. 11th, 1737.—"So," as the song says, "we are in fair Italy!" I wonder we are, for on the highest precipice of Mount Cenis, the devil of Discord, in the similitude of sour wine, had got amongst our Alpine savages and set them a-fighting, with Gray and me in the chairs: they rushed him by me on a crag where there was scarce room for a cloven foot; the least slip had tumbled us into such a

on his legs, Caps on his head, Muffs on his hands, & Taffety over his eyes; he is placed on a Bier, & is carried to heaven by the savages blindfold. how he lights among a certain fat nation, call'd Clouds: how they are always in a Sweat, and never speak, but they f—t. how they flock about him, & think him very odd for not doing so too. he falls plump into Italy.

## 12.

Arrives at Turin; goes to Genoa, & from thence to Placentia; crosses the River Trebia: the Ghost of Hannibal appears to him; & what it, & he, say upon the occasion. locked out of Parma in a cold winter's night: the author by an ingenious stratagem, gains admittance. despises that City, & proceeds through Reggio to Modena. how the Duke, & Duchess lie over their own Stables, and go every night to a vile Italian Comedy; despises them, & it; & proceeds to Bologna.

## 13.

Enters into the Dominions of the Pope o' Rome. meets the Devil, & what he says on the occasion. very publick, & scandalous doings between the Vines & the Elm-trees, and how the Olive-trees are shock'd thereupon. Author longs for Bologna-Sausages, & Hams; & how he grows as fat as a Hog.

fog, and such an eternity, as we should never have found our way out of again. We were eight days in coming hither from Lyons, the four last in crossing the Alps. Such uncouth rocks and such uncomely inhabitants, my dear West, I hope I shall never see them again. At the foot of Mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaise, which was taken all to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried in low arm-chairs, on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins. When we came to the top beheld the snows fallen; and such quantities, and conducted by such heavy clouds that hung glouting, that I thought we never could have waded through them. The descent is two leagues, but steep, and rough as O—— father's face, over which, you know, the devil walked with hob-nails in his shoes."

The simile in the last sentence of this note, belongs to the "Marcellus of our tongue," as he has been somewhat singularly called by Dryden.—"I believe the devil travels over it in his sleep with hob-nails in his shoes." See Oldham's "Character," vol. ii, p. 327. —*Mitford*.



## 14.

Observations on Antiquities. the Author proves, that Bologna was the the ancient Tarentum ; that the battle of Salamis, contrary to the vulgar opinion, was fought by Land, and that not far from Ravenna. that the Romans were a colony of the Jews, & that Eneas was the same with Ehud.

## 15.

Arrival at Florence. is of opinion, that the Venus of Medicis is a modern performance, & that a very indifferent one, and much inferiour to the K: Charles at Charing-Cross. Account of the City, & manners of the inhabitants. A learned Dissertation on the true situation of Gomorrah. . . .

And here will end the first part of these instructive & entertaining voyages. the Subscribers are to pay 20 Guineas ; 19 down, & the remainder upon delivery of the book. *N:B:* A few are printed on the softest Royal Brown paper for the use of the Curious.

MY DEAR, dear WHARTON <sup>1</sup>

(Which is a dear more than I give anybody else. it is very odd to begin with a Parenthesis, but) You may think me a Beast, for not haveing sooner wrote to you, & to be sure a Beast I am. now, when one owns it, I don't see what you have left to say. I take this opportunity to inform you (an opportunity I have had every week this twelvemonth) that I am arrived safe at Calais, and am at present at Florence, a city in Italy in I don't know how many degrees N: latitude. under the line I am sure it is not, for I am at this instant expireing with Cold. You must know, that not being certain what circumstances of my History would particularly suit your curiosity, & knowing that all I had to say to you would overflow the narrow limits of many a good quire of Paper, I have taken

<sup>1</sup> Of Old-Park, near Durham. With this gentleman Mr. Gray contracted an acquaintance very early ; and though they were not educated together at Eton, yet afterwards at Cambridge, when the Doctor was Fellow of Pembroke Hall, they became intimate friends, and continued so to the time of Mr. Gray's death.—*Mason.*

this method of laying before you the contents, that you may pitch upon what you please, & give me your orders accordingly to expatiate thereupon: for I conclude you will write to me; won't you? oh! yes, when you know, that in a week I set out for Rome, & that the Pope is dead, & that I shall be (I should say, God willing; & if nothing extraordinary intervene; & if I'm alive, & well; & in all human probability) at the Coronation of a new one. now as you have no other correspondent there, & as if you do not, I certainly shall not write again (observe my impudence) I take it to be your interest to send me a vast letter, full of all sorts of News, & Bawdy, & Politics, & such other ingredients, as to you shall seem convenient with all decent expedition. only do not be too severe upon the Pretender; & if you like my Style, pray say so. this is à la Françoise; and if you think it a little too foolish, & impertinent, you shall be treated alla Toscana with a thousand Signoria Illustrissima's. in the meantime I have the honour to remain

Your loving Frind tell Deth, T: GRAY

Florence, March. 12. N: S: [1740].

*P:S:* This is à l'Angloise. I do'n't know where you are; if at Cambridge, pray let me know all, how, & about it; and if my old friends, Thompson, or Clark fall in your way, say I am extremely theirs. but if you are in town, I entreat you to make my best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. Adieu, Yours Sincerely a second time.

### XXXIII. *To his Mother.*

Florence, March 19, 1740.

The Pope<sup>1</sup> is at last dead, and we are to set out for Rome on Monday next. The conclave is still sitting there, and likely to continue so some time longer, as the two French Cardinals are but just arrived, and the German ones are still expected. It agrees mighty ill with those that remain inclosed: Ottoboni is already dead of an apoplexy; Altieri and several others are said to be dying,

<sup>1</sup> Clement the Twelfth.—*Mitford.*

or very bad: Yet it is not expected to break up till after Easter. We shall lie at Sienna the first night, spend a day there, and in two more get to Rome. One begins to see in this country the first promises of an Italian spring, clear unclouded skies, and warm suns, such as are not often felt in England; yet, for your sake, I hope at present you have your proportion of them, and that all your frosts and snows, and short breaths are, by this time, utterly vanished. I have nothing new or particular to inform you of; and, if you see things at home go on much in their old course, you must not imagine them more various abroad. The diversions of a Florentine Lent are composed of a sermon in the morning, full of hell and the devil; a dinner at noon, full of fish and meagre diet; and in the evening, what is called a *Conversazione*, a sort of assembly at the principal people's houses, full of I cannot tell what: Besides this, there is twice a week a very grand concert. \* \* \*

#### XXXIV. *To his Mother.*

Rome, April 2, N. S. 1740.

This is the third day since we came to Rome, but the first hour I have had to write to you in. The journey from Florence cost us four days, one of which was spent at Sienna, an agreeable, clean, old city, of no great magnificence or extent; but in a fine situation, and good air. What it has most considerable is its cathedral, a huge pile of marble, black and white laid alternately, and laboured with a gothic niceness and delicacy in the old-fashioned way. Within too are some paintings and sculpture of considerable hands. The sight of this, and some collections that were shewed us in private houses, were a sufficient employment for the little time we were to pass there: and the next morning we set forward on our journey through a country very oddly composed; for some miles you have a continual scene of little mountains cultivated from top to bottom with rows of olive-trees, or else elms, each of which has its vine twining about it, and mixing with the branches; and corn sown between all the ranks. This diversified with numerous small houses and convents,

makes the most agreeable prospect in the world: But, all of a sudden, it alters to black barren hills, as far as the eye can reach, that seem never to have been capable of culture, and are as ugly as useless. Such is the country for some time before one comes to Mount Radicofani, a terrible black hill, on the top of which we were to lodge that night. It is very high, and difficult of ascent; and at the foot of it we were much embarrassed by the fall of one of the poor horses that drew us. This accident obliged another chaise, which was coming down, to stop also; and out of it peeped a figure in a red cloak, with a handkerchief tied round its head, which, by its voice and mien, seemed a fat old woman: but upon its getting out, appeared to be Senesino,<sup>1</sup> who was returning from Naples to Sienna, the place of his birth and residence. On the highest part of the mountain is an old fortress, and near it a house built by one of the Grand Dukes for a hunting-seat, but now converted into an inn; It is the shell of a large fabric, but such an inside, such chambers, and accommodations, that your cellar is a palace in comparison; and your cat sups and lies much better than we did; for, it being a saint's eve, there was nothing but eggs. We devoured our meagre fare; and, after stopping up the windows with the quilts, were obliged to lie upon the straw beds in our clothes. Such are the conveniences in a road, that is, as it were, the great thoroughfare of all the world. Just on the other side of this mountain, at Ponte-Centino, one enters the patrimony of the church; a most delicious

<sup>1</sup> Walpole to West, March 22nd, 1740, also describes this incident.

Francesco Bernardi, better known by the name of Senesino, from Siena, his birthplace. He first appeared in this country (Nov. 1720) in Buononcini's opera *Astarto*. He sang next in a revival of Handel's *Floridante*, and remained here as principal singer until 1726, when the state of his health compelled him to return to Italy. In 1730 he re-visited England, where he remained until 1735. He was the contemporary, if not the rival, of Farinelli. Senesino was a man likely to be much disturbed by the accident related above. It is said that in "*Giulio Cesare*," just as he had chanted forth the words "*Cesare non seppe mai che sia timore*" a piece of the machinery tumbled on the stage, whereupon the poor hero lost his voice and began to cry. Senesino's voice was a mezzo-soprano, or, according to some, a contralto.

country, but thinly inhabited. That night brought us to Viterbo, a city of a more lively appearance than any we had lately met with; the houses have glass windows, which is not very usual here; and most of the streets are terminated by a handsome fountain. Here we had the pleasure of breaking our fast on the leg of an old hare and some broiled crows. Next morning, in descending Mount Viterbo, we first discovered (though at near thirty miles distance) the cupola of St. Peter's, and a little after began to enter on an old Roman pavement, with now and then a ruined tower, or a sepulchre on each hand. We now had a clear view of the city, though not to the best advantage, as coming along a plain quite upon a level with it; however it appeared very vast, and surrounded with magnificent villas and gardens. We soon after crossed the Tiber, a river that ancient Rome made more considerable than any merit of its own could have done: However, it is not contemptibly small, but a good handsome stream; very deep, yet somewhat of a muddy complexion. The first entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking. It is by a noble gate, designed by Michael Angelo, and adorned with statues; this brings you into a large square, in the midst of which is a vast obelisk of granite, and in front you have at one view two churches of a handsome architecture, and so much alike that they are called the twins; with three streets, the middlemost of which is one of the longest in Rome. As high as my expectation was raised, I confess, the magnificence of this city infinitely surpasses it. You cannot pass along a street but you have views of some palace, or church, or square, or fountain, the most picturesque and noble one can imagine. We have not yet set about considering its beauties, ancient and modern, with attention; but have already taken a slight transient view of some of the most remarkable. St. Peter's I saw the day after we arrived, and was struck dumb with wonder. I there saw the Cardinal d'Auvergne, one of the French ones, who upon coming off his journey, immediately repaired hither to offer up his vows at the high altar, and went directly into the Conclave; the doors of which we saw opened to him, and all the other immured Cardinals came thither to receive him. Upon his entrance



they were closed again directly. It is supposed they will not come to an agreement about a Pope till after Easter, though the confinement is very disagreeable. I have hardly philosophy enough to see the infinity of fine things, that are here daily in the power of any body that has money, without regretting the want of it; but custom has the power of making things easy to one. I have not yet seen his majesty of Great-Britain, etc. though I have the two boys in the gardens of the Villa Borgese, where they go a-shooting almost every day; it was at a distance, indeed, for we did not choose to meet them, as you may imagine.<sup>1</sup> This letter (like all those the English send or receive) will pass through the hands of that family, before it comes to those it was intended for. They do it more honour than it deserves; and all they will learn from thence will be, that I desire you to give my duty to my father, and wherever else it is due, and that I am, etc.

### XXXV. *To his Mother.*

Rome, April 15, 1740. Good Friday.

To-day I am just come from paying my adoration at St. Peter's to three extraordinary relics, which are exposed to public view only on these two days in the whole year, at which time all the confraternities in the city come in procession to see them. It was something extremely novel to see that vast church, and the most magnificent in the world, undoubtedly, illuminated (for it was night) by thousands of little crystal lamps, disposed in the figure of a huge cross at the high altar, and seeming to hang alone in the air. All the light proceeded from this, and had the most singular effect imaginable as one entered the great door. Soon after came one after another, I believe, thirty processions, all dressed in linen frocks, and girt with a cord, their heads covered with a cowl all over, only two holes to see through left. Some of them were all black,

<sup>1</sup> "We are going to night to a great assemblée at one of the villas just out of the City, whither all the English are invited; amongst the rest Mr. Stuard (*sic*) and his two Sons." (Walpole to West, May 14th, 1740, *ap.* "Gray and his Friends." See also Gray to West, *infra* May 21st.)

others red, others white, others party-coloured; these were continually coming and going with their tapers and crucifixes before them; and to each company, as they arrived and knelt before the great altar, were shown from a balcony at a great height, the three wonders, which are, you must know, the head of the spear that wounded Christ;<sup>1</sup> St. Veronica's handkerchief, with the miraculous impression of his face upon it; and a piece of the true cross, on the sight of which the people thump their breasts, and kiss the pavement with vast devotion. The tragical part of the ceremony is half a dozen wretched creatures, who with their faces covered, but naked to the waist, are in a side chapel disciplining themselves with scourges full of iron prickles; but really in earnest, as our eyes can testify, which saw their backs and arms so raw we should have taken it for a red satin doublet torn, and shewing the skin through, had we not been convinced of the contrary by the blood which was plentifully sprinkled about them. It is late; I give you joy of Port-Bello,<sup>2</sup> and many other things, which I hope are all true. \* \* \* \*

### XXXVI. *Postscript to Letter of Walpole to West.*

Rome, April 16, N. S. 1740.

Not so delicate;<sup>3</sup> nor, indeed, would his conscience suffer him to write to you, till he received de vos nouvelles, if he had not the tail of another person's letter to use by way of evasion. I sha'n't describe, as being in the only place in the world that deserves it, which may seem an odd reason—but they say as how it's fulsome, and every body does it, (and, I suppose, every body says the same thing), else I should tell you a vast deal about the Coliseum, and the Conclave, and the Capitol, and these matters. A-propos du Colisée, if you don't know what it is, the Prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman that asked what it was

<sup>1</sup> See next letter.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. letter to Ashton, May 14th, 1840, and n.

<sup>3</sup> Walpole's letter ended "I have no more time; so Gray finishes this delicately."

built for,—“They say ’twas for Christians to fight tigers in.”

We are just come from adoring a great piece of the true cross, St. Longinus’s spear, and St. Veronica’s handkerchief; all which have been this evening exposed to view in St. Peter’s. In the same place, and on the same occasion, last night, Walpole saw a poor creature, naked to the waist, discipline himself with a scourge filled with iron prickles, till he had made himself a raw doublet, that he took for red satin torn, and showing the skin through. I should tell you that he fainted away three times at the sight, and I twice and a half at the repetition of it. All this is performed by the light of a vast fiery cross, composed of hundreds of little crystal lamps, which appear through the great altar under the grand tribuna, as if hanging by itself in the air.

All the confraternities of the city resort thither in solemn procession, habited in linen frocks, girt with a cord, and their heads covered with a cowl all over, that has only two holes before to see through. Some of these are all black, others parti-coloured and white; and with these masqueraders that vast church is filled, who are seen thumping their breast, and kissing the pavement with extreme devotion. But methinks I am describing—’tis an ill habit, but this, like every thing else, will wear off. We have sent you our compliments by a friend of yours, and correspondent in a corner, who seems a very agreeable man; one Mr. Williams:<sup>1</sup> I am sorry he staid so little a while in Rome. I forget Porto Bello<sup>2</sup> all this while; pray let us know where it is, and whether you or Asheton had any hand in the taking of it. Duty to the Admiral.—Adieu! Ever yours,

T. GRAY.

### XXXVII. *Postscript to Letter of Walpole to Ashton.*

Rome, May 14, 1740, N. E. (*sic*).

I am by trade a finisher of Letters. don’t you wonder at the Conclave? Instead of being immur’d, every one in

<sup>1</sup> See “Gray and his Friends,” p. 15, and *infra*, letter xlii. n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Infra*, letter xliii. n. 1.

his proper hutch as one us'd to imagine, they have the Liberty of scuttling out of one hole into another, and might breed, if they were young enough. I do assure you, every thing one has heard say of Italy, is a lye, & am firmly of opinion, that no mortal was ever here before us. I am writeing to prove that there never was any such a People as the Romans, that this was antiently a Colony of the Jews, and that the Coliseum was built on the model of Solomon's temple. Our People have told so many Stories of them, that they do'nt believe any thing we say about ourselves. Porto Bello<sup>1</sup> is still said to be impregnable and it is reported the Dutch have declar'd War against us. The English Court here, brighten up on the news of our Conquests, and conclude all the Contrary has happen'd. You do not know perhaps, that we have our little good fortune in the Mediterranean, where Adm<sup>l</sup>. Haddock<sup>2</sup> has overturned certain little boats carrying Troops to Majorca, drown'd a few hundred of them, and taken a little Grandee of Spain, that commanded the Expedition. at least, so they say at Naples. I'm very sorry. but methinks they seem in a bad Condition. Is *West* dead to the world in general, or only so to me? for you I have not the impudence to accuse, but you are to take this as a sort of reproof, and I hope you will demean yourself accordingly. You are hereby authoriz'd to make my particular Compliments to my L<sup>d</sup> Plymouth,<sup>3</sup> and return him my thanks

<sup>1</sup> It was, of course, already taken, by Admiral Vernon with his six ships, Nov. 21st, 1739.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole writing to West from Rome, May 7th of this year, says, "We heard the news last night from Naples that Admiral Haddock had met the Spanish convoy going to Majorca, and taken it all, all; three thousand men, three colonels, and a Spanish grandee. We conclude it is true, for the Neapolitan Majesty mentioned it at dinner." On which Wright notes "This report, which proved unfounded, was grounded on the fact that on the 18th April his Majesty's ships 'Lennox,' 'Kent,' and 'Orford,' commanded by Captains Mayne, Durell, and Lord Augustus Fitzroy, part of Admiral Balchen's squadron, being on a cruise about forty leagues to the westward of Cape Finisterre, fell in with the *Princessa*, esteemed the finest ship of war in the Spanish navy, and captured her after an engagement of five hours." (Letters of Horace Walpole ed. Cunningham, vol. i., pp. 46, 47, letter 29.)

<sup>3</sup> Letter xviii. n. 4.

de l'honneur de son Souvenir. So I finish my Postscript  
with

Your's ever

T. G.

### XXXVIII. *To West.*

Tivoli, May 20, 1740.

This day being in the palace of his Highness the Duke of Modena, he laid his most serene commands upon me to write to Mr. West, and said he thought it for his glory, that I should draw up an inventory of all his most serene possessions for the said West's perusal.—Imprimis, a house, being in circumference a quarter of a mile, two feet and an inch; the said house containing the following particulars, to wit, a great room. Item, another great room; item, a bigger room; item, another room; item, a vast room; item, a sixth of the same; a seventh ditto; an eighth as before; a ninth as above-said; a tenth (see No. 1.); item, ten more such, besides twenty besides, which, not to be too particular, we shall pass over. The said rooms contain nine chairs, two tables, five stools and a cricket. From whence we shall proceed to the garden, containing two millions of superfine laurel hedges, a clump of cypress trees, and half the river Teverone, that pisses into two thousand several chamberpots. Finis.—Dame Nature desired me to put in a list of her little goods and chattels, and, as they were small, to be very minute about them. She has built here three or four little mountains, and laid them out in an irregular semi-circle; from certain others behind, at a greater distance, she has drawn a canal, into which she has put a little river of hers, called Anio; she has cut a huge cleft between the two innermost of her four hills, and there she has left it to its own disposal; which she has no sooner done, but, like a heedless chit, it tumbles headlong down a declivity fifty feet perpendicular, breaks itself all to shatters, and is converted into a shower of rain, where the sun forms many a bow, red, green, blue, and yellow. To get out of our metaphors without any further trouble, it is the most noble sight in the world.



The weight of that quantity of waters, and the force they fall with, have worn the rocks they throw themselves among into a thousand irregular craggs, and to a vast depth. In this channel it goes boiling along with a mighty noise till it comes to another steep, where you see it a second time come roaring down (but first you must walk two miles farther) a greater height than before, but not with that quantity of waters; for by this time it has divided itself, being crossed and opposed by the rocks, into four several streams, each of which, in emulation of the great one, will tumble down too; and it does tumble down, but not from an equally elevated place; so that you have at one view all these cascades intermixed with groves of olive and little woods, the mountains rising behind them, and on the top of one (that which forms the extremity of one of the half-circle's horns) is seated the town itself. At the very extremity of that extremity, on the brink of the precipice, stands the Sybils' temple, the remains of a little rotunda, surrounded with its portico, above half of whose beautiful Corinthian pillars are still standing and entire; all this on one hand. On the other, the open Campagna of Rome, here and there a little castle on a hillock, and the city itself on the very brink of the horizon, indistinctly seen (being 18 miles off) except the dome of St. Peter's; which, if you look out of your window, wherever you are, I suppose, you can see. I did not tell you that a little below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over that torrent, are little ruins which they shew you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

“Præceps Anio, & Tiburni lucus, & uda  
“Mobilibus pomaria rivis.”<sup>1</sup>

Mæcenas did not care for such a noise, it seems, and built him a house (which they also carry one to see) so situated that it sees nothing at all of the matter, and for any thing he knew there might be no such river in the world. Horace had another house on the other side of the Teverone, opposite to Mæcenas's; and they told us there was a bridge of communication, by which “andava il detto Signor per tras-

<sup>1</sup> Hor. C. L. vii. 12-14.

tullarsi coll istesso Orazio." In coming hither we crossed the Aquæ Albulæ, a vile little brook that stinks like a fury, and they say it has stunk so these thousand years. I forgot the Piscina of Quintilius Varus, where he used to keep certain little fishes. This is very entire, and there is a piece of the aqueduct that supplied it too; in the garden below is old Rome, built in little, just as it was, they say. There are seven temples in it, and no houses at all; They say there were none.

May 21.

We have had the pleasure of going twelve miles out of our way to Palestrina. It has rained all day as if heaven and us were coming together. See my honesty, I do not mention a syllable of the temple of Fortune, because I really did not see it; which, I think, is pretty well for an old traveller. So we returned along the Via Prænestina, saw the Lacus Gabinus and Regillus, where, you know, Castor and Pollux appeared upon a certain occasion. And many a good old tomb we left on each hand, and many an aqueduct,

Dumb are whose fountains, and their channels dry.

There are, indeed, two whole modern ones, works of Popes, that run about thirty miles a-piece in length; one of them conveys still the famous Aqua Virgo to Rome, and adds vast beauty to the prospect. So we came to Rome again, where waited for us a splendidissimo regalo of letters; in one of which came You, with your huge characters and wide intervals, staring. I would have you to know, I expect you should take a handsome crow-quill when you write to me, and not leave room for a pin's point in four sides of a sheet of royal. Do you but find matter, I will find spectacles.

I have more time than I thought, and I will employ it in telling you about a ball that we were at the other evening. Figure to yourself a Roman villa; all its little apartments thrown open, and lighted up to the best advantage. At the upper end of the gallery, a fine concert, in which La Diamantina, a famous virtuosa, played on the violin divinely, and sung angelically; Giovanni and Pasqualini

(great names in musical story) also performed miraculously. On each side were ranged all the secular grand monde of Rome, the Ambassadors, Princesses, and all that. Among the rest Il Serenissimo Pretendente (as the Mantova gazette calls him) displayed his rueful length of person, with his two young ones, and all his ministry around him. "Poi nacque un grazioso ballo," where the world danced, and I sat in a corner regaling myself with iced fruits, and other pleasant rinfrescatives.

### XXXIX. *To West.*

Rome, May, 1740.

I am to-day just returned from Alba, a good deal fatigued; for you know the Appian<sup>1</sup> is somewhat tiresome.<sup>2</sup> We dined at Pompey's; he indeed was gone for a few days to his Tusculan, but, by the care of his Villicus, we made an admirable meal. We had the dugs of a pregnant sow, a peacock, a dish of thrushes, a noble scarus just fresh from the Tyrrhene, and some conchyliæ of the Lake with garum sauce: For my part I never eat better at Lucullus's table. We drank half-a-dozen cyathi a-piece of ancient Alban to Pholoë's health; and, after bathing, and playing an hour at ball, we mounted our essedum again, and proceeded up the mount to the temple. The priests there entertained us with an account of a wonderful shower of birds' eggs, that had fallen two days before, which had no sooner touched the ground, but they were converted into gudgeons; as also that the night past, a dreadful voice had been heard out of the Adytum, which spoke Greek during a full half-hour, but no body understood it. But

<sup>1</sup> "Appia longarum teritur regina viarum."

Statii Silv. ii. 2. 12.—*Mitford.*

<sup>2</sup> However whimsical this humour may appear to some readers, I chose to insert it, as it gives me an opportunity of remarking that Mr. Gray was extremely skilled in the customs of the ancient Romans; and has catalogued, in his common place book, their various eatables, wines, perfumes, clothes, medicines, &c., with great precision, referring under every article to passages in the Poets and Historians where their names are mentioned.—*Mason.*

quitting my Romanities, to your great joy and mine, let me tell you in plain English, that we come from Albano. The present town lies within the inclosure of Pompey's Villa in ruins. The Appian way runs through it, by the side of which, a little farther, is a large old tomb, with five pyramids upon it, which the learned suppose to be the burying-place of the family, because they do not know whose it can be else. But the vulgar assure you it is the sepulchre of the Curiatii, and by that name (such is their power) it goes. One drives to Castel Gondolfo, a house of the Pope's, situated on the top of one of the Collinette, that forms a brim to the basin, commonly called the Alban lake. It is seven miles round; and directly opposite to you, on the other side, rises the Mons Albanus, much taller than the rest, along whose side are still discoverable (not to common eyes) certain little ruins of the old Alba longa. They had need be very little, as having been nothing but ruins ever since the days of Tullus Hostilius. On its top is a house of the Constable Colonna's, where stood the temple of Jupiter Latialis. At the foot of the hill Gondolfo, are the famous outlets of the lake, built with hewn stone, a mile and a half under ground. Livy,<sup>1</sup> you know, amply informs us of the foolish occasion of this expence, and gives me this opportunity of displaying all my erudition, that I may appear considerable in your eyes. This is the prospect from one window of the palace. From another you have the whole Campagna, the City, Antium, and the Tyrrhene sea (twelve miles distant) so distinguishable, that you may see the vessels sailing upon it. All this is charming. Mr. Walpole says, our memory sees more than our eyes in this country. Which is extremely true; since, for realities, Windsor, or Richmond Hill, is infinitely preferable to Albano or Frescati. I am now at home, and going to the window to tell you it is the most beautiful of Italian nights, which, in truth, are but just begun (so backward has the spring been here, and every where else, they say.) There is a moon! there are stars for you! Do not you hear the fountain? Do not you smell the orange flowers? That building yonder is the convent of S. Isidore; and that eminence, with the

<sup>1</sup> Livy, v., 15-17, 19.

cypress trees and pines upon it, the top of M. Quirinal. This is all true, and yet my prospect is not two hundred yards in length. We send you some Roman inscriptions to entertain you. The first two are modern, transcribed from the Vatican library by Mr. Walpole.

Pontifices olim quem fundavere priores,  
Præcipuâ Sixtus perficit arte tholum;<sup>1</sup>  
Et Sixti tantum se gloria tollit in altum,  
Quantum se Sixti nobile tollit opus:  
Magnus honos magni fundamina ponere templi,  
Sed finem cæptis ponere major honos.

Saxa agit Amphion, Thebana ut mænia condât:  
Sixtus & immensæ pondera molis agit.<sup>2</sup>  
Saxa trahunt ambo longè diversa: sed arte  
Hæc trahit Amphion; Sixtus & arte trahit.  
At tantum exsuperat Dircaum Amphiona Sixtus,  
Quantum hic exsuperat cætera saxa lapis.

Mine is ancient, and I think not less curious. It is exactly transcribed from a sepulchral marble at the villa Giustiniani. I put stops to it, when I understand it.

Dis Manibus  
Claudiæ, Pistes  
Primus Conjugi  
Optumæ, Sanctæ,  
Et Piae, Benemeritate.

Non æquos, Parcae, statuistis stamina vitæ.  
Tam bene compositos potuistis sede tenere.  
Amissa est conjux. cur ego & ipse moror?  
Si · bella · esse · mi · iste · mea · vivere · debuit ·  
Tristia contigerunt qui amissâ conjuge vivo.  
Nil est tam miserum, quam totam perdere vitam.  
Nec vita enasci dura peregistis crudelia pensa, sorores,  
Ruptaque deficiunt in primo munere fusi.  
O nimis injustæ ter denos dare munus in annos,  
Deceptus · grautus · fatum · sic · pressit · egestas ·  
Dum vitam tulero, Primus Pistes lugea conjugium.

<sup>1</sup> Sixtus V. built the dome of St. Peter's.—*Mason*. St. Peter's was begun by Nicholas V. in 1450; the Cupola was completed in 1590; in 1612-14, the Church and Vestibule were finished: in 1667 the Colonnade. Up to 1694 it is computed that forty-seven millions of Scudi, upwards of ten million and a half sterling, have been expended upon it.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> He raised the obelisk in the great area.—*Mitford*.



XL. *To his Mother.*

Naples, June 17, 1740.

Our journey hither was through the most beautiful part of the finest country in the world ; and every spot of it on some account or other, famous for these three thousand years past.<sup>1</sup> The season has hitherto been just as warm as one would wish it ; no unwholesome airs, or violent heats, yet heard of : The people call it a backward year, and are in pain about their corn, wine, and oil ; but we, who are neither corn, wine, nor oil, find it very agreeable. Our road was through Velletri, Cisterna, Terracina, Capua, and Aversa, and so to Naples. The minute one leaves his Holiness's dominions, the face of things begins to change from wide uncultivated plains to olive groves and well-tilled fields of corn, intermixed with ranks of elms, every one of which has its vine twining about it, and hanging in festoons between the rows from one tree to another. The great old fig-trees, the oranges in full bloom, and myrtles in every hedge, make one of the delightfulest scenes you can conceive ; besides that, the roads are wide, well-kept, and full of passengers, a sight I have not beheld this long time. My wonder still increased upon entering the city, which I think for number of people, outdoes both Paris and London. The streets are one continued market, and thronged with populace so much that a coach can hardly pass. The common sort are a jolly lively kind of animals, more industrious than Italians usually are ; they work till evening ; then take their lute or guitar (for they all play) and walk about the city, or upon the sea-shore with it, to enjoy the fresco. One sees their little brown children jumping about stark-naked,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gray wrote a minute description of every thing he saw in this tour from Rome to Naples ; as also of the environs of Rome, Florence, etc. But as these papers are apparently only memorandums for his own use, I do not think it necessary to print them, although they abound with many uncommon remarks, and pertinent classical quotations. The reader will please to observe throughout this section, that it is not my intention to give Mr. Gray's Travels, but only extracts from the Letters which he writ during his travels.—*Mason*. The papers above mentioned are printed in "Gray and his Friends," pp. 216-260.

and the bigger ones dancing with castanets, while others play on the cymbal to them. Your maps will show you the situation of Naples; it is on the most lovely bay in the world, and one of the calmest seas: it has many other beauties besides those of nature. We have spent two days in visiting the remarkable places in the country round it, such as the bay of Baiæ, and its remains of antiquity; the lake Avernus, and the Solfatara, Charon's grotto, etc. We have been in the Sybil's cave and many other strange holes under ground (I only name them because you may consult Sandy's travels); but the strangest hole I ever was in, has been to-day at a place called Portici, where his Sicilian Majesty has a country-seat. About a year ago, as they were digging, they discovered some parts of ancient buildings above thirty feet deep in the ground: Curiosity led them on, and they have been digging ever since; the passage they have made, with all its turnings and windings, is now more than a mile long. As you walk you see parts of an amphitheatre, many houses adorned with marble columns, and incrustated with the same; the front of a temple, several arched vaults of rooms painted in fresco. Some pieces of painting have been taken out from hence finer than any thing of the kind before discovered, and with these the king has adorned his palace; also a number of statues, medals, and gems; and more are dug out every day. This is known to be a Roman town,<sup>1</sup> that in the emperor Titus's time was overwhelmed by a furious eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which is hard by. The wood and beams remain so perfect that you may see the grain! but burnt to a coal, and dropping into dust upon the least touch. We were to-day at the foot of that mountain, which at present smokes only a little, where we saw the materials that fed the stream of fire, which about four years since ran down its side. We have but a few days longer to stay here; too little in conscience for such a place. \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> It should seem by the omission of its name, that it was not then discovered to be Herculaneum.—*Mason*. This was not the case, see a letter from Walpole to West on this subject (Letters, ed. Cunningham, i. 30), dated Naples, June 14, 1740, where he calls the town by the name of Herculaneum.—*From Mitford*. See also "Notes of Travel," in "Gray and his Friends," pp. 252-257. Walpole's letter was inspired by Gray.

XLI. *To his Father.*

Florence, July 16, 1740.

At my return to this city, the day before yesterday, I had the pleasure of finding yours dated June the 9th. The period of our voyages, at least towards the South, is come as you wish. We have been at Naples, spent nine or ten days there, and returned to Rome, where finding no likelihood of a Pope yet these three months, and quite wearied with the formal assemblies and little society of that great city, Mr. Walpole determined to return hither to spend the summer, where he imagines he shall pass his time more agreeably than in the tedious expectation of what, when it happens, will only be a great show. For my own part, I give up the thoughts of all that with but little regret; but the city itself I do not part with so easily, which alone has amusements for whole years. However, I have passed through all that most people do, both ancient and modern; what that is you may see better than I can tell you, in a thousand books. The Conclave we left in greater uncertainty than ever; the more than ordinary liberty they enjoy there, and the unusual coolness of the season, makes the confinement less disagreeable to them than common, and, consequently maintains them in their irresolution. There have been very high words, one or two (it is said) have come even to blows; two more are dead within this last month, Cenci and Portia; the latter died distracted: and we left another (Altieri) at the extremity: Yet nobody dreams of an election till the latter end of September. All this gives great scandal to all good catholics, and every body talks very freely on the subject. The Pretender<sup>1</sup> (whom you desire an account of) I have had frequent opportunities of seeing at church, at the corso, and other places; but more particularly, and that for a whole night, at a great ball given by Count Patrizii to the Prince and Princess Craon,<sup>2</sup> (who were come to

<sup>1</sup> *Vide supra*, letter xxxiv. n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> The Princess Craon was the favourite mistress of Leopold, the last Duke of Lorrain, who married her to M. de Beauvau, and prevailed on the Emperor to make him a prince of the empire.

Rome at that time, that he might receive from the hands of the Emperor's minister there, the order of the golden fleece) at which he and his two sons were present. They are good fine boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two, and both danced incessantly all night long. For him, he is a thin, ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King James the Second, and has extremely the air and look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays. The first he does not often, the latter continually. He lives private enough with his little court about him, consisting of Lord Dunbar,<sup>1</sup> who manages every thing, and two or three of the Preston Scotch Lords, who would be very glad to make their peace at home.

We happened to be at Naples on Corpus Christi Day, the greatest feast in the year, so had an opportunity of seeing their Sicilian Majesties to advantage. The King walked in the grand procession, and the Queen (being big with child) sat in a balcony. He followed the Host to the church of St. Clara, where high mass was celebrated to a glorious concert of music. They are as ugly a little pair as one can see: she a pale girl, marked with the small-pox; and he a brown boy with a thin face, a huge nose, and as ungain as possible.

We are settled here with Mr. Mann in a charming apartment; the river Arno runs under our windows, which we can fish out of. The sky is so serene, and the air so temperate, that one continues in the open air all night long in a slight nightgown without any danger; and the marble bridge is the resort of every body, where they hear music, eat iced fruits, and sup by moonlight; though as yet (the season being extremely backward every where)

They at this time resided at Florence, where Prince Craon was at the head of the Council of Regency.—*Walpole*. Madame de Mirepoix, the French Ambassadors in England, was their daughter, and Prince Beauvan (*sic*), a marshal of France, their son.—*Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> "There is one lives with him call'd Lord Dunbar, Murray's brother—who would be his minister, if he had any occasion for one—I meet him frequently in Public Places & like him. He is very sensible, very agreeable, & well bred."—*Walpole to Ashton*, May 14th, 1740, *ap.* "Gray and his Friends," p. 52.

these amusements are not begun. You see we are now coming northward again, though in no great haste; the Venetian and Milanese territories, and either Germany or the South of France, (according to the turn the war may take) are all that remain for us, that we have not yet seen; as to Loretto, and that part of Italy, we have given over all thoughts of it.

## XLII. *To West.*<sup>1</sup>

Florence, July 16, 1740.

You do yourself and me justice, in imagining that you merit, and that I am capable of sincerity. I have not a thought, or even a weakness, I desire to conceal from you; and consequently on my side deserve to be treated with the same openness of heart. My vanity perhaps might make me more reserved towards you, if you were one of the heroic race, superior to all human failings; but as mutual wants are the ties of general society, so are mutual weaknesses of private friendships, supposing them mixt

<sup>1</sup> This is an answer to a letter which Mason describes as "written apparently in much agitation of mind, which Mr. West endeavours to conceal by an unusual carelessness of manner." ["Gray and His Friends," p. 142 *sq.*]

In the "*Gent. Mag.*" for March, 1783 (see *Select.* from "*G. Mag.*," vol. iii., p. 66), is a letter from Mr. Williams, who had been Secretary to Chancellor West in Ireland, to West's mother, whom he afterwards married, showing great solicitude about the prospects of young West, giving very sound advice with regard to his choice of a profession, attempting to overcome his dislike of the law, and from his own experience drawing a picture of the uncertainty, disappointment, and wretched dependence, that generally attend those bred to diplomatic pursuits. This was written the year preceding the Letter to Gray on the same subject. It appears from a Letter to Horace Walpole in June, 1741 ["Gray and his Friends," pp. 152-153], that West thought of going into the army; as he applies to Walpole for his interest to procure a commission for him. See Walpole's Works, vol. iv., p. 461. See Gutch's "*Collectanea Curiosa*," vol. ii., p. 347. See also "*Gent's. Mag.*," Nov. 1789, p. 1029.—*Mitford*. The Mr. Williams whom West's mother married, was no trustworthy adviser, if Norton Nicholls rightly reports Gray as affirming that "the cause of West's disorder was the fatal discovery that this man, under the mask of friendship to him and his family, intrigued with his mother."



with some proportion of good qualities; for where one may not sometimes blame, one does not much care ever to praise. All this has the air of an introduction designed to soften a very harsh reproof that is to follow; but it is no such matter: I only meant to ask, Why did you change your lodging? Was the air bad, or the situation melancholy? If so, you are quite in the right. Only, is it not putting yourself a little out of the way of a people, with whom it seems necessary to keep up some sort of intercourse and conversation, though but little for your pleasure or entertainment, (yet there are, I believe, such among them as might give you both) at least for your information in that study, which, when I left you, you thought of applying to? for that there is a certain study necessary to be followed, if we mean to be of any use in the world, I take for granted; disagreeable enough (as most necessities are) but, I am afraid, unavoidable. Into how many branches these studies are divided in England, every body knows; and between that which you and I had pitched upon and the other two, it was impossible to balance long. Examples shew one that it is not absolutely necessary to be a blockhead to succeed in this profession. The labour is long, and the elements dry and unentertaining; nor was ever any body (especially those that afterwards made a figure in it) amused or even not disgusted in the beginning; yet upon a further acquaintance, there is surely matter for curiosity and reflection. It is strange if, among all that huge mass of words, there be not somewhat intermixed for thought.<sup>1</sup> Laws have been the result of long deliberation, and that not of dull men, but the contrary; and have so close a connection with history, nay, with philosophy itself, that they must partake a little of what they are related to so nearly. Besides, tell me, have you ever made the attempt? Was not you frightened merely with the distant prospect? Had the Gothic character and bulkiness of those volumes (a tenth part of which perhaps it will be no further necessary to consult, than as one does a dictionary) no ill effect upon your eye? Are you sure, if Coke had been printed by Elzevir, and bound in twenty

<sup>1</sup> See a Letter by Sir William Jones, in the "Life of Sir Eardley Wilmot," p. 117, on this subject.—*Mitford*.

neat pocket volumes, instead of one folio, you should never have taken him for an hour, as you would a Tully, or drank your tea over him?<sup>1</sup> I know how great an obstacle ill spirits are to resolution. Do you really think, if you rid ten miles every morning, in a week's time you should not entertain much stronger hopes of the Chancellorship, and think it a much more probable thing than you do at present? The advantages you mention are not nothing; our inclinations are more than we imagine in our own power; reason and resolution determine them, and support under many difficulties. To me there hardly appears to be any medium between a public life and a private one; he who prefers the first, must put himself in a way of being serviceable to the rest of mankind, if he has a mind to be of any consequence among them: Nay, he must not refuse being in a certain degree even dependent upon some men who are so already. If he has the good fortune to light on such as will make no ill use of his humility, there is no shame in this: If not, his ambition ought to give place to a reasonable pride, and he should apply to the cultivation of his own mind those abilities which he has not been permitted to use for others' service. Such a private happiness (supposing a small competence of fortune) is almost always in every one's power, and the proper enjoyment of age, as the other is the employment of youth. You are yet young, have some advantages and opportunities, and an undoubted capacity, which you have never yet put to the trial. Set apart a few hours, see how the first year will agree with you, at the end of it you are still the master; if you change your mind, you will only have got the knowledge of a little somewhat that can do no hurt, or give you cause of repentance. If your inclination be not fixed upon any thing else, it is a symptom that you are not absolutely determined against this, and warns you not to mistake mere

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Henry Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," chap. xii. "One of his guardians, indeed, who in his youth had been an inhabitant of the Temple, set him to read 'Coke upon Littleton,' a book which is very properly put into the hands of beginners in that science, as its simplicity is accommodated to their understandings, and *its size to their inclination.*"

indolence for inability. I am sensible there is nothing stronger against what I would persuade you to, than my own practice; which may make you imagine I think not as I speak. Alas! it is not so; but I do not act what I think, and I had rather be the object of your pity, than you should be that of mine; and be assured, the advantage that I may receive from it, does not diminish my concern in hearing you want somebody to converse with freely, whose advice might be of more weight, and always at hand. We have some time since come to the southern period of our voyages; we spent about nine days at Naples. It is the largest and most populous city, as its environs are the most deliciously fertile country, of all Italy. We sailed in the bay of Baiæ, sweated in the Solfatara, and died in the grotto del Cane, as all strangers do; saw the Corpus Christi procession, and the King and the Queen, and the city underground, (which is a wonder I reserve to tell you of another time) and so returned to Rome for another fortnight; left it (left Rome!) and came hither for the summer. You have seen<sup>1</sup> an Epistle to Mr. Ashton, that seems to me full of spirit and thought, and a good deal of poetic fire. I would know your opinion. Now I talk of verses, Mr. Walpole and I have frequently wondered you should never mention a certain imitation of Spenser, published last year by a<sup>2</sup> namesake of yours, with which we are all enraptured and enmarvailed.

### XLIII. *Postscript to Letter from Walpole to West.*

Florence, July 31, 1740 N. S.

Though far unworthy to enter into so learned and political a correspondence, I am employed pour barbouiller une page de sept pouces et demie en hauteur, et cinq en largeur; and to inform you that we are at Florence, a city of Italy, and the capital of Tuscany; the latitude I cannot justly tell, but it is governed by a Prince called Great Duke; an

<sup>1</sup> The reader will find this in Dodsley's "Miscellany," and also amongst Mr. Walpole's "Fugitive Pieces."—*Mason*.

<sup>2</sup> Gilbert West, Esq. This poem "On the Abuse of Travelling" is also in Dodsley's "Miscellany."—*Mason*.

excellent place to employ all one's animal sensations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers. I have struck a medal upon myself: the device is thus, O, and the motto *Nihilissimo*,<sup>1</sup> which I take in the most concise manner to contain a full account of my person, sentiments, occupations, and late glorious successes. If you choose to be annihilated too, you cannot do better than undertake this journey. Here you shall get up at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till five, sleep till six, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again.

Labore fessi venimus ad larem nostrum  
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto:  
Hoc est, quod unum est, pro laboribus tantis.  
O quid solutis est beatius curis?<sup>2</sup>

We shall never come home again; a universal war is just upon the point of breaking out; all out-lets will be shut up. I shall be secure in my nothingness, while you that will be so absurd as to exist, will envy me. You don't tell me what proficiency you make in the noble science of defence. Don't you start still at the sound of a gun? Have you learned to say Ha! ha! and is your neck clothed with thunder? Are your whiskers of a tolerable length? And have you got drunk yet with brandy and gunpowder? Adieu, noble Captain!

T. GRAY.

#### XLIV. *To his Mother.*

Florence, Aug. 21, N. S. 1740.

It is some time since I have had the pleasure of writing to you, having been upon a little excursion cross<sup>3</sup> the mountains to Bologna. We set out from hence at sun-set,

<sup>1</sup> Walpole had written of "a satirical medal struck on Lewis XIV.; tis a bomb, covered with flower-de-lucis, bursting; the motto, *Se ipsissimo*."

<sup>2</sup> See Catulli Carm. XXXI. v. 7. The order of the lines is somewhat transposed in the quotation in Gray's Letter.—*Mitford*. Not only so, but (a thing so rare as to be noteworthy in Gray) the metre is falsified in the first line. Read "larem ad nostrum."

<sup>3</sup> Gray never says "across."

passed the Appennines by moon-light, travelling incessantly till we came to Bologna at four in the afternoon next day. There we spent a week agreeably enough, and returned as we came. The day before yesterday arrived the news of a Pope; and I have the mortification of being within four days journey of Rome, and not seeing his coronation, the heats being violent, and the infectious air now at its height. We had an instance, the other day, that it is not only fancy. Two country fellows, strong men, and used to the country about Rome, having occasion to come from thence hither, and travelling on foot, as common with them, one died suddenly on the road; the other got hither, but extremely weak, and in a manner stupid; he was carried to the hospital, but died in two days. So, between fear and laziness, we remain here, and must be satisfied with the accounts other people give us of the matter. The new Pope is called Benedict XIV. being created Cardinal by Benedict XIII. the last Pope but one. His name is Lambertini, a noble Bolognese, and Archbishop of that city. When I was first there I remember to have seen him two or three times; he is a short, fat man, about sixty-five years of age, of a hearty, merry countenance, and likely to live some years. He bears a good character for generosity, affability, and other virtues; and, they say, wants neither knowledge nor capacity. The worst side of him is, that he has a nephew or two; besides a certain young favourite, called Melara, who is said to have had, for some time, the arbitrary disposal of his purse and family. He is reported to have made a little speech to the Cardinals in the Conclave, while they were undetermined about an election, as follows: "Most eminent Lords, here are three Bolognese of different characters, but all equally proper for the Popedom. If it be your pleasures to pitch upon a Saint, there is Cardinal Gotti; if upon a Politician, there is Aldrovandi; if upon a Booby, here am I." The Italian is much more expressive, and, indeed not to be translated; wherefore, if you meet with any body that understands it, you may show them what he said in the language he spoke it. "Emin<sup>ssimi</sup>. Sigr<sup>i</sup>. Ci siamo tré, diversi sì, mà tutti idonei al Papato. Si vi piace un Santo, c'è l'Gotti; se volete una testa scaltra, e Politica, c'è l'Aldrovandé; se un Coglione, ecco mi!" Cardinal Coscia



is restored to his liberty,<sup>1</sup> and, it is said, will be to all his benefices. Corsini (the late Pope's nephew) as he has had no hand in this election, it is hoped, will be called to account for all his villanous practices. The Pretender, they say, has resigned all his pretensions to his eldest boy, and will accept of the Grand Chancellorship, which is thirty thousand crowns a-year; the pension he has at present is only twenty thousand. I do not affirm the truth of this article; because, if he does, it is necessary he should take the ecclesiastical habit, and it will sound mighty odd to be called his Majesty the Chancellor.—So ends my Gazette.

#### XLV. *To West.*

Florence, Sept. 25, N. S. 1740.

What I send you now,<sup>2</sup> as long as it is, is but a piece of a poem. It has the advantage of all fragments, to need neither introduction nor conclusion: Besides, if you do not like it, it is but imagining that which went before, and came after to be infinitely better. Look in Sandys's Travels for the history of Monte Barbaro, and Monte Nuovo.<sup>3</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Walpole wrote to Ashton, May 14th, 1740: "The great cause of the antipathy of the conclave to Portia was, his having been one of the four that voted for putting Coscia to death, who now regains his interest & may prove somewhat disagreeable to his Enemies; whose honesty is not abundantly heavier than his own. He met Corsini t'other day and told him, he heard his eminence had a mind to his cell; Corsini answerd, he was very well contented with that he had. Oh! says Coscia, I don't mean here in the Conclave, but in the Castle St. Angelo."—*Gray and his Friends*, p. 50.

Walpole to Ashton, *ubi sup.*, p. 49: "Corsini has been interrogated about certain Millions of Crowns that are absent from the Apostolic Chamber: He refuses giving an account, but to a Pope. However he has set several arithmeticians to work, to compose Summs, and flourish out expenses, which probably never existed. Cardinal Cibo pretends to have a Banker at Genoa, who will prove that he has received three Millions on behalf of the Eminent Corsini."

<sup>2</sup> The lines, "*Nec procul infelix*," etc. (Ald. ed., pp. 140, *sq.*).

<sup>3</sup> To save the reader trouble, I here insert the passage referred to:—"West of Cicero's villa stands the eminent Gaurus, a stony and desolate mountain, in which there are diverse obscure caverns, choked almost with earth, where many have consumed much fruit-

There was a certain little ode<sup>1</sup> set out from Rome in a letter of recommendation to you, but possibly fell into the enemies' hands, for I never heard of its arrival. It is a little impertinent to enquire after its welfare; but you, that are a father, will excuse a parent's foolish fondness. Last post I received a very diminutive letter: It made excuses for its unentertainingness, very little to the purpose; since it assured me, very strongly, of your esteem, which is to me the thing; all the rest appear but as the petits agréments, the garnishing of the dish. P. Bougeant,<sup>2</sup> in his language des Bêtes, fancies that your birds, who continually repeat the same note, say only in plain terms, "Je vous aime, ma chère; ma chère, je vous aime;" and that those of greater genius indeed, with various trills, run divisions

less industry in searching for treasure. The famous Lucrine Lake extended formerly from Avernus to the aforesaid Gaurus: But is now no other than a little sedgy plash, choked up by the horrible and astonishing eruption of the new mountain: whereof, as oft as I think, I am easy to credit whatsoever is wonderful. For who here knows not, or who elsewhere will believe, that a mountain should arise (partly out of a lake and partly out of the sea), in one day and a night, unto such a height as to contend in altitude with the high mountains adjoining? In the year of our Lord 1538, on the 29th of September, when for certain days foregoing the country hereabout was so vexed with perpetual earthquakes, as no one house was left so entire as not to expect an immediate ruin; after that the sea had retired two hundred paces from the shore (leaving abundance of fish, and springs of fresh water rising in the bottom) this mountain visibly ascended about the second hour of the night, with an hideous roaring, horribly vomiting stones and such store of cinders as overwhelmed all the building thereabout, and the salubrious baths of Tripergula, for so many ages celebrated; consumed the vines to ashes, killing birds and beasts: the fearful inhabitants of Puzzol flying through the dark with their wives and children; naked, defiled, crying out, and detesting their calamities. Manifold mischiefs have they suffered by the barbarous, yet none like this which Nature inflicted.—This new mountain, when newly raised, had a number of issues; at some of them smoking and sometimes flaming; at others disgorging rivulets of hot waters; keeping within a terrible rumbling; and many miserably perished that ventured to descend into the hollowness above. But that hollow on the top is at present an orchard, and the mountain throughout is bereft of its terrors."—*Sandys's Travels*, bk. iv., pp. 275, 277, 278.—*Mason*.

<sup>1</sup> The Alcaic Ode, "Mater rosarum," etc. (Ald. ed., pp. 147-149).

<sup>2</sup> *Supra*, p. 28, n. 1.

upon the subject; but that the *fond*, from whence it all proceeds, is "toujours je vous aime." Now you may, as you find yourself dull or in humour, either take me for a chaffinch or nightingale; sing your plain song, or show your skill in music, but in the bottom let there be, toujours de l'Amitié.

As to what you call my serious letter; be assured, that your future state is to me entirely indifferent. Do not be angry, but hear me; I mean with respect to myself. For whether you be at the top of Fame, or entirely unknown to mankind; at the Council-table, or at Dick's coffee-house; sick and simple, or well and wise; whatever alteration mere accident works in you, (supposing it utterly impossible for it to make any change in your sincerity and honesty, since these are conditions sine quâ non) I do not see any likelihood of my not being yours ever.

#### XLVI. *To his Father.*

Florence, Oct. 9, 1740.

The beginning of next spring is the time determined for our return at furthest; possibly it may be before that time. How the interim will be employed, or what route we shall take is not so certain. If we remain friends with France, upon leaving this country we shall cross over to Venice, and so return through the cities north of the Po to Genoa; from thence take a felucca to Marseilles, and come back through Paris. If the contrary fall out, which seems not unlikely, we must take the Milanese, and those parts of Italy, in our way to Venice; from thence pass through the Tirol into Germany, and come home by the Low-Countries. As for Florence, it has been gayer than ordinary for this last month, being one round of balls and entertainments, occasioned by the arrival of a great Milanese Lady; for the only thing the Italians shine in, is their reception of strangers. At such times every thing is magnificence: The more remarkable, as in their ordinary course of life they are parsimonious, even to a degree of nastiness. I saw in one of the vastest palaces in Rome (that of Prince Pamfilio) the apartment which he himself

inhabited, a bed that most servants in England would disdain to lie in, and furniture much like that of a soph at Cambridge, for convenience and neatness. This man is worth £30,000 sterling a year. As for eating, there are not two Cardinals in Rome that allow more than six paoli, which is three shillings a day, for the expence of their table: and you may imagine they are still less extravagant here than there. But when they receive a visit from any friend, their houses and persons are set out to the greatest advantage, and appear in all their splendour; it is, indeed, from a motive of vanity, and with the hopes of having it repaid them with interest, whenever they have occasion to return the visit. I call visits going from one city of Italy to another; for it is not so among acquaintance of the same place on common occasions. The new Pope has retrenched the charges of his own table to a sequin (ten shillings) a meal. The applause which all he says and does meets with, is enough to encourage him really to deserve fame. They say he is an able and honest man; he is reckoned a wit too. The other day, when the Senator of Rome came to wait upon him, at the first compliments he made him, the Pope pulled off his cap: His Master of the Ceremonies, who stood by his side, touched him softly, as to warn him that such a condescension was too great in him, and out of all manner of rule: Upon which he turned to him and said, "Oh! I cry you mercy, good Master, it is true, I am but a Novice of a Pope; I have not yet so much as learned ill manners." \* \* \*

#### XLVII. *To his Father.*

Florence,<sup>1</sup> Jan. 12, 1741.

We still continue constant at Florence, at present one of the dullest cities in Italy. Though it is the middle of the Carnival there are no public diversions; nor is masque-

<sup>1</sup> Between the date of this and the foregoing letter, the reader will perceive an interval of full three months: as Mr. Gray saw no new places during this period, his letters were chiefly of news and common occurrences, and are therefore omitted.—*Mason*.

reading permitted as yet. The Emperor's obsequies are to be celebrated publicly the 16th of this month; and after that, it is imagined every thing will go on in its usual course. In the mean time, to employ the minds of the populace, the Government has thought fit to bring into the city in a solemn manner, and at a great expence, a famous statue of the Virgin called the Madonna dell'Impruneta, from the place of her residence, which is upon a mountain seven miles off. It never has been practised but at times of public calamity; and was done at present to avert the ill effects of a late great inundation, which it was feared might cause some epidemical distemper. It was introduced a fortnight ago in procession, attended by the Council of Regency, the Senate, the Nobility, and all the Religious Orders, on foot and bare-headed, and so carried to the great church, where it was frequented by an infinite concourse of people from all the country round. Among the rest I paid my devotions almost every day, and saw numbers of people possessed with the devil who were brought to be exorcised. It was indeed in the evening, and the church-doors were always shut before the ceremonies were finished, so that I could not be eye-witness of the event; but that they were all cured is certain, for one never heard any more of them the next morning. I am to-night just returned from seeing our Lady make her exit with the same solemnities she entered. The show had a finer effect than before; for it was dark; and every body (even those of the mob that could afford it) bore a white wax flambeau. I believe there were at least five thousand of them, and the march was near three hours in passing before the window. The subject of all this devotion is supposed to be a large Tile with a rude figure in bas-relief upon it. I say supposed, because since the time it was found (for it was found in the earth in ploughing) only two people have seen it; the one was, by good luck, a saint; the other was struck blind for his presumption. Ever since she has been covered with seven veils; nevertheless, those who approach her tabernacle cast their eyes down, for fear they should spy her through all her veils. Such is the history, as I had it from the Lady of the house where I stood to see her pass; with many other



circumstances; all which she firmly believes, and ten thousand besides.

We shall go to Venice in about six weeks, or sooner. A number of German troops are upon their march into this State, in case the King of Naples thinks proper to attack it. It is certain he has asked the Pope's leave for his troops to pass through his country. The Tuscans in general are much discontented, and foolish enough to wish for a Spanish government, or any rather than this. \* \* \* \*

#### XLVIII. *To West.*

Florence, April 21, 1741.

I know not what degree of satisfaction it will give you to be told that we shall set out from hence the 24th of this month, and not stop above a fortnight at any place in our way. This I feel, that you are the principal pleasure I have to hope for in my own country. Try at least to make me imagine myself not indifferent to you; for I must own I have the vanity of desiring to be esteemed by somebody, and would choose that somebody should be one whom I esteem as much as I do you. As I am recommending myself to your love, methinks I ought to send you my picture (for I am no more what I was, some circumstances excepted, which I hope I need not particularize to you); you must add then, to your former idea, two years of age, reasonable quantity of dullness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles, than is, thinking; a confused notion of many strange and fine things that have swum before my eyes for some time, a want of love for general society, indeed an inability to it. On the good side you may add a sensibility for what others feel, and indulgence for their faults and weaknesses, a love of truth, and detestation of every thing else. Then you are to deduct a little impertinence, a little laughter, a great deal of pride, and some spirits. These are all the alterations I know of, you perhaps may find more. Think not that I have been obliged for this reformation of manners to reason or reflection, but to a severer school-mistress, Experience. One has little merit in learning her lessons, for one cannot well

help it; but they are more useful than others, and imprint themselves in the very heart.<sup>1</sup> I find I have been haranguing in the style of the Son of Sirach, so shall finish here, and tell you that our route is settled as follows: First to Bologna for a few days, to hear the Viscontina sing; next to Reggio, where is a Fair. Now, you must know, a Fair here is not a place where one eats ginger-bread or rides upon hobby-horses; here are no musical clocks, nor tall Leicestershire women; one has nothing but masquing, gaming, and singing. If you love operas, there will be the most splendid in Italy, four tip-top voices, a new theatre, the Duke and Duchess in all their pomps and vanities. Does not this sound magnificent? Yet is the city of Reggio but one step above old Brentford. Well; next to Venice by the 11th of May, there to see the old Doge wed the Adriatic Whore. Then to Verona, so to Milan, so to Marseilles, so to Lyons, so to Paris, so to West, etc., in *sæcula sæculorum*. Amen.

Eleven months, at different times, have I passed at Florence; and yet (God help me) know not either people or language. Yet the place and the charming prospects demand a poetical farewell, and here it is.<sup>2</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

I will send you, too, a pretty little Sonnet of a Sig<sup>r</sup> Abbate Buondelmonte, with my imitation of it.<sup>3</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> It is easy to read between the lines here, and to see that Gray is trying to persuade himself to live comfortably with Walpole, though the relations between these young people had become very strained. Gray's "sensibility for what others feel, and indulgence for their faults and weaknesses" was soon to yield to resentment; a few days after these words were written, the famous quarrel occurred. It is more important to note that the "Hymn to Adversity," written at Stoke in August, 1742, grew out of the reflections in this letter; in the words,

"The generous spark extinct revive,  
Teach me to love and to forgive,"

we have an intimation of his desire for a reconciliation, which, combined with other circumstances, leads me to suspect that his pride was less rigid than his biographers represent it to have been.

<sup>2</sup> The lines, "*O Fæsulæ amœna Frigoribus juga*," etc. (Ald. ed., p. 152).

<sup>3</sup> Of these lines, both the Italian and Gray's Latin are given in

Here comes a letter from you.—I must defer giving my opinion of Pausanias<sup>1</sup> till I can see the whole, and only have said what I did in obedience to your commands. I have spoken with such freedom on this head, that it seems but just you should have your revenge; and therefore I send you the beginning not of an Epic Poem, but of<sup>2</sup> a Metaphysic one. Poems and Metaphysics (say you, with your spectacles on) are inconsistent things. A metaphysical poem is a contradiction in terms. It is true, but I will go on. It is Latin too to increase the absurdity. It will, I suppose, put you in mind of the man who wrote a treatise of Canon Law in Hexameters. Pray help me to the description of a mixt mode, and a little Episode about Space.

Mr. Walpole and Mr. Gray set out from Florence at the time specified in the foregoing Letter.<sup>3</sup> When Mr. Gray left Venice,

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Ald. ed., p. 152, *sq.* Walpole also sent the Italian, Gray's Latin, and his own English version to West on Oct. 2nd, 1740. Rogers has also translated it into English. He heads his version, "From an Italian Sonnet;" but his opening line, "Love under Friendship's vesture white," shows that he had Gray's Latin also before him. Walpole (*u. s.*) suggests that Ashton should turn it into Greek.

<sup>1</sup> Some part of a Tragedy under that title, which Mr. West had begun; but I do not find amongst Mr. Gray's papers either the sketch itself, or Mr. Gray's free critique upon it, which he here mentions.—*Mason.* From Walpole's letter to West, Reggio, May 10th, 1741, we gather that there were two characters in the play named Cleodora and Argilius, who, according to Walpole, "do not talk laconic, but low English;" and that Cleodora was a Persian, who might be expected to speak more heroically. "Pausanias" is lost.

<sup>2</sup> The beginning of the first book of a didactic Poem, "De Principiis Cogitandi." (Ald. ed., pp. 156, *sq.*) The fragment which he now sent contained the first 53 lines.—*Mason.*

<sup>3</sup> They quarrelled at Reggio. "Mr. Gray left me, going to Venice, with Mr. Francis Whithed and Mr. John Chute, for the festival of the Ascension. I fell ill at Reggio, of a kind of quinzy, and was given over for five hours, escaping with great difficulty" (Walpole, "Short Notes of My Life"). Spence (the Oxford Professor of Poetry and friend of Pope, author of the "Anecdotes," etc.), whose acquaintance Walpole had made at Florence, fortunately found himself at Reggio, and his opportune assistance probably saved Walpole's life (Walpole, "Letters," ed. Cunningham, i., p. 64 n.).

which he did the middle of July following, he returned home through Padua, Verona, Milan, Turin, and Lyons. From all which places he writ either to his Father or Mother with great punctuality: but merely to inform them of his health and safety; about which (as might be expected) they were now very anxious, as he travelled with only a 'Laquais de Voyage.' These letters do not even mention that he went out of his way to make a second visit to the Grande Chartreuse,<sup>1</sup> and there wrote in the Album of the Fathers the Alcaic<sup>2</sup> Ode, O tu severi, etc.—From *Mason*.

<sup>1</sup> He was at Turin the 15th of August, and began to cross the Alps the next day. On the 25th he reached Lyons; therefore it must have been between these two dates that he made this visit.—*Mason*.

<sup>2</sup> Ald. ed., pp. 153, 154. It is a pity that the language in which this beautiful ode is written makes it inaccessible to many readers; it is a fine example of Gray's characteristic melancholy, enhanced at this time by estrangement and solitude. Even scholars look at it with a little prejudice, through Gray's defective observance here and there of the canons of the Alcaic stanza. Mitford mentions versions by Mr. Seward and E. Cartwright, but these are not easily found. A translation of very exceptional merit, by Mr. R. E. E. Warburton, is printed in "Notes and Queries," June 9th, 1883. I believe I shall be forgiven for transcribing it.

"Oh, thou! the Spirit 'mid these scenes abiding,  
Whate'er the name by which thy power be known  
(Surely no mean divinity presiding  
These native streams, these ancient forests own;

"And here on pathless rock or mountain height,  
Amid the torrent's ever-echoing roar,  
The headlong cliff, the wood's eternal night,  
We feel the Godhead's awful presence more

"Than if resplendent 'neath the cedar beam  
By Phidias wrought, his golden image rose),  
If meet the homage of thy votary seem,  
Grant to my youth—my wearied youth—repose.

"But if, though willing, 'tis denied to share  
The vow of silence and the peace I crave,  
Compelled by fate my onward course to bear  
And still to struggle with the toilsome wave:

"At least, O Father, ere the close of life  
Vouchsafe, I pray thee, some sequestered glen,  
And there seclude me, rescued from the strife  
Of vulgar tumults and the cares of men."

Both Mr. Gosse and Dr. Bradshaw state that the original of Gray's ode, which was much valued by the monks, was destroyed during the French Revolution by a mob from Grenoble. I cannot

XLIX. *To Chute.*<sup>1</sup>

[Sep. 7, 1741.]

MY DEAR S

I complain no more. You have not forgot me. Mr<sup>s</sup> Dick, to whom I resorted for a Dish of Coffee, instead—thereof produced unto me from her Breast your kind Letter, big with another no less kind from our poor mangled

reconcile this with Mitford's account, which runs as follows:—"When I spent a day at the monastery, I looked over the album, and inquired anxiously for the original entry, but found that it had long disappeared. The collectors, who like vultures followed the French revolutionary armies over the Continent, swept away everything that ignorance and barbarity had previously spared." But I have seen somewhere, though I search in vain to find the place, an anecdote to the effect that a turbulent mob, either of soldiers or civilians, did visit the Grande Chartreuse, and that their leader or officer, opening the album on the words, "O tu severi relligio loci," and misunderstanding their drift, said with a shrug, "Apparemment ce livre-ci est quelque chose d'hérétique," or words to the same purport. Perhaps this story gave rise to the notion that the ode was destroyed; from what Mitford says it seems quite certain that it was stolen.

<sup>1</sup> The following account of John Chute is compiled from Mr. Chaloner Chute's "History of the Vyne." He was born December 30th, 1701, and was thus nearly fifteen years older than Gray. He was educated at Eton, when Dr. Godolphin was Provost. From the death of his father (Edward Chute) in 1722, until that of his elder brother Anthony in 1754, he lived principally abroad, spending much of his time in Florence at Casa Ambrosio (now the Hotel Grande Bretagne), the house of Horace Mann, the British Resident. It was here that he made the acquaintance of Gray and Walpole in 1740.

When Gray parted company with Walpole at Reggio, in the spring of 1741, he consoled himself with the companionship of John Chute and his young relative, Francis Thistlethwayte, of Southwick Park, Hampshire, who had recently taken the name of Whithed under his uncle's will. These three spent the festival of Ascensiontide 1741, in Venice together, after which Gray returned to England.

John Chute, who never married, died May 26th, 1776, at the Vyne, and was buried in the Parish Church of Sherborne St. John. (For an account of his correspondence with Walpole, see Mr. Chute's "History of the Vyne," chap. v.) He built the Tomb Chamber adjacent to the Chapel of the Vyne, and placed in it the beautiful recumbent figure of his ancestor Chaloner Chute (Speaker of the House of Commons under Richard Cromwell)—one of the



Friend<sup>1</sup> to whom I now address myself (you do'n't take it ill) & let him know, that as soon as I got hither, I took wing for the Strand to see a certain Acquaintance of his (for I then knew not whether he were dead, or alive) & get some News of him. I was so struck with the great resemblance between them, that it made me cry out. he is a true Eagle, but a little tamer, & a little fatter than the Eagle Resident: I told him so, but he did not seem to think it so great a Compliment as I did. his Wife had miscarried but was quite well again; his house half pulled down, but rising again more magnificent from it's Ruins. he received me, as became a Bird of his Race, & suffer'd himself to be caressed without giving me one Peck, or Scratch. the only bad thing I know of him, is, that he wears a Frock, & a Bobb-Wigg. may I charge you, my dear M<sup>r</sup> Chute (I give you your great Name for want of a little tiny one) with my Compliments to D<sup>r</sup> Cocchi,<sup>2</sup> Benevoli (tho I hate him) and their Patient. particularly to this last for recovering so soon, & so much to my Satisfaction. I think one may call him dear Creature, & be fond in Security under the Sanction of your Cover. I carried his Mus<sup>m</sup> Flor<sup>m</sup> to Commissioner Haddock, who is Liddel's uncle. that Gentleman had left Paris, having been elected for some place in this Parliament, & (tho' it is like to be controverted) took the opportunity to return to England for a time, but is now gone, I think to Spaw. Adieu! M<sup>r</sup> M:

Nunc ad te totum me convertito, suavissime Chuti! whom I wrote to from Dover. if this be London, Lord send me to Constantinople. either I, or it are extremely odd. the Boys laugh at the depth of my Ruffles, the immensity of my

best works of the sculptor Thomas Banks. He was a man of taste and culture,—there is a quiet and graceful pleasantry in his recorded *bons mots*. See further, Walpole, "Short Notes," etc., "Letters" I. p. lxvii (ed. Cunningham).

<sup>1</sup> Gray soon after his arrival visited Galfridus, twin brother of Horace Mann, in London. Mann was at this time much tried by illness, which he bore most patiently. (Mr. Chute, "History of the Wyne," p. 86.)

<sup>2</sup> Mann's physician. Also an Author. Described in a letter from the Earl of Cork to Mr. Duncombe, November 29th, 1754, as "a man of most extensive learning; understands, reads and speaks all the European languages." [Wright.] Cocchi was summoned from Florence by Spence to attend Walpole when he fell ill at Reggio (*supra*, p. 88, n. 3).

Bagg, & and the length of my Sword. I am as an Alien in my native land, yea ! I am as an owl among the small birds. it rains, everybody is discontented, and so am I. you can't imagine how mortifieing it is to fall into the hands of an English Barber. Lord ! how you or Polleri would storm in such a Case. do'n't think of comeing hither without Lavaur, or something equivalent to him (not an elephant).<sup>1</sup> the Natives are alive, & flourishing. the fashion is a grey frock with round Sleeves, Bob-Wig, or a Spencer, plain Hat with enormous Brims, & shallow Crown, cock'd as bluff, as possible, Muslin-Neckcloth twisted round, rumpled, and tuck'd into the breast ; all this with a certain Sã-faring Air, as if they were just come back from Cartagena.<sup>2</sup> if my pockets had any thing in them, I should be afraid of every body I met. look in their face, they knock you down ; speak to them, they bite off your Nose. I am no longer ashamed in publick, but extremely afraid. if ever they catch me among'em, I give them leave to eat me. so much for Dress, as to Politicks, every body is extremely angry with all that has been, or shall be done : even a Victory at this time would be look'd upon as a wicked attempt to please the Nation. the Theatres open not till to morrow, so you will excuse my giveing no account of them to-night. now I have been at home, & seen how things go there, would I were with you again, that the Remainder of my Dream might at least be agreeable. as it is, my prospect can not well be more unpleasing ; but why do I trouble your Goodnature with such considerations ? be assured, that when I am happy (if that can ever be) your Esteem will greatly add to that happiness, & when most the

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* the anecdotes of Lord William Poulet (xxxv. of "Walpoliana," vol. i. p. 17). "A gentleman writing to desire a fine horse he had, offered him any *equivalent*. Lord William replied that the horse was at his service, but he did not know what to do with an *elephant*." Rogers tells the same story ("Table-Talk," p. 68) of Clive's sisters, to whom the great man had promised an "equivalent" for presents they had sent him. This is evidently post-dated.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* from the disastrous expedition to that place under Vernon and Wentworth. The assault of Cartagena was abandoned on the 24th of April, 1741. The best account of this sad affair is to be found in Smollett's "Roderick Random." Smollett was surgeon's mate on board one of Admiral Vernon's ships.

contrary, will always alleviate, what I suffer. many, many thanks for your kindness ; for your travels, for your News, for all the trouble I have given, & must give you. omit nothing, when you write, for things that were quite indifferent to me at Florence, at this distance become interesting. humble Service to Polleri ; obliged for his harmonious Salutation, I hope to see some Scratches with his black Claw in your next. Adieu ! I am most sincerely, and ever Your's

TG :

London—Sept: 7: O: S:

P.S. Nobody is come from Paris yet.

A Mons<sup>r</sup>

Monsieur Chute, Gentilhomme Anglois chez Mons<sup>r</sup> Ubal-  
dini nel Corso de' Tintori à

Florence.

### L. *To West.*

(Date uncertain.)<sup>1</sup>

As I know you are a lover of Curiosities, I send you the following, which is a true and faithful Narrative of what passed in my study on Saturday the 16<sup>th</sup>, instant. I was sitting there very tranquil in my chair, when I was suddenly alarmd with a great hubbub of Tongues. In the Street, you suppose ? No ! in my Study, Sir. In your Study say you ? Yes & between my books, which is more. For why should not books talk as well as Crabs & Mice & files & Serpents do in Esop. But as I listend with great attention so as to remember what I heard pretty exactly, I shall set down the whole conversation as methodically as I can, with the names prefixed.

Mad. de Sevigné. Mon cher Aristote ! do get a little further or you will quite suffocate me.

Aristotle. Οὐδέποτε γυνή . . . I have as much right to this place as you, and I sha'nt remove a jot.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps after Gray's return from the continent. I cannot think it is from abroad ; and Gray was abroad during the whole of 1740. From the fact that the letter is a fragment, I infer, but with some hesitation, that Mitford's date 1740 is conjectural.

M. Sevigné. Oh! the brute! Here's my poor Sixth tome is squeezed to death: for God's sake, Bussy, come & rescue me.

Bussy Rabutin. Ma belle Cousine! I would fly to your assistance. Mais voici un diable de Strabon qui me tue, and I have no one worth conversing with here but Catullus.

Bruyere. Patience! You must consider we are but books, and so can't help ourselves. for my part I wonder who we belong to. We are a strange mixture here. I have a Malebranche on one side of me, and a Gronovius on t'other.

Locke. Certainly our owner must have very confused ideas, to jumble us so strangely together. He has associated me with Ovid and Ray the Naturalist.

Virgil. 'Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ Accipiant!'

H. More. Of all the Speculations that the Soul of Man can entertain herself withall there is none of greater moment than this of her immortality.

Cheyne. Every man after fourty is either a fool or a Physician.

Euclid. Punctum est cujus nulla est. . . .

Boileau. Peste soit de cet homme avec son Punctum! I wonder any man of sense will have a Mathematician in his Study.

Swift. In short, let us get the Mathematics banishd first, the Metaphysicks and Nat: Philosophy may follow them.

Vade Mecum. Pshaw! I and the Bible are enough for any one Library.

This last ridiculous egotism made me laugh so heartily that I disturbd the poor books & they talk'd no more.

## LI. *To West.*<sup>1</sup>

I trust to the country, and that easy indolence you say you enjoy there, to restore you your health and spirits;

<sup>1</sup> West was at this time at Popes, near Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, at David Mitchell's, Esq. He had written to Gray on March 25th, 1742, a letter to which this is the answer.

and doubt not but, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt you from your fireside, you will (like all other things) be the better for his influence. He is my old friend, and an excellent nurse, I assure you. Had it not been for him, life had often been to me intolerable. Pray do not imagine that Tacitus,<sup>1</sup> of all authors in the world, can be tedious. An annalist, you know, is by no means master of his subject; and I think one may venture to say, that if those Pannonian affairs are tedious in his hands, in another's they would have been insupportable. However, fear not, they will soon be over, and he will make ample amends. A man, who could join the *brilliant* of wit and concise sententiousness peculiar to that age, with the truth and gravity of better times, and the deep reflection and good sense of the best moderns, cannot choose but have something to strike you. Yet what I admire in him above all this, is his detestation of tyranny, and the high spirit of liberty that every now and then breaks out, as it were, whether he would or no. I remember a sentence in his *Agricola* that (concise as it is) I always admired for saying much in a little compass. He speaks of Domitian, who upon seeing the last will of that General, where he had made him Coheir with his Wife and Daughter, "*Satis constabat lætatum eum, velut honore, judicioque: tam cæca & corrupta mens assiduis adulationibus erat, ut nesciret a bono patre non scribi hæredem, nisi malum principem.*"

As to the *Dunciad*,<sup>2</sup> it is greatly admired: the *Genii* of *Operas* and *Schools*, with their attendants, the pleas of the *Virtuosos* and *Florists*, and the yawn of dulness in the end, are as fine as anything he has written. The *Metaphysicians'* part is to me the worst; and here and there a few ill-expressed lines, and some hardly intelligible.

I take the liberty of sending you a long speech of *Agrippina*; <sup>3</sup> much too long, but I could be glad you would

<sup>1</sup> West had said, "His Pannonian sedition in the first book of his annals, which is just as far as I have got, seemed to me a little tedious."

<sup>2</sup> West wrote, "The new *Dunciad*! *Qu'en pensez vous?*" This was the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, published in 1742.

<sup>3</sup> The speech herewith sent to Mr. West was the concluding one of the first scene of *Agrippina*, which I believe was begun the preceding winter.—*Mason*. It was the whole passage from l. 82,



retrench it. *Aceronia*, you may remember, had been giving quiet counsels. I fancy, if it ever be finished, it will be in the nature of *Nat. Lee's Bedlam Tragedy*, which had twenty-five acts and some odd scenes.

### LII. *To West.*

London, April, Thursday.

You are the first who ever made a Muse of a Cough; <sup>1</sup> to me it seems a much more easy task to versify in one's sleep, (that indeed you were of old famous for <sup>2</sup>) than for want of it. Not the wakeful nightingale (when she had a cough) ever sung so sweetly. I give you thanks for your warble, and wish you could sing yourself to rest. These wicked remains of your illness will sure give way to warm weather and gentle exercise; which I hope you will not omit as the season advances. Whatever low spirits and indolence, the effect of them, may advise to the contrary, I pray you add five steps to your walk daily for my sake; by the help of which, in a month's time, I propose to set you on horseback.

"Thus ever grave and undisturbed reflection," to the end of the scene. Mason broke it up; attributing (with his usual infelicity in tampering with Gray's works) to *Aceronia*, who, as Gray says, "has been giving quiet counsels," words of a directly opposite tendency, prefaced with the ridiculous apology:

"Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion  
I might remind my mistress," etc.

It is a pity that this absurdity has not yet disappeared from editions of Gray, with all the rest of Mason's interpolations.

<sup>1</sup> West's Hexameters on his cough ("Ante omnes morbos importunissima tussis," etc.) sent in a letter from Popes of April 4th (see "*Gray and his Friends*," p. 158).

<sup>2</sup> "This is, I believe, founded in truth; for I remember some who were of the same house mentioning that he often composed in his dormant state, and that he wrote down in the morning what he had conceived in the night. He was, like his friend, quite faultless in respect to morals and behaviour, and, like many great geniuses, often very eccentric and absent. One of his friends, who partook of the same room, told me, that West, when at night composing, would come in a thoughtful mood to him at his table, and carefully snuff his candle, and then return quite satisfied to his own dim taper, which he left unrepaired."—*Bryant* (letter of reminiscences in *Mitford's second life of Gray*).

I talked of the Dunciad as concluding you had seen it; if you have not, do you choose I should get and send it you? I have myself, upon your recommendation, been reading Joseph Andrews. The incidents are ill laid and without invention; but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleases even in her lowest shapes. Parson Adams is perfectly well; so is Mrs. Slipslop, and the story of Wilson; and throughout he shews himself well read in Stage-Coaches, Country Squires, Inns, and Inns of Court. His reflections upon high people and low people, and misses and masters, are very good. However the exaltedness of some minds (or rather as I shrewdly suspect their insipidity and want of feeling or observation) may make them insensible to these light things, (I mean such as characterize and paint nature) yet surely they are as weighty and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind,<sup>1</sup> the passions, and what not. Now as the paradisiacal pleasures<sup>2</sup> of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon.

You are very good in giving yourself the trouble to read and find fault with my long harangues. Your freedom (as you call it) has so little need of apologies, that I should scarce excuse your treating me any otherwise; which, whatever compliment it might be to my vanity, would be making a very ill one to my understanding. As to matter of stile, I have this to say: The language of the age is never the language of poetry; except among the French, whose verse,

<sup>1</sup> He seems here to glance at Hutcheson, the disciple of Shaftsbury: of whom he had not a much better opinion than of his master.—*Mason*. See Gray to Wharton, April 26th, 1744, and note there.

<sup>2</sup> See West's Letter to Walpole June 21st, 1739 (Gray and his Friends, p. 129). "*Crébillon* is entirely out of fashion, and *Marivaux* a proverb. *Marivauder* and *Marivaudage* are established terms for being prolix and tiresome."—Walpole to Gray from Paris, November 19th, 1765. When Mr. Walpole was at Paris, he associated much with the younger Crébillon, the Author of these Pieces, and Buffon.—From *Mitford*. Walpole writes to Mann, February 11th, 1742, "We have at last got Crébillon's 'Sofa'; Lord Chesterfield received three hundred, and gave them to be sold at White's. It is admirable, &c., &c." Perhaps this praise led Mann to ask for it; Gray sends it to him, *infra*, July, 1742 (to Chute).

where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itself; to which almost every one, that has written, has added something by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivatives: Nay sometimes words of their own composition or invention. Shakespear and Milton have been great creators this way; and no one more licentious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expressions from the former. Let me give you some instances from Dryden, whom everybody reckons a great master of our poetical tongue.—Full of *museful mopeings*—unlike the *trim* of love—a pleasant *beverage*—a *roundelay* of love—stood silent in his *mood*—with knots and *knares* deformed—his *ireful mood*—in proud *array*—his *boon* was granted—and *disarray* and shameful rout—*wayward* but wise—*furbished* for the field—the *foiled dodderd* oaks—*disherited*—*smouldering* flames—*retchless* of laws—*crones* old and ugly—the *beldam* at his side—the *grandam-hag*—*villanize* his Father's fame.<sup>1</sup>—But they are infinite: And our language not being a settled thing (like the French) has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible. In truth, Shakespear's language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those other great excellences you mention. Every word in him is a picture. Pray put me the following lines into the tongue of our modern Dramatics:

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass:  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph:  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,

<sup>1</sup> It is curious that whilst Gray's *dictum*, "the language of the age is never the language of poetry," etc., has been many times quoted, no one, as far as I know, has commented on the selection of epithets from Dryden, which Gray gives as instances of archaic words preserved in poetry. A notice such as this, from so acute an observer, should be a *locus classicus*, to show us that such words as "mood," "smouldering," "beverage," "array," and "wayward," had to the ears of 1742 a more antiquated sound than they have to ours.

Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up—<sup>1</sup>

And what follows. To me they appear untranslatable; and if this be the case, our language is greatly degenerated. However, the affectation of imitating Shakespear may doubtless be carried too far; and is no sort of excuse for sentiments ill-suited, or speeches ill-timed, which I believe is a little the case with me. I guess the most faulty expressions may be these—*silken son of dalliance*<sup>2</sup>—*drowsier pretensions*—*wrinkled beldams*—*arched the hearer's brow* and *riveted his eyes in fearful extasie*. These are easily altered or omitted: and indeed if the thoughts be wrong or superfluous, there is nothing easier than to leave out the whole. The first ten or twelve lines are, I believe, the best;<sup>3</sup> and as for the rest, I was betrayed into a good deal

<sup>1</sup> Richard III. i. 1, 14 *sq.* Readers of Lessing's "Laocoon" will remember the effective use he makes of this passage in another branch of criticism, by contrasting it with the speech of Edmund in Lear, i. 2, 1 *sq.* [Laocoon, XXIII.]

<sup>2</sup> It can scarcely be doubted that the "New Dunciad," which West had not yet seen, supplied Gray with this expression, "silken son."

"To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,  
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet *her silken sons*."

("Dunciad," Bk. iv.)

His phrase is indeed compounded out of this and Shakespear's—

"And *silken dalliance* in the wardrobe lies."

("H. V.," ii. Chorus, l. 2).

Why Gray feared censure for "*arched the hearer's brow*" must remain obscure. Was it because it was antique? or was it because *arch* is used as a transitive verb? or did he forestall Mr. Mark Pattison's criticism? Pope had written (Ep. to Arbuthnot, 1735, a passage, which Gray certainly had not forgotten)—

"Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer  
 Lost the *arch'd eyebrow*, or Parnassian sneer?"

The "*arch'd eye-brow*," says Pattison, "expresses derision. Less properly Gray has made it expressive of horror." In Shakespear "the right *arched beauty of the brow*" is not a transient but a fixed character of the face.

It is difficult to discern at all points the drift of these remarkable passages of Gray, which exhibit a minuteness and scrupulosity in the matter of poetic diction, to which writers of this generation are utter strangers.

<sup>3</sup> The lines which he means here are from—*thus ever grave and*

of it by Tacitus ; only what he has said in five words, I imagine I have said in fifty lines. Such is the misfortune of imitating the inimitable. Now, if you are of my opinion, una litura may do the business better than a dozen ; and you need not fear unravelling my web. I am a sort of spider ; and have little else to do but spin it over again, or creep to some other place and spin there. Alas ! for one who has nothing to do but amuse himself, I believe my amusements are as little amusing as most folks. But no matter ; it makes the hours pass ; and is better than ἐν ἀμαθίᾳ καὶ ἀμυνσίᾳ καταβῶναι.<sup>1</sup> Adieu.

#### LIII. To West.

London, April, 1742.

I should not have failed to answer your letter immediately, but I went out of town for a little while, which hindered me. Its length (besides the pleasure naturally accompanying a long letter from you) affords me a new one, when I think it is a symptom of the recovery of your health, and flatter myself that your bodily strength returns in proportion. Pray do not forget to mention the progress you make continually. As to Agrippina, I begin to be of your opinion ; and find myself (as women are of their children) less enamoured of my productions the older they grow. She<sup>2</sup> is laid up to sleep till next summer ; so bid

*undisturbed reflection to Rubellius lives.* For the part of the scene which he sent in his former letter began there.—*Mason.*

<sup>1</sup> Ælian, "Var. Hist.," ix. 17, who relates that the Mitylenaeans condemned their allies who attempted to revolt to perpetual ignorance, considering as the greatest of punishments τὸ ἐν ἀμαθίᾳ κ.τ.λ. But I have reason to think that Gray's quotation comes through "Scriptores Graeci" or some similar collection of excerpts, possibly even painfully familiar to himself and West at Eton.

<sup>2</sup> He never after awakened her ; and I believe this was occasioned by the strictures which his friend had made on his dramatic style ; which (though he did not think them well founded, as they certainly were not) had an effect which Mr. West, we may believe, did not intend them to have. I remember some years after I was also the innocent cause of his delaying to finish his fine ode on the Progress of Poetry. I told him, on reading the part he showed me, that "though I admired it greatly, and thought that it breathed the very spirit of Pindar, yet I suspected it would by no means



her good night. I think you have translated Tacitus very justly, that is, freely; and accommodated his thoughts to the turn and genius of our language; which, though I commend your judgment, is no commendation of the English tongue, which is too diffuse, and daily grows more and more enervate. One shall never be more sensible of this, than in turning an Author like Tacitus. I have been trying it in some parts of Thucydides (who has a little resemblance of him in his conciseness) and endeavoured to do it closely, but found it produced mere nonsense. If you have any inclination to see what figure Tacitus makes in Italian, I have a Tuscan translation of Davanzati, much esteemed in Italy; and will send you the same speech you sent me; that is, if you care for it. In the mean time accept of Propertius.<sup>1</sup> \* \* \*

#### LIV. *To West.*

London, May 8, 1742.

I rejoice to see you putting up your prayers to the May:<sup>2</sup> She cannot choose but come at such a call. It is as light and genteel as herself. You bid me find fault; I am afraid I cannot; however I will try. The first stanza (if what you say to me in it did not make me think it the best) I should call the worst of the five (except the fourth line). The two next are very picturesque, Miltonic, and musical; her bed is so soft and so snug that I long to lie with her. But those two lines "Great nature" are my favourites. The exclamation of the flowers is a little step too far. The last stanza is full as good as the second

hit the public taste." Finding afterwards that he did not proceed in finishing it, I often expostulated with him on the subject; but he always replied, "No, you have thrown cold water upon it." I mention this little anecdote, to shew how much the opinion of a friend, even when it did not convince his judgment, affected his inclination.—*Mason.*

<sup>1</sup> Aldine edition of Gray, p. 112, *sq.*

<sup>2</sup> The verses beginning—

"Dear Gray, that still within my heart  
Possessest far the better part!"

which are printed in "Gray and his Friends," pp. 165, 166, from Gray's transcript in the Pembroke Commonplace Books.

and third; the last line bold, but I think not too bold. Now, as to myself and my translation, pray do not call names. I never saw Broukhusius<sup>1</sup> in my life. It is Scaliger who attempted to range Propertius in order; who was, and still is, in sad condition.\* \* \* \* You see, by what I sent you, that I converse as usual, with none but the dead: They are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them. You will not wonder, therefore, that I, who live only in times past, am able to tell you no news of the present. I have finished the Peloponnesian war<sup>2</sup> much to my honour, and a tight conflict it was, I promise you. I have drank and sung with Anacreon for the last fortnight, and am now feeding sheep with Theocritus. Besides, to quit my figure, (because it is foolish) I have run over Pliny's Epistles and Martial *ἐκ παρέργον*; not to mention Petrarch, who, by the way, is sometimes very tender and natural. I must needs tell you three lines in Anacreon, where the expression seems to me inimitable. He is describing hair as he would have it painted.

"Ελικας δ' ἐλευθέρους μοι  
Πλοκάμων ἄτακτα συνθεῖς  
Ἄφες ὡς θέλουσι κεῖσθαι.

Guess, too, where this is about a dimple.

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo  
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.<sup>3</sup>

## LV. To West.

London, May 27, 1742.

Mine, you are to know, is a white Melancholy,<sup>4</sup> or rather Leucocholy for the most part; which, though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls Joy or Pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state, and *ça ne laisse que de s'amuser*.<sup>4</sup> The only fault of its insipidity;

<sup>1</sup> West had written (May 5th), "I am only sorry you follow the blunders of Broukhusius."

<sup>2</sup> In Thucydides.

<sup>3</sup> West replies that this fragment is in Aulus Gellius; but Mitford finds it in Nonius Marcellus, *s. v.* "Mollitudo."

<sup>4</sup> West had written, "Why are you thus melancholy?" referring to Gray's confession that "he conversed with the dead, and almost

which is apt now and then to give a sort of Ennui, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing. But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, *Credo quia impossibile est*; for it believes, nay, is sure of every thing that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and on the other hand excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and every thing that is pleasurable; from this the Lord deliver us! for none but he and sunshiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather, I am going into the country for a few weeks, but shall be never the nearer any society; so, if you have any charity, you will continue to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's<sup>1</sup> supper of Hens, "Poulets à la broche, Poulets en Ragôut, Poulets en Hâchis, Poulets en Fricasées." Reading here, Reading there; nothing but books with different sauces. Do not let me lose my desert then; for though that be Reading too, yet it has a very different flavour. The May seems to be come since your invitation; and I propose to bask in her beams and dress me in her roses.

Et caput in vernâ semper habere rosâ.<sup>2</sup>

I shall see Mr. \* \* and his Wife, nay, and his Child too, for he has got a Boy. Is it not odd to consider one's

longed to be with them." We see how closely Gray's melancholy was connected with his studious retirement. He fixes its nature sufficiently in the lines of the elegy:

"Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own."

Some of the pleasures of "L'Allegro" are given to the melancholy man in the verses prefixed to Burton's famous book; and these pleasures Gray enjoyed not only in imagination but in fact. He might almost say with La Fontaine:

"J'aime le jeu, l'amour, les livres, la musique,  
La ville et la campagne, enfin tout: il n'est rien

Qui ne me soit souverain bien

*Jusqu' aux sombres plaisirs d'un cœur mélancholique."*

We must except "*le jeu*;" and perhaps, but with more reserve, "*l'amour*." The first paper on Froissart, by Sainte-Beuve ("*Causeries du Lundi*," 21 Octobre, 1853), to which this quotation is due, is very suggestive in its bearing on this part of Gray's character.

<sup>1</sup> Francis the First's supper of Hens, *v. Boccaccio*.—*Rogers*.

<sup>2</sup> *Propert.*, iii. 3. 44.—*Mitford*.

Cotemporaries in the grave light of Husband and Father? There is my Lords \* \* and \* \* \*,<sup>1</sup> they are Statesmen: Do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket? As for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiser than I was then: No, not for having been beyond sea. Pray how are you?

I send you an inscription for a wood joining to a park of mine; (it is on the confines of Mount Cithæron, on the left hand as you go to Thebes) you know I am no friend to hunters, and hate to be disturbed by their noise.

Ἀζόμενος πολυθήρον ἐκηβόλου ἄλσος ἀνάσσας,  
 Τᾶς δεινᾶς τεμένη λείπε, κυναγέ, θεᾶς  
 Μοῦνοι ἄρ' ἐνθα κυνῶν ζαθέων κλαγγεύουσιν ὕλαγμοι,  
 Ἀνταχῆϊς Νυμφᾶν ἀγροτερᾶν κελάδῳ.

Here follows also the beginning of an Heroic Epistle; but you must give me leave to tell my own story first, because Historians differ. Massinissa was the son of Gala King of the Massyli; and, when very young at the head of his father's army, gave a most signal overthrow to Syphax, King of the Masæsylians, then an ally of the Romans. Soon after Asdrubal, son of Gisgo the Carthaginian General, gave the beautiful Sophonisba, his daughter, in marriage to the young prince. But this marriage was not consummated on account of Massinissa's being obliged to hasten into Spain, there to command his father's troops, who were auxiliaries of the Carthaginians. Their affairs at this time began to be in a bad condition; and they thought it might be greatly for their interest, if they could bring over Syphax to themselves. This in time they actually effected; and to strengthen their new alliance, commanded Asdrubal to give his daughter to Syphax. (It is probable their ingratitude to Massinissa arose from the great change of affairs, which had happened among the Massylians during his absence; for his father and uncle were dead, and a distant relation of the royal family had usurped the throne.) Sophonisba was accordingly married to Syphax: and Massinissa, enraged at the affront, became a friend to the Romans. They drove the Carthaginians before them

<sup>1</sup> Lord Sandwich and Lord Halifax. *Quære?* Both at Eton in mine and Mr. Gray's time; and both early in the Ministry.—*Cole*, MS. note.

out of Spain, and carried the war into Africa, defeated Syphax, and took him prisoner; upon which Cirtha (his capital) opened her gates to Lælius and Massinissa. The rest of the affair, the marriage, and the sending of poison, every body knows. This is partly taken from Livy, and partly from Appian.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

### LVI. *To John Chute.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Three days ago as I was in the Coffee-House very deep in advertisements, a servant came in and waked me (as I thought) with the name of Mr. Chute; for half a minute I was not sure, but that it was you transported into England, by some strange chance, the Lord knows how, till he brought me to a coach that seem'd to have lost its way, by looking for a needle in a bottle of hay. In it was a lady who said she was not you, but only a near relation, and was so good to give me a letter, with which I return'd to my den, in order to prey upon it. I had wrote to you but a few days ago, and am glad of so good an excuse to do it again, which I may the better do, as my last was all out, and nothing to the purpose, being design'd for a certain Mr. Chute at Rome, and not him at Florence.

I learn from it that I have been somewhat smarter than I ought, but (to shew you with how little malice) I protest I have not the least idea what it was. My memory would be better, did I read my own letters so often as I do yours: you must attribute it to a sort of kittenish disposition that scratches, where it means to caress. However, I repent neither, if 'tis that has made you write. I know, I need not ask pardon, for you have forgiven me: nay, I have a good mind, to complain myself—How could you say, that

<sup>1</sup> Here follows Sophonisba ad Masinissam, Ald. ed. of Gray, p. 154 sq. The above was the last letter of Gray's that West ever saw. It betrays no foreboding of West's approaching death. The next was from Stoke, with the "Ode on Spring;" the first of Gray's and the last of West's original efforts in English verse were on the same theme. The fate of this second letter is told in the letter from Gray to Ashton (June 17th).



I designed to hurt you, because I knew you could feel. I hate the thoughts of it, and would not for the world wound anything that was sensible. 'Tis true, I should be glad to scratch the careless, or the foolish; but no armour is so impenetrable as indifference, and stupidity, and so I may keep my claws to myself. For another instance of the shortness of my memory, would you believe, I have so little knowledge of the Florentine History, as not to guess who the Lady Errant is, you mention? sure it can't be the R<sup>di</sup>. and her faithful swain, or may be M. G<sup>di</sup>. and the little abbé; what you do there so long I have no conception; if you stay at other places in proportion, I despair of ever seeing you again. 'Tis true indeed Mr. Mann is not everywhere; I am shock'd to think of his sufferings, but he of all men was born to suffer with a good grace. He is a Stoick without knowing it, and seems to think pain a pleasure. I am very sorry to compliment him upon such an occasion, and wished with all my heart, he were not so pleased. I much fear his books are gone already; but if not, to be sure he shall have *Middleton* and the *Sofa*; <sup>1</sup> it seems most people here are not such admirers of it as I was: but I wont give up an inch of it, for all that. Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after: there are a dozen Dukes of a night at Goodmansfields sometimes, and yet I am stiff in the opposition.<sup>2</sup> Our fifth Opera was the *Olympiade*, in which they retained most of Pergolesi's <sup>3</sup> songs, and yet 'tis gone already, as if it had

<sup>1</sup> See p. 108, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole to Mann, May 26th, 1842. "But all the run now is after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's-fields. He plays all parts and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it, but it is heresy to say so." Gray and Walpole formed this adverse judgment independently, they were estranged at this time.—ED. Goodman's fields were near the Minorities, then "out of town." (MS. note by Mr. Chalonier Chute.)

<sup>3</sup> Pergolesi had died six years before the date of this letter at the early age of twenty-six. "At Florence Gray made a collection of music, chiefly embracing the works of Pergolesi and the old Italian masters, with notices also of the chief singers of the time, and the operas in which they appeared, and the arias they sung. These books of music were in six large volumes, and were sold at the sale of his library in 1845. His taste in music was ex-

been a poor thing of Galuppi's.<sup>1</sup> Two nights did I enjoy it all alone, snug in a nook of the gallery, but found no one in those regions had ever heard of Pergolesi, nay, I heard several affirm it was a composition of Pescetti's. Now there is a 6th sprung up, by the name of *Cephalo and Procri*. My Lady of Queensbury is come out against my Lady of Marlborough,<sup>2</sup> and she has her spirit too, and her originality, but more of the woman, I think, than t'other. As to the facts, it don't signify two pence who's in the right; the manner of fighting, and character of the combatants is all: 'tis hoped old Sarah will at her again. A play of Mr. Glover's<sup>3</sup> I am told, is preparing for the stage,

cellent, and formed on the study of Palestrina, Leo, Marcello, and Pergolesi. He performed on the harpsichord, and sang to his own accompaniment with great taste and feeling. Mr. Cole says, Gray latterly played on the pianoforte, and sang to *him*, but not without solicitation." [*From Mitford.*] "His forte-piano was a present to him from his friend Mr. Stonhewer, which at his death he bequeathed to him again." (*Cole's MS. notes.*) Mr. Uvedale Price says "that Gray was not partial to the music of Handel; but used to speak with praise of that chorus in the Oratorio of Jephthah, 'No more to Ammon's God and King.'" Mitford affirms that Gray collected works of Cimarosa at Florence; this is impossible. Cimarosa was not then born, and produced nothing of importance until his twenty-third year, in 1772, the year after that of Gray's death.

<sup>1</sup> When Gray wrote this Galuppi was about thirty-six years old. He lived to be seventy-eight. Gray's somewhat disparaging estimate of this Venetian musician is derived from his operas, which he produced perhaps with too great facility. To judge from Browning's well-known poem, there was more suggestion in his music,

"While he sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord."

<sup>2</sup> Walpole to Mann (March 2nd, 1742), says: "Old Marlborough has at last published her Memoirs: they are digested by one Hooke, who wrote a Roman history." I conjecture that the squabble to which Gray refers arose out of this publication. "Old Sarah" died in 1744, but the Duchess of Queensberry, Prior's "Kitty," and the patroness of Gay, continued to afford amusement to Horace Walpole until 1777.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Chancellor West, father of Gray's friend, was Glover's maternal uncle; hence in part Gray's interest in this now forgotten poet, the author of "Leonidas." Glover was a London merchant, and M.P. for Weymouth; there is in the Inner Temple Hall a portrait of Lord Chancellor West presented by him. Of his "London," 1739, West does not speak with great respect (to

call'd *Boadicea* ; it is a fine subject, but I have not an extreme opinion of him. The invalides at Chelsea intend to present Ranelagh Gardens, as a nuisance, for breaking their first sleep with the sound of fiddles ; it opens, I think, to-night.<sup>1</sup> Messieurs the Commons are to ballot for 7 persons to-morrow, commission'd to state the public accounts, and they are to be such, who have no places, nor are any ways dependent on the King. The Committee have petitioned for all papers relating to the Convention.<sup>2</sup> A bill has pass'd the lower house, for indemnifying all who might subject themselves to penalties, by revealing any transaction with regard to the conduct of my Lord Orford, and to-morrow the Lords are summon'd about it.<sup>3</sup> The wit of the times consists in Satyrical Prints ;<sup>4</sup> I believe there have been some hundreds within this month. If you have any hopeful young designer of caricaturas, that has a political turn, he may pick up a pretty subsistence here : let him pass thro' Holland to improve his taste by the way. We are all very sorry for poor Queen Hungary :<sup>5</sup>

Walpole, Dec. 13 of that year). Walpole habitually speaks of Glover with contempt. It is curious to note that the "London" of Samuel Johnson had appeared in 1738, but is not noticed in Gray's extant correspondence until it was reprinted in Dodsley's "Miscellany" for 1748. Glover's "*Boadicea*" mentioned above had a long period of incubation ; it was not brought on the stage till 1754, when Garrick tried it, but without success. Thomas Davies in his "Memoirs of Garrick" says that in this play "Glover preserved a custom of the Druids, who enjoined the persons who drank their poison to turn their faces to the wind, in order to facilitate the operation of the potion !" Glover's only memorable production is "Admiral Hosier's Ghost," written on the occasion of Vernon's success at Porto-Bello in 1739.

<sup>1</sup> Walpole writes to Mann from Downing Street, May 26th, 1742 : "Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea." This fixes the date of the present letter.

<sup>2</sup> With Spain in 1739. This demand for the papers had been resisted by the Ministry in that year.

<sup>3</sup> Walpole to Mann, May 26th : "Yesterday, the Indemnity Bill came on, and Lord Carteret took the lead against it, and about seven in the evening it was flung out by almost two to one, 92 to 47, and 17 proxies to 10." Chesterfield in the Lords supported this bill.

<sup>4</sup> The delicate caricaturists of this epoch combined "Satan" and "Bob."

<sup>5</sup> The battle of Chotusitz, in which Frederick the Great de-

but we know of a second battle (which perhaps you may never hear of, but from me), as how Prince Lobbycock came up in the nick of time, and cut 120,000 of them all to pieces; and how the King of Prussia narrowly escap'd aboard a ship, and so got down the Dannub to Wolf-in-Bottle, where Mr. Mallyboyce lay encamped; and how the Hannoverians, with Prince Hissy-Castle, at their head, fell upon the French Mounseers, and took him away with all his treasure, among which is Pitt's diamond,<sup>1</sup> and the great cistern—all this is firmly believed here, and a vast deal more: upon the strength of which we intend to declare war with France.

You are so obliging as to put me in mind of our last feated the Austrians, had just been fought (May 17th, which to Gray is May 6th). In Gray's burlesque imaginary second battle Lobbycock is Lobkowitz, Wolf-in-Bottle is Wolfenbüttel in Brunswick, Mallyboice is Maillebois; Hissy-Castle explains itself, and to seek further meaning here is to spoil the fun, such as it is. Let us note, however, that Wolfenbüttel was interesting to Britons as adjoining George II.'s Hanoverian dominions, and therefore neutralized, and the Hessians as being in British pay were a theme of much declamation on the part of the "Patriots," including at this time Pitt.

<sup>1</sup> Brought from India by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, grandfather of the Earl of Chatham. Pitt bought the diamond for £20,400, and it was purchased by the Regent Orleans, by the advice of Saint-Simon, for upwards of two millions of livres. It weighed 127 carats. It was generally supposed that when Pope in his story of Sir Balaam, "Epistle to Bathurst," wrote—

"Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,  
An honest factor stole a gem away:  
He pledged it to the knight, the knight had wit,  
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit"—

he had this famous jewel in his mind. That this was true in some sense appears by the reading of the last line in the Chauncy MS.

"So robbed the robber, and was rich as P——."

Cf. also Gray to Mason, October 1761, *infra*.

Of "the great cistern" I can give no certain account. Mr. C. B. Mount in "Notes and Queries," March 9th, 1889, gave some interesting information on Cisterns for the Dinner Table, which leads me to think that this was one of such articles, such as Pepys bought (in pewter though) on the 14th of March, 1667-68. The use of the thing has been variously conjectured—rinsing plates, washing hands, or as a wine-cooler, the last most likely. "A cistern worth above £700 was stole from Berkley House in 1695" (*Luttrell*). Can this be "the great cistern"?

year's little expeditions ; alas ! Sir, they are past, and how many years will it be, at the rate you go on, before we can possibly renew them in this country : in all probability I shall be gone first on a long expedition to that undiscover'd country, from whose bourn no traveller returns : however (if I can), I will think of you, as I sail down the *River of Eternity*. I can't help thinking, that I should find no difference almost between this world, and t'other (for I converse with none but the dead here), only indeed I should receive nor write no more letters (for the Post is not very well regulated). If you see the King of Naples, pray talk with him on this subject, for I see he is upon settling one between his country and Constantinople, and I take this to be but a little more difficult.

My dab of Musick, and Prints, you are very good to think of sending with your own, to which I will add a farther trouble, by desireing you to send me some of the roots of a certain Flower, which I have seen at Florence. It is a huge white Hyacynth tinged with pink (Mr. M. knows what I mean, by the same token that they grow sometimes in the fat Gerina's *Boosom*), I mean if they bear a reasonable price, which you will judge of for me : but don't give yourself any pains about it, for if they are not easily had, and at an easy rate, I am not at all eager for them. Do you talk of *Strumming* ? Oh me, who have not seen the face of a *harpical*, since I came home ; no ! I have hang'd up my Harp on the Willows : however, I look at my musick now and then, that I may not forget it ; for when you return, I intend to sing a song of thanksgiving, and praise the Lord with a cheerful noise of many-stringed instruments. Adieu ! dear Sir, I am sincerely yours,

T. G.

M[ay] 1[3, 1742.]<sup>1</sup> O. S. London. Not forgetting my kiss-hands to Mr. Whithed.

<sup>1</sup> That is, of course, May 24th, N.S. See p. 108, n. 1.



LVII. *To Ashton.*

MY DEAR ASHTON,

This melancholy day is the first that I have had any notice of my Loss in poor West, and that only by so unexpected a Means as some verses published in a Newspaper (they are fine & true & I believe may be your own).<sup>1</sup> I had indeed some reason to suspect it some days since from receiving a letter of my own to him sent back unopen'd. The stupid People had put it no Cover, nor thought it worth while to write one Line to inform me of the reason, tho' by knowing how to direct, they must imagine I was his friend. I am a fool indeed to be surpriz'd at meeting with Brutishness or want of Thought among Mankind; what I would desire is, that you would have the goodness to tell me, what you know of his death, more particularly as soon as you have any Leisure;—my own Sorrow does not make me insensible to your new Happiness,<sup>2</sup> which I heartily congratulate you upon, as the means of Quiet, and Independence, & the Power of expressing yr benevolence to those you love. neither my Misfortune, nor my joy shall detain you longer at a time, when doubtless you are a good deal employ'd; only believe me sincerely yours

T. GRAY.

P.S.—Pray do not forget my impatience, especially if you do not happen to be in London. I have no one to enquire of but yourself. 'tis now three weeks, that I have been in the Country, but shall return to Town in 2 days.

June 17 — Stoke, 1742.

<sup>1</sup> They were Ashton's. They are given in "Gray and his Friends," pp. 171, 172.

<sup>2</sup> What this was, I do not know for certain, but it probably has to do with some piece of preferment, consequent on Ashton's ordination. It is stated in "Alumni Etonenses" that he was presented to the living of Aldingham in Lancashire, which he resigned in 1749; but the date of this presentation is not given. It was a Crown living in 1831, and in 1849 was given by Lord John Russell to John Macaulay, the brother of the historian. It is at present (1893) held by Dr. Hayman, late Head Master of Rugby. The "happiness" of Ashton was probably nothing *matrimonial*; an engagement, later, which promised him £12,000, was, according to Gray, broken off in 1746, and he married Miss Amyand on the 10th of December, 1760.

LVIII. *To Chute and Horace Mann—Fragment.*

. . . Jews-harp, ask Mr. Whithed, whither when he goes to Heaven, he does not expect to see all his favourite Hens, all his dear little *Pouts*, untimely victims of the pot and the spit, come pipping and gobling in a melodious voice about him; I know he does; there's nothing so natural. Poor Conti! is he going to be a Cherub? I remember here (but he was not ripe then) he had a very promising squeak with him, and that his mouth, when open, made an exact square. I have never been at Ranelagh Gardens since they were opened (for what does it signify to me), but they do not succeed, people see it once, or twice, and so they go to Vauxhall; well, but is not it a very great design, very new, finely lighted, well, yes, ay, very fine truly, so they yawn and go to Vauxhall, and then it's too hot, and then it's too cold, and here's a wind, and there's a damp, and so the women go to bed, and the men to a — House. You are to take notice, that in our Country, Delicacy and Indelicacy amount to much the same thing. The first will not be pleased with anything, and the other cannot. However, to do us justice, I think we are a reasonable, but by no means a pleasurable people; and to mend us we must have a dash of the French and Italian; yet I don't know how. Travelling does not produce its right effect.—I find I am talking, but you are to attribute it to my having at last found a Pen that writes.

You are so good, 'tis a shame to scold at you, but you never till now certified me, that you were at Casa Ambrosio.<sup>1</sup> I did not know in what light to consider you. I had an Idea, but did not know where to put it, for an Idea must have a place per campeggiar bene. You were an Intaglia unset, a Picture without a frame, but now all is well; tho' I am not very sure yet, whether you are above stairs, or on the ground-floor, but by your mentioning the Terrazzino, it must be the latter. Do the Frogs of Arno sing as sweetly as they did in my days? do you sup al fresco? Have you a Mugherino tree, and a Nanny? I

<sup>1</sup> *Vide supra*, p. 90, n. 1.

fear, I don't spell this last word right, pray ask Mr. M. Oh! dear! I fear I was a blunderer about Hyacinths, for to be sure they cannot be taken out of the ground, till they have done blooming, and they are perhaps just now in flower. That you may know my *Place*, I am just going into the Country, for one easy fortnight, and then in earnest intend to go to Cambridge, to Trinity Hall:<sup>1</sup> my sole reason (as you know) is to look, as if—and when I feel it go against my stomach, I remember it was your Prescription, and so it goes down. Look upon me, then,

<sup>1</sup> Gray had never returned to Cambridge since he quitted it in September, 1738. Mr. Gosse's statement, that "in July, 1745, Gray had serious thoughts, which came to nothing, of moving over from Peterhouse to Trinity Hall," is a consequence of the misdating of this letter. The facts are these. When he went to Cambridge first, he gave up (if he entertained) the intention of taking a degree (see letter IV *supra*), and consequently, as Mason explains, was after a time "released from lectures and disputations." He now returns, designing to graduate in Law, and therefore hesitates whether to go once more to his old college, Peterhouse, or to Trinity Hall, the "Law" College. But he had, I presume, long arrears of "lectures and disputations" or matters of the same kind to make up, and consequently he did not take his J.L.B. until 1744 (not 1742, as nearly all his biographers except Dr. Bradshaw have stated). It is certain that he entered Peterhouse originally as a pensioner. But I conjecture that he returned as a fellow-commoner, for he was on the 26th of December, 1742, an undergraduate twenty-six years old. A travelled man, of exceptional knowledge, with such experience and such friends and correspondents as he possessed, would have found life *in statu pupillari* intolerable under any other conditions. That he did not take his degree until 1744 appears from "Graduati Cantabrigienses," and to this year therefore the letter to Wharton of December 27th [LXII. *infra*], which gives an account of this event, must be referred. Wharton affixed missing dates from memory many years after the letters were written, and was in more than one instance uncertain, and in this instance mistaken.

Mitford refers us to Gray's words to West from Florence in July, 1740. "Between that [study] which you and I had pitched upon and the other two, it was impossible to balance long. Examples show one that it is not absolutely necessary to be a blockhead to succeed in this profession."—

It is some confirmation of my conjecture that Gray on his return to Cambridge in 1742 took up the *status* of a fellow-commoner, that he certainly had that position when resident at Pembroke, to which he afterwards migrated; for he is so described in a MS. note of Cole, mentioning his kissing hands on his appointment to the history professorship in 1768.

my dear Sir, in my proper light, and consider how necessary it is to me, to hear from you as often as you can bestow an hour upon me. I flatter myself, your kindness will try to get the better of your indolence, when you reflect how cruelly alone I must be in the midst of that crowd!

The remainder of this page I hope you will pardon me, if I dedicate to my good dear Mr. Mann. Sir, I had the pleasure of receiving your good dear letter, and only deferred thanking you till now, that I might be able to execute your little commission first, the contents of which I send to your Brother, along with this letter. But first let me enquire how you do? alas! Sir, you may call 'em Benevoli, or whatever soft names you please, but I much fear they don't understand their business, like our people with a thousand consonants. I perfectly believe Dr. Cocchis' good intentions, but he is not the executioner himself, and here it is not sufficient to wish well. If it were, I'm certain my wishes are fervent enough to be felt even at Florence, in spite of all the lands, and seas, and enemies that lie betwixt us. They are daily employed for your happiness, and will, I hope, be of more use to you, than they have been to myself. The Books I send you are the *Etat<sup>1</sup> de la France*, 3 vol. fol. upon my word, an excellent book. He is a sensible, knowing Englishman, only had the misfortune to be born in France. *Life of Mahomet* by the same author, it is famous, you are desired to make no reflections, nor draw consequences, when you read it.<sup>2</sup> Ld. Burleigh's *Papers* seem very curious, and well enough chose: by the way, they have lately published Thurlow's *Papers* here,<sup>3</sup> in 7 vol. folio, out of which it

<sup>1</sup> (?) *États*, meaning the *États Généraux*.

<sup>2</sup> Though the title of the first of these works does not exactly correspond, I conjecture that the writer meant is the Comte de Boulainvilliers ("Histoire de l'Ancien Gouvernement de la France, La Haye, 1727," translated, I believe, under the title, "Historical Account of the Ancient Parliaments of France, or States General of the Kingdom," by C. Forman in 1739). Gibbon, in a note in his 50th chapter, mentions the "Vie de Mahomet, Londres, 1730," and, contrasting Boulainvilliers with Prideaux, says, "the adverse wish of finding an impostor or an hero, has too often corrupted the learning of the doctor and the ingenuity of the count."

<sup>3</sup> John Thurlow was General Secretary to the Council under the Protectorate, being appointed thereto in 1652.

would be hard to collect a Pocket volume worth having. Dr. Middleton's *Cicero*,<sup>1</sup> 2 vol. and a letter on the Catholic religion worth your reading. *Philip de Commynes*, 5 vol. the Louvre edition is much more splendid, but wants the supplement and notes, which are here. *W<sup>n</sup>. on the M<sup>s</sup>.*<sup>2</sup> a very impudent fellow, his dedications will make you laugh. Ludlow's *Memoirs*,<sup>3</sup> 3 vol. as unorthodox in Politics, as the other in Religion. 2 *lyttel Bookys tocheing Kyng James the Fyrst*;<sup>4</sup> very rare. *Le Sopha*,<sup>5</sup> de Crebillon—Collect. of Plays, 10 vol. There are none of Shakspear, because you had better have all his works together, they come to about £7 18s. 6d. the whole cargo. You will find among them 3 Parts of *Marianne*<sup>6</sup> for Mr. Chute; if he has them

<sup>1</sup> Walpole wrote to Conway from Florence, March 25th, 1741:—"I wait with some patience to see Dr. Middleton's 'Tully,' as I read the greater part of it in manuscript."

<sup>2</sup> Warburton's "Critical and Philosophical Enquiry into the Causes of Prodigies and Miracles as related by Historians" was published in 1727. I have never seen it, and cannot say whether this is the book which Gray sent. Mr. Chute, in the transcript of this letter which he kindly sent to me, has "dedication" (*sing.*). The reading "dedications" and the description "unorthodox" seem to suit the "Divine Legation of Moses," of which the first volume had appeared in 1738. The "dedications" of the first three books to the Freethinkers (1738) and the next three to the Jews (1740) are certainly more amusing than the bulk of Warburton's "splendid ruin." But if *this* is the book, why does Gray miswrite its title? Perhaps he wrote compendiously "Warburton on Moses." But the work is probably "Woollaston on the Miracles."

<sup>3</sup> "The Memoirs of General Edmund Ludlow," the regicide, who on the death of Ireton acted for a short time as deputy of Ireland in 1651; the "solid" and "wooden" Ludlow of Carlyle. At his head, as Ludlow himself relates, Cromwell threw a cushion on a memorable occasion (1647), and was repaid with interest. His republicanism drove him into retirement under the Protectorate, and on the Restoration he went into exile at Vevay. In 1689, after the Revolution, he returned to England; but an address of Parliament to William petitioning for his arrest caused his flight again to Vevay, where he died.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps Sir Anthony Weldon's "Memoirs of the Court of James the First," ed. 1650, and "Aulicus Coquinariae," 1650.—*Mitford*.

<sup>5</sup> Walpole writes to Mann, February 11th, 1742: "We have at last got Crébillon's 'Sofa': Lord Chesterfield received three hundred, and gave them to be sold at White's." He then proceeds to gush about it with characteristic enthusiasm. See also Cunningham's note, *ad loc.*

<sup>6</sup> The "Marianne" of Marivaux appeared in eleven *livraisons*



already, how can I help it? why would he make no mention of Mad. de Thevire to one?

And now let me congratulate you as no longer a Min: but for del mondo veramente un Ministrone, and King of the Mediterranean. Pray your Majesty, give orders to your men of war, if they touch at Naples, to take care of the Parma Collection,<sup>1</sup> and be sure don't let them bombard Genoa. If you can bully the Pope out of the Apollo Belvidere, well and good: I'm not against it. I'm enchanted with your good sister the Queen of Hungary;<sup>2</sup> as old as I am, I could almost fight for her myself. See what it is to be happy. Everybody will fight for those that have no occasion for them. Pray take care to continue so, but whether you do, or not, I am truly yours,

T. G.

July [1742], London.

The Parliament's up, and all the world are made Lords, and Secretaries, and Commissioners.<sup>3</sup>

## LIX. *To Chute.*

MY DEAR SIR,

What do you choose I should think of a whole year's silence; have you absolutely forgot me, or do you

between 1731 and 1741. (The *twelfth* part is not by him.) Gray meant, and perhaps wrote, Mademoiselle de Tervire, the Religieuse, whose history, intended to be an episode in the story of "Marianne," occupies the last three sections of it, and was left, like the body of the novel, without a *dénouement* by the author. It is not difficult to understand the poet's interest in Marivaux, whose subtle observations and analysis of motives seem to belong to an era of fiction later than 1742. Walpole in 1765 found *marivauder* and *marivaudage* by-words for tediousness, but did not think that French taste had changed for the better.

<sup>1</sup> See a passage in the letter of December 9th, 1739, on p. 48 *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> Carlyle's, Bk. IV. c. ii. of "Frederick the Great," July to December, 1742, is headed, "Austrian Affairs, Mounting." At this time all eyes were turned on the Siege of Prague, where the French under Belleisle were hard pressed by the Austrians. Walpole, Midsummer Day, 1742, mentions an express that it was captured. The siege was raised, however, in September.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Walpole to Mann, July 14th, 1742, naming these appointments; also, July 7th, "The house adjourns to-day till Tuesday; and on Thursday it is to be prorogued."

not reflect, that it is from yourself alone I can have any information concerning you. I do not find myself inclined to forget you, the same regard for your Person, the same desire of seeing you again I felt when we parted, still continues with me as fresh as ever; don't wonder then if in spite of appearances, I try to flatter myself with the hopes of finding sentiments something of the same kind, however, buried in some dark corner of your heart; and perhaps more than half extinguished by long absence and various cares of a different nature. I will not alarm your indolence with a long letter, my demands are only three, and may be answer'd in as many words,—how you do? where you are? and when you return? if you choose to add anything farther, it will be a work of superer—I will not write so long a word entire, least I fatigue your delicacy, and you may think it incumbent on you to answer it by another of equal dimensions. You believe me, I hope, with great sincerity, yours,

T. G.

P.S.—For ought I know you may be in England. My very true compliments (not such as People make to one another) wait upon Mr. Whithed.<sup>1</sup> He will be the most travelled Gentleman in Hampshire.

October 25, [1743].

### LX. *To Wharton.*<sup>2</sup>

You write so feelingly to little Mr Brown,<sup>3</sup> and represent your abandoned condition in Terms so touching, that, what

<sup>1</sup> Francis Whithed. "Took the name of Whithed for his uncle's estate, and, as heir to him, recovered Mr. Norton's estate, which he had left to the Parliament for the use of the poor, &c.; but the will was set aside [in 1739] for insanity."—*Walpole*. Whithed was of Southwick Park, Hampshire, and a relative of Chute's. Walpole sometimes calls the pair the "Chuteheds." With them Gray went to Venice after his quarrel with Walpole at Reggio (see further in Index).

<sup>2</sup> At Mr. Alderman Wharton's, of Durham.

<sup>3</sup> Fellow of Pembroke—*le petit bonhomme*, as Gray calls him. Notices of this constant friend and admirer will frequently occur in these letters. It is to him, then Master of Pembroke, that we

Gratitude could not effect in several Months, Compassion has brought about in a few Days, and broke that strong Attachment, or rather Allegiance, w<sup>ch</sup> I and all here owe to our sovereign Lady and Mistress, the President of Presidents, and Head of Heads (if I may be permitted to pronounce her Name, that ineffable Octogrammaton) the power of LAZINESS. you must know she had been pleased to appoint me (in Preference to so many old Servants of hers, who had spent their whole lives in qualifying themselves for the Office) Grand Picker of Straws, and Push-Pin-Player in ordinary to her Supinity (for that is her Title) the first is much in the Nature of L<sup>d</sup> President of the Council, & the other, like the Groom-Porter, only without the Profit. but, as they are both Things of very great Honour in this Country, I consider'd with myself the Load of Envy attending such great Charges, & besides (between you & I) <sup>1</sup> I found myself unable to support the Fatigue of keeping up the Appearance, that Persons of such Dignity must do, so I thought proper to decline it, & excused myself as well as I could: however, as you see such an Affair must take up a good deal of Time, & it has always been the Policy of this Court to proceed slowly, like the Imperial, & that of Spain, in the Dispatch of Business; so that you will the easier forgive me, if I have not answer'd your Letter before.

You desire to know, it seems, what Character the Poem of your young Friend<sup>2</sup> bears here. I wonder to hear you

owe the account of Gray's last moments. Mitford says that he graduated in 1729 and died in 1784. He was President before he was Master. Cole in his "Athenæ Cantab." says of him, "He is a very worthy man, a good scholar, small, and short-sighted." There is a letter from him to Lord Chatham, giving an interesting account of his second son, the great future minister, who was at Pembroke. See "Chatham Corr.," vol. iv. p. 311.—From *Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> Chesterfield also writes "between you and I." Gray would never have used this solecism if it had not been fashionable. It is used by Vanbrugh's *Hoyden* in the "Relapse" (v. 5); whether by any of his less rustic characters, I am not certain.

<sup>2</sup> This was Akenside, whose "Pleasures of the Imagination" had been published anonymously in January of this year (1744). Akenside (at this time in his 23rd year) was a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne; Wharton as a Durham man would therefore have a local interest in this rising genius. It is curious to note that a letter of

ask the Opinion of a Nation, where those who pretend to judge, don't judge at all; & the rest (the wiser Part) wait to catch the Judgment of the world immediately above them, that is, Dick's Coffee-House, & the Rainbow: so that the readier Way would be to ask M<sup>r</sup>s This & M<sup>r</sup>s T'other, that keeps the Bar there. however to shew you I'm a Judge, as well as my Countrymen, tho' I have rather turn'd it over, than read it (but no matter: no more have they) it seems to me above the middleing, & now & then (but for a little while) rises even to the best, particularly in Description. it is often obscure, & even unintelligible, & too much infected with the Hutchinson-Jargon.<sup>1</sup> in short it's great fault is that it was publish'd at least 9 Years too early. and so methinks in a few Words, a la Mode du Temple,<sup>2</sup> I have very pertly dispatch'd what

C. Pratt mentioned by Professor Fraser ("Life of Berkeley," p. 294), speaks, under date of April 19th of this year, of exactly the same new works as Gray notices here.

<sup>1</sup> Gray means Hutcheson, who had written, about 1726, "An Inquiry into Beauty and Virtue," on the strength of which he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow in 1729. It must be this work of his which Gray knew, for Hutcheson's "System of Moral Philosophy" was a posthumous work, not published till after 1747. He was a disciple of Shaftesbury, both these writers finding an analogy between the sense of Beauty and the "moral sense"—the latter a term which Hutcheson is said to have originated. A passage such as this from Akenside illustrates perhaps the extravagance Gray notes—

"Ask the swain

Who journeys homeward from a summer day's  
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
And due repose, he loiters to behold  
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,  
O'er all the Western sky; full soon, I ween,  
His rude expression and untutored air,  
Beyond the power of language, will unfold  
*The form of beauty smiling at his heart,*  
How lovely! how commanding!"

<sup>2</sup> The young lawyers were critical. Of this Gray was to have experience in 1760, when "Mr. Colman, a member of the Inns of Court," published (in conjunction with Lloyd) the "Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion," in parody of Gray and Mason. The methods of the Templars were sometimes summary, to judge by the following instance:

"There has been a new comedy, called 'The Foundling' [by Edward Moore]; Lord Hobart and some more young men made a

perhaps may for several years have employd a very ingenious Man worth 50 of myself. here is a small poem, called the Enthusiast,<sup>1</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> is all pure Description, & as they tell me by the same Hand. is it so, or not? Item, a more bulky one upon Health,<sup>2</sup> wrote by a Physician: do you know him? Master Tommy Lucretius<sup>3</sup> (since you are so good to enquire after the Child) is but a puleing Chitt yet, not a bit grown to speak of, I believe, poor Thing! it has got the Worms, that will carry it off at last. oh Lord! I forgot to tell you, that M<sup>r</sup> Trollope & I are in a course of Tar-Water,<sup>4</sup> he for his Present, and I for my future Distempers: if you think it will kill me, send away a Man & Horse directly, for I drink like a Fish. I should be glad to know how your —— goes on, & give you joy of it.

You are much in the Right to have a taste for Socrates, he was a divine Man. I must tell you, by way of the News of the Place, that the other day, M<sup>r</sup> Fraigneau<sup>5</sup> (en-

party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil, and with sticking plaisters; but it did not come to action" (Walpole to Mann, March 11th, 1748).

<sup>1</sup> "The Enthusiast, or the Lover of Nature," written in 1740, by Joseph Warton.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> "The Art of preserving Health," a didactic poem, 8vo, by John Armstrong, 1744.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> A name bestowed by Thomas Gray on his offspring, the philosophic Poem, "De Principiis Cogitandi," which, fragment as it is, is the longest of his productions. The beautiful tribute to the memory of West had been written, as the beginning of the second book, at Stoke, in June, 1742, shortly therefore after the letter to Ashton of June 17th of that year.

<sup>4</sup> Berkeley's "Siris" had just appeared, the first link of which "Chain of Philosophical Reflexions and Enquiries" was "the Virtues of Tar-Water." This part of the work was more appreciated and understood by the public than the rest; in fact, the excitement on the subject of the new panacea was immense. See the interesting note of Professor Fraser on p. 294 of his "Life of Berkeley."

<sup>5</sup> W. Fraigneau, of Trinity, became Professor of Greek in 1744. This fixes the year of this letter. Mason placed it in its right order, from internal evidence; Wharton endorsed it 1746 erroneously from memory. Perhaps the Professor is the Fraigneau of whom Walpole speaks to Mann (December 1st, 1754) as having circulated a story that George I. had designed to remove Sir R. Walpole and employ Bolingbroke.



tering upon his Professorship) made an Apology for him an Hour long in the Schools, and all the world, except Trinity-College, brought in Socrates Guilty. Adieu, D<sup>r</sup> Sir, & believe me

Your Friend & Servant,

T. G.

Cambridge, Thursday Ap: [26, 1744].

LXI.—*To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

This is only to entreat you would order mes Gens to clean out the Appartments, spread the Carpets, air the Beds, put up the Tapestry, unpaper the Frames, &c: fit to receive a great Potentate, that comes down in the Flying Coach, drawn by Green Dragons on Friday, the 10<sup>th</sup> Instant. as the Ways are bad, & the Dragons a little out of Repair (for they don't actually fly; but only go, like a lame Ostrich, something between a Hop & a Trot) it will probably be late when he lands, so he would not chuse to be known, & desires there may be no Bells, nor Bonfires: but as Persons incog: love to be seen, he will slip into the Coffee House. is M<sup>r</sup> Trollope among you? good lack! he will pull off my Head for never writing to him. oh Conscience, Conscience!

8 Oct. London. [Endorsed by Wharton, 44 or 45.]

LXII.—*To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

It is a long Time, since I ought to have returned you my Thanks for the Pleasure of your Letter; I should say, the Prodigy of your Letter, for such a thing has not happen'd above twice within this last Age to mortal Man, & no one here can conceive what it may portend. M<sup>r</sup> Trollope, I suppose, has told you, how I was employed a part of the Time; how by my own indefatigable Application for these ten Years past, & by the Care & Vigilance of that worthy Magistrate, the Man-in-Blew<sup>1</sup> (who, I'll

<sup>1</sup> Servant of the Vice-Chancellor's for the time being, usually

assure you, has not spared his Labour, nor could have done more for his own Son), I am got half-way to the Top<sup>1</sup> of Jurisprudence, & bid as fair as another Body to open a case of Impotency with all Decency & Circumspection. you see my Ambition: I do not doubt, but some 30 Years hence I shall convince the World & You, that I am a very pretty young Fellow, & may come to shine in a Profession perhaps the noblest in the World, next to Man-Midwifery. as for yours: if your Distemper & You can but agree about going to London, I may reasonably expect in a much shorter Time to see you in your three-cornered Villa, doing the honours of a well-furnish'd table with as much Dignity, as rich a Mien, and as capacious a Belly as Dr Mead.<sup>2</sup> methinks I see Dr Askew at the lower End of it, lost in Admiration of your goodly Person & Parts, cramming down his Envy (for it will rise) with the Wing of a Pheasant, & drowning it in neat Burgundy. but not to tempt your Asthma too much with such a Prospect, I should think you might be almost as happy, & as great as this, even in the Country. but you know best; & I should be sorry to say anything, that might stop you in the Career of Glory. far be it from me to hamper the Wheels of your gilded Chariot. go on, S<sup>r</sup> Thomas; & when you die (for even Physicians must die) may the Faculty in Warwick Lane erect your statue in S<sup>r</sup> John Cutler's<sup>3</sup> own Niche.

known by the name of Blue-coat, whose business it is to attend Acts for Degrees.—*Mason.*

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Bachelor of Civil Law.—*Mason.*

<sup>2</sup> Mead was at this time at the head of the medical profession in England. Pope had written in 1737—

“I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise  
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.”

Johnson said of him that he “lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man.” Gray conveys the same fact in more prosaic fashion. Young thanked Mead in verse as Pope thanked Arbuthnot, as the preserver of his life.

“That time is mine, O Mead, to thee I owe:  
Fain would I pay thee with eternity.”

(From the second of the “Night Thoughts.”)

<sup>3</sup> Alderman Sir John Cutler, the miser of Pope's satire, was really, as Mr. Courthope says, a strange mixture of private parsimony and public benevolence. In particular he was a great

As to Cambridge it is, as it was, for all the World; & the People are, as they were; & Mr Trollope is as he was, that is, half ill, half well. I wish with all my Heart they were all better, but what can one do? there is no News, only I think I heard a Whisper, as if the Vice-Chancellour should be with Child (but I beg you not to mention this, for I may come into trouble about it); there is some Suspicion, that the Professor of Mathematics had a Hand in the thing. Dr Dickens says the University will be obliged to keep it, as it was got, in Magistratu.

I was going to tell you how sorry I am for your Illness. but, I hope, it is too late to be sorry now: I can only say, that I really *was* very sorry. may you live a hundred Christmases, & eat as many Collars of Brawn stuck with Rosemary. Adieu, I am sincerely Yours

T G:

Dec: 27 [1744] Cambridge . . Wo'nt You come to the Jubilee? Dr Long<sup>1</sup> is to dance a Saraband & Hornpipe of his own Invention without lifting either Foot once from the Ground.

benefactor to the College of Physicians (see Courthope's "Pope," vol. iii. p. 154 n). Macaulay, after Pope, calls him "that wretched miser," in a famous passage in his first essay on Chatham, in which he compares Newcastle's love of power to Cutler's love of money.

<sup>1</sup> See Life of Dr. Long, in Nichols' Ed. of "J. Taylor's Tracts," p. liv-lviii. There is a copy of verses by R. Long, Master of Pembroke, on the death of Fred. P. of Wales, the last in the volume, "The English Poems collected from the Oxford and Cambridge verses on the death of Fred. P. of Wales, Edinb. 1751," beginning,

"Yes! I will weep for thy untimely fate,  
Oh! much lov'd Prince! that part I can perform.  
To take my portion of the general grief,  
Although by seventy winters' freezing blasts,  
All chill'd my blood, and damp'd poetic fire."

In this volume, among the *Oxford* contributors, are S. Spence, J. Musgrave, J. Heskin, B. Kennicott, R. Louth; among the *Cambridge*, F. Neville, Erasm. Darwin, R. Cumberland, and R. Long. See also Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," vol. i. pp. 94, 639; iv. p. 683; ix. p. 643; and "Literary Illustrations," vol. i. p. 134. Long was Professor of Astronomy and Geometry from 1749 to end of 1770, and author of a treatise on Astronomy.—*Mitford*.

LXIII.—*To Wharton.*

I am not lost: here am I at Stoke, whither I came on Tuesday, & shall be again in Town on Saturday, & at Cambridge on Wednesday or Thursday. you may be curious to know what has past. I wrote a Note the Night I came, & immediately received a very civil Answer. I went the following evening to see *the Party* (as Mrs. Foible<sup>1</sup> says) was something abash'd at his Confidence: he came to meet me, kiss'd me on both Sides with all the Ease of one, who receives an Acquaintance just come out of the Country, squatted me into a Fauteuil: begun to talk of the Town & this & that & t'other, & continued with little Interruption for three Hours, when I took my Leave very indifferently pleased, but treated with wondrous Good-breeding. I supped with him next night (as he desired) Ashton was there, whose Formalities tickled me inwardly, for he I found was to be angry about the letter I had wrote him. however in going home together our Hackney Coach jumbled us into a Sort of Reconciliation: he hammer'd out somewhat like an Excuse; & I received it very readily, because I cared not two pence, whither it were true or not. so we grew the best Acquaintance imaginable, and I set with him on Sunday some Hours alone, when he inform'd me of abundance of Anecdotes much to my Satisfaction, & in short open'd (I really believe) his Heart to me with that Sincerity, that I found I had still less reason to have a good Opinion of him, than (if possible) I ever had before. next morning I breakfasted alone with M<sup>r</sup> W: when we had all the *Eclaircissement*<sup>2</sup> I ever expected,

<sup>1</sup> "*Lady Wishfort*. O Foible, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

*Mrs. Foible (her waiting woman)*. Madam, I have seen the party."—CONGREVE'S *Way of the World*, act iii. sc. 5.

<sup>2</sup> It appears by this Letter, that the reconciliation which is mentioned as having taken place between Gray and Walpole, was (as far at least as the former was concerned) rather an act of civility and good manners, than the re-establishment of a cordial and sincere attachment. I am now, by the kindness of a gentleman, to whom I have been more than once obliged, enabled to lay before the public the real cause of their separation, on the authority of the late Mr. Isaac Reed; in whose handwriting, in Wakefield's

& I left him far better satisfied, than I had been hitherto. when I return, I shall see him again. such is the Epitome of my four Days. Mr and Mrs Simms and Mad<sup>lle</sup> Nanny<sup>1</sup> have done the Honours of Leaden Hall to a Miracle, & all join in a Compliment to the Doctor. your Brother is well, the Books are in good Condition. Mad<sup>me</sup> Chenevix<sup>2</sup> has frightened me with Ecritoires she asks three Guineas for, that are not worth three half pence: I have been in several

“Life of Gray,” is the following note: “Mr. Roberts, of the Pell-office, who was likely to be well informed, told me at Mr. Deacon’s, 19th April 1799, that the quarrel between Gray and Walpole was occasioned by a suspicion Mr. Walpole entertained, that Mr. Gray had spoken ill of him to some friends in England. To ascertain this, he clandestinely opened a letter, and resealed it, which Mr. Gray, with great propriety, resented; there seems to have been but little cordiality afterwards between them.”—*Mitford*.

See “Gray and his Friends,” pp. 5-12, where I have discussed this quarrel at length. The germ of truth in Mr. Reed’s story I believe to be, that Ashton had received from Gray a letter in disparagement of Walpole, the contents of which, being somewhat of a toady, he had communicated to Walpole; that this occasioned the parting at Reggio; and that this is the “letter I had wrote him” which Ashton was instructed to pretend to be angry about, although he had not hitherto displayed any resentment to Gray on the subject. I cannot discover any such want of cordiality in Gray’s correspondence henceforth with Walpole as biographers and commentators commonly find there; and Cole’s statement that Gray told Walpole, on their meeting again, that he had “totally cancelled the terms of his former friendship,” is quite incompatible with the facts of their subsequent intercourse.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the people at Wharton’s lodgings in town, somewhere near the College of Physicians.

<sup>2</sup> “The toy-woman *à la mode*” as Walpole calls her. From her he bought the “little rural *bijou*” which he converted into the famous Strawberry Hill. “She was the sister of Pope’s Mrs. Bertrand, an equally famous toy-woman at Bath. Her shop, according to an advertisement in the ‘Daily Journal’ for May 24, 1733, was then ‘against Suffolk Street, Charing Cross.’ It is mentioned in Fielding’s ‘Amelia.’ When in Bk. viii. ch. i., Mr. Bondum, the bailiff, contrives to capture Captain Booth, it is by a false report that his Lady has been ‘taken violently ill, and carried into Mrs. Chenevix’s Toy-shop.’”—MR. AUSTIN DOBSON’s *Walpole*, p. 111 n., where we are referred to a paper in the “World,” by Walpole, December 19th, 1754, in which, before telling the story of his being robbed by the polite Maclean, he says, “Mrs. Chenevix has not more insinuation when she sells a snuff-box of *papier maché*, or a bergamot toothpick case, than a highwayman when he begs to know if you have no rings or bank-bills.”



Shops and found nothing pretty. I fear it must be bespoke at last.

the day after I went you received a little Letter directed to me, that seems wrote with a Skewer. please to open it, & you 'll find a receipt of Dan: Adcock for ten Pound, w<sup>ch</sup> I will beg you to receive of Gillham for me. if the Letter miscarried, pray take care the Money is paid to no one else. I expect to have a letter from you when I come to town, at your Lodgeings. . . . Adieu, S<sup>r</sup>, I am sincerely Yours

TG:

Stoke Thursday [endorsed by Wharton, Mr. Gray,  
16 Nov., 1744 or 1745 <sup>1</sup>].

#### LXIV. *To Walpole.*

Cambridge, February 3, 1746.

DEAR SIR,

You are so good to enquire after my usual time of coming to town: it is a season when even you, the perpetual friend of London, will, I fear, hardly be in it—the middle of June: and I commonly return hither in September; a month when I may more probably find you at home.

Our defeat <sup>2</sup> to be sure is a rueful affair for the honour of the troops; but the Duke is gone it seems with the rapidity of a cannon-bullet to undefeat us again.<sup>3</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> The latter the true year, as may be seen from the letter to Chute, the correct date of which is October 12th, 1746.

<sup>2</sup> At Falkirk, where General Hawley commanded the king's forces against the young Pretender. The battle was fought on the 17th of January. On that day Walpole was writing of Hawley to Mann: "He is very brave and able; with no small bias to the brutal." Of the latter characteristic he gives several examples; Hawley's *ability* meanwhile was being put to the test, and found wanting. Walpole was more sagacious in 1755; and writing to Mann of Braddock on August 25th, just before the news arrived of his defeat and death, he says: "This is not the first time, as witness Hawley, that the Duke [of Cumberland] has found that brutality did not consummate a general."

<sup>3</sup> "A worse loss is apprehended, Stirling Castle, which could hold out but ten days: and that term expires to-morrow. The Duke [of Cumberland] is gone post to Edinburgh, where he hoped

common people in town at least know how to be afraid: but we are such uncommon people here as to have no more sense of danger than if the battle had been fought when and where the battle of Cannæ was.

The perception of these calamities, and of their consequences, that we are supposed to get from books, is so faintly impressed, that we talk of war, famine, and pestilence, with no more apprehension than of a broken head, or of a coach overturned between York and Edinburgh.

I heard three people, sensible middle-aged men (when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby<sup>1</sup>), talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place in the high road) to see the Pretender and the Highlanders as they passed.

I can say no more for Mr. Pope (for what you keep in reserve may be worse than all the rest).<sup>2</sup> It is natural to

to arrive to-night; if possible to relieve Stirling" (Walpole to Mann, January 28, 1746). The duke arrived in Edinburgh on the 30th of January: and marched the next day to raise the siege, but already, on the 29th, the retreat of the Pretender's forces had been as good as determined.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Edward arrived at Derby with his forces on the evening of the 5th of December, 1745, and turned northwards again the next day.

<sup>2</sup> In 1746 appeared a folio sheet containing the character of Atossa, which was printed for the first time in its proper place, the second of the "Moral Essays" (ll. 114-150) by Warburton in 1751. To this folio sheet was appended the note: "These verses are part of a poem entitled 'Characters of Women.' It is generally said the D—ss [of Marlborough] gave Mr. P. £1,000 to suppress them: he took the money, yet the world sees the verses; but this is not the first instance where Mr. P.'s practical virtue has fallen very short of those pompous professions of it he makes in his writings." Mr. Courthope ("Pope's Works," vol. iii., p. 79), thinks this note was written at the instigation of Bolingbroke, who, in 1746, was "determined to blacken Pope's character in consequence of the discovery he had made of the secret printing of 'The Patriot King.'" Bolingbroke had entrusted to Pope a copy of this work, to have a few printed for particular friends; Pope got fifteen hundred copies printed privately, hoping, according to Walpole, to outlive Bolingbroke, and make a profit by them. He incensed Bolingbroke further by garbling the text. But these motives for Bolingbroke's resentment were unknown to Walpole until 1749, when Bolingbroke himself published the book with a preface. I think this is clear from Walpole's Letter to Mann of May 17th in that year, when the matter is discoursed of at length.

wish the finest writer, one of them, we ever had, should be an honest man. It is for the interest even of that virtue, whose friend he professed himself, and whose beauties he sung, that he should not be found a dirty animal. But, however, this is Mr. Warburton's business,<sup>1</sup> not mine, who may scribble his pen to the stumps and all in vain, if these facts are so. It is not from what he told me about himself<sup>2</sup> that I thought well of him, but from a humanity and goodness of heart, ay, and greatness of mind, that runs through his private correspondence, not less apparent than are a thousand little vanities and weaknesses mixed with those good qualities, for nobody ever took him for a philosopher. If you know anything of Mr. Mann's state of health and happiness, or the motions of Mr. Chute home-wards, it will be a particular favour to inform me of them, as I have not heard this half-year from them.—I am sincerely yours,

T. GRAY.

On the other hand, Bolingbroke had written, soon after Pope's death, to Marchmont that there was no excuse for Pope's design of publishing the character of Atossa after he had received the favour "you and I know." Whether the "folio sheet" had been printed at the date of Walpole's letter to Gray I know not; but it is probable that the scandal was already much discussed (see further Courthope's "Life of Pope," pp. 345-351).

<sup>1</sup> As Bolingbroke writes to Marchmont, *u.s.*, an edition of the four "Epistles" that follow the "Essay on Man," the second of which contained the character of Atossa, was printed off and ready for publication in 1744. Warburton, as Bolingbroke expresses it, had the *propriety* of it. "Eventually," says Mr. Courthope, "some arrangement must have been made with him, and the entire edition was suppressed."

<sup>2</sup> If this means that Gray had conversed with Pope, the interview probably took place during the time between his return to England in 1741 and his return to Cambridge in 1742. The only other interval to which we could assign it is the six months between his leaving Cambridge in 1738 and his starting for the continent in 1739.

LXV. *Fragment. (To Walpole.<sup>1</sup>)*

. . . do you mean to continue so, or shall you see me less Willingly next Week, when I mean to call at your Door some Morning? I hope you are still in Town. believe me D<sup>r</sup> S<sup>r</sup> very sincerely yours

T GRAY

Cambridge, July 7 [1746].

LXVI. *To Wharton.<sup>2</sup>*

MY DEAR WHARTON

I am just returned hither from Town, where I have past better than a Fortnight, (including an Excursion that I made to Hampton Court, Richmond, Greenwich, & other Places) & am happily met by a letter from You, [one from Tuthill,<sup>3</sup>] & another from Trollope. as I only

<sup>1</sup> I have little doubt that this is the right place and address of this fragment, for the further history of which see "Gray and his Friends," p. 6, n. 2, where I have also given what seems to be a very cold response to it from Horace Walpole. It will be seen from the preceding letter (lxiv) that Walpole had inquired after Gray's usual time of coming to town, and that Gray's reply suggests that it was unlikely they could meet. This, I believe, Walpole resented, and when Gray here reminds him of his former proposal, responded with much indifference.

That this letter was a preliminary to the reconciliation of November, 1745, I cannot believe; the interval is much too long. On the other hand, it will be seen from the next letter, to Wharton, that Gray and Walpole were together in town at any rate before the end of July, 1746.

<sup>2</sup> Addressed to Thomas Wharton, Esq., Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; with postmark of 13th of August, and endorsed by Wharton, "Trial of Scotch Peers."

<sup>3</sup> These words are obliterated in MS. Mitford says, "When Mason returned the Wharton Correspondence, it was found that he not only had taken the greatest liberties with the text, but had cut out the names of several persons mentioned; in that mutilated state the manuscript was lent to the present editor. The name of *Mr. Tuthill* was in almost all cases erased." Mitford must have restored obliterated names from conjecture, and this his minute researches into the history of Gray's circle would enable him to do. Such knowledge was highly necessary; for that the names could be deciphered, under the obliteration, by any one who had not some other clue to them, I am sure, from my own observation, is quite impossible. It is but just to say that short of the exact

run over Dr Andrew's Answers hastily in a Coffee House, all I could judge was that they seem'd very unfavourable on the whole to our Cause, & threw everything into the Hands of a Visitour, for w<sup>ch</sup> Reason I thought they might have been conceal'd, till the Attorney-General's Opinion arrived, w<sup>ch</sup> will perhaps raise the Spirits of such, as the other may have damp'd a little; or leave Room at least to doubt, whether the Matter be so clear on the Master's Side as Andrew would have it. You cant suppose, that I was in the least uneasy about Mr Brown's<sup>1</sup> Fortitude, who wants nothing but a Foot in height & his own Hair, to make him a little old Roman: with two dozen such I should not hesitate to face an Army of Heads, tho' they were all as tall as Dr Adams. I only wish every body may continue in as good a Disposition as they were; & imagine, if possible, Roger<sup>2</sup> will be Fool enough to keep them so. I saw Trollope for about an Hour in London; & imagineing he could not be left in the dark as to your Consultations, I mention'd, that I had cast an Eye over Andrew's paper, & that it was not so favourable as we hoped. he spoke however with Horrour of going to Law; with great Passion of the Master; and with Pleasure of himself for quitting a Place, where he had not found a Minute's Ease in I know not how long: yet I perceive his Thoughts run on nothing else, & he trembled while he spoke. he writes to me here on the same Subject; and after abusing Roger, he adds, Whartoni rubro hæc subscribe libello.<sup>3</sup>

My Evenings have been chiefly spent at Ranelagh & Vaux Hall, several of my Mornings, or rather Noons, in Arlington-Street,<sup>4</sup> & the rest at the Tryal of the Lords.<sup>5</sup>

reproduction of Gray's peculiarities of spelling, etc., Mitford's last editing of the Wharton Correspondence was extremely careful.

Henry Tuthill, of St. Peter's College, was admitted at Pembroke College, July 5th, 1746; admitted Fellow, 1748-49; deprived of his fellowship, February 2nd, 1757.—*Mitford* (and see Index).

<sup>1</sup> See p. 117, n. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Long (letter lxiii. n.).

<sup>3</sup> I, puer, atque meo citus hæc subscribe libello.

HOR., *Sat.*, I. x. 100.

<sup>4</sup> Walpole's house in town.

<sup>5</sup> The Scotch Peers. The trial began on the 28th of July.



The first Day I was not there, & only saw the L<sup>d</sup> High-Steward's Parade in going; the second & third [. . . Peers were all in their Robes . . . by their wearing Bag-Wigs and Hats instead of Coronets. My Lord H: Steward] was the least part<sup>1</sup> of the Shew, as he wore only his Baron's Robe, & was always asking the Heralds what he should do next, & bowing or smileing about to his Acquaintance.<sup>2</sup> as to his Speech, you see it; People hold it very cheap, tho' several Incorrectnesses have been alter'd in the printed Copy. Kilmarnock<sup>3</sup> spoke in Mitigation of his Crime near half an Hour, with a decent Courage, and in a strong, but pathetic, Voice. his Figure would prejudice people in his Favour, being tall & genteel; he is

<sup>1</sup> The words "was the least part" are in Wharton's handwriting, the bracketed words in that of the transcriber of a great part of Gray's description of his tour in the lakes; some one, I think, of Wharton's family.

<sup>2</sup> "The Chancellor [Hardwicke] was Lord High Steward, but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister [Mr. Pelham] that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence."—*Walpole to Mann*, August 1st, 1746.

<sup>3</sup> "William Boyd, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock in Scotland, beheaded on Tower-hill, Aug. 18, 1746.

"'Pitied by gentle minds Kilmarnock died.'—*Johnson*."

So Mitford; but this quotation, from lines "On Lord Lovat's Execution" in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for April, 1747, he has no sufficient warrant for attributing to Johnson; Boswell heard Johnson "repeat the verses with great energy," but had "no authority for saying they were his," and was disposed to doubt it.

"Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extremely fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell."—*Walpole to Mann*, u. s.

upwards of 40, but to the Eye not above 35 Years of Age. what he said appears to less Advantage, when read. Cromartie<sup>1</sup> (who is about the same Age a Man of lower Stature, but much like a Gentleman) was sinking into the Earth with Grief & Dejection. with Eyes cast down & a Voice so low, that no one heard a Syllable, that did not sit close to the Bar, he made a short Speech to raise Compassion. it is now, I see, printed; & is reckon'd extremely fine. I believe, you will think it touching & well-expressed: if there be any Meanness in it, it is lost in that Sorrow he gives us for so numerous & helpless a Family. Lady Cromartie<sup>2</sup> (who is said to have drawn her husband into these Circumstances) was at Leicester-House on Wednesday with four of her Children; the Princess saw her, & made no other answer than by bringing in her own Children & placing them by her; w<sup>ch</sup> (if true) is one of the prettiest Things I ever heard. she was also at the Duke's,<sup>3</sup> who refused to admit her: but she waited till he came to his Coach & threw herself at his Knees, while her Children hung upon him, till he promised her all his Interest could do;<sup>4</sup> & before on several Occasions he has been heard to speak very mildly of Cromartie, & very severely of Kil-

<sup>1</sup> George Mackenzie, third Earl of Cromartie, and his eldest son, John, Lord Macleod, had been deeply engaged in the Rebellion, were taken prisoners at Dunrobin Castle in Sutherland, and from thence conveyed to the Tower. They were, upon trial, found guilty of high treason; but their lives were granted to them. Lord Macleod afterwards entered the Swedish service. Lady Cromartie was Isabel, daughter of Sir William Gordon, of Invergordon, Bart.—*Lord Dover*.

<sup>2</sup> "Lady Cromartie went down *incog.* to Woolwich to see her son pass by, without the power of speaking to him: I never heard a more melancholy instance of affection!"—*Walpole to Mann*, June 20th, 1746.—*Mitford*.

"Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child and very handsome: so are their daughters."—*Walpole to Mann*, August 1st, 1746.

<sup>3</sup> The Duke of Cumberland's.

<sup>4</sup> "Lady Cromartie presented her petition to the King last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. She swooned away as soon as he was gone."—*Walpole to Mann*, August 5th, 1746. As we have seen, the lives of her husband and son were ultimately spared.

marnock. so if any be spared, it will probably be the former, tho' he had a pension of 600£ a-Year from the Government, & the order for giving Quarter to no Englishman was found in his Pocket.<sup>1</sup> As to Balmerino<sup>2</sup> he never had any Hopes from the Beginning: he is an old soldier-like Man of a vulgar Manner & Aspect, speaks the broadest Scotch, & shews an Intrepidity, that some ascribe to real Courage, & some to Brandy. You have heard perhaps, that the first Day (while the Peers were adjourned to consider of his Plea,<sup>3</sup> and he left alone for an Hour & half in the Bar) he diverted himself with the Ax, that stood by him, played with its Tassels & tryed the Edge with his Finger: & some Lord,<sup>4</sup> as he passed by him, saying he was surprised to hear him alledge anything so frivolous, & that could not possibly do him the least Service; he answer'd, that as there were so many Ladies present, he thought it would be uncivil to give them no Amusement. the D: of Argyle, telling him, how sorry & how astonish'd he was to see him engaged in such a Cause. My Lord (says he) for the two Kings & their Rights I cared not a Farthing, w<sup>ch</sup> prevailed: but I was starveing; & by God if Mahomet had set up his Standard in the Highlands, I had been a good Musselman for Bread, & stuck close to the Party, for I must eat. the Solicitor-General<sup>5</sup> came up

<sup>1</sup> According to Walpole, the Duke of Cumberland openly affirmed at his *levée* that *Kilmarnock* proposed murdering the English prisoners; while *Kilmarnock*, on the day of his execution, declared to *Balmerino* that he knew of no such thing at the time, but that since his coming to London he had reason to believe that such instructions had been given, and heard that the Duke of Cumberland had the pocket-book with the order. Walpole believes that the Duke's mistake as to the issuer of the order cost *Kilmarnock* his life.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Elphinstone, sixth Lord *Balmerino* in Scotland. He was beheaded at the same time and place with Lord *Kilmarnock*; and on the scaffold distinguished himself by his boldness, fortitude, and even cheerfulness.—*Lord Dover*. See next letter to Wharton for *Balmerino's* death; also Walpole to Mann, August 5th, 1746.

<sup>3</sup> *Balmerino* pleaded "not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the taking of the castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment."—*Walpole to Mann*, August 1, 1746.

<sup>4</sup> Not so, but the Solicitor-General Murray, according to Walpole, *u. s.*

<sup>5</sup> William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, became Solicitor-

to speak to him too; & he turns about to old Williamson.<sup>1</sup> Who is that Lawyer, that talks to me? My L<sup>d</sup>, it is Mr Murray. Ha! M<sup>r</sup> Murray, my good Friend (says he, & shook him by the Hand) and how does your good Mother? oh, she was of admirable Service to us; we should have done nothing without her in Perthshire. he recommends (he says) his Peggy<sup>2</sup> ('tis uncertain . . . the favour of the Government, for she has. . . .

[I have been diverted with an account of old Lovat<sup>3</sup> in his confinement at] Edinburgh.<sup>4</sup> there was a Captain

General in 1743. His brother, called Lord Dunbar, was the Pretender's minister in his little court at Rome. See p. 74 *supra* and note 1 there.

<sup>1</sup> The lieutenant of the Tower, who was no doubt beside the prisoners, as in charge of their persons. On the day of his execution Balmerino said, "if he had not taken the sacrament the day before he would have knocked down Williamson for his ill usage of him."—*Walpole to Mann*, August 21st, 1746.

<sup>2</sup> Margaret, Lady Balmerino, daughter of Captain Chalmers.—*Lord Dover*. She was in the Tower with her husband. "Balmerino is jolly with his pretty Peggy."—*Walpole to Mann*, August 12th, 1746.

<sup>3</sup> Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat . . . had the folly, at the age of eighty, to enter into the Rebellion, upon a promise from the Pretender that he would make him Duke of Fraser.—*Lord Dover*. At his trial Walpole saw "little of parts in him," and attributed not "much to that cunning for which he is so famous . . . In his own domain he governed despotically, either burning or plundering the lands and houses of his open enemies, or taking off his secret ones by the assistance of his cook, who was his poisoner in chief. He had two servants, who married without his consent; he said, 'You shall have enough of each other,' and stowed them in a dungeon, that had been a well, for three weeks." Lovat was beheaded April 9th, 1747 (*Walpole to Mann*, next day). Walpole says that he carried to the rebels a thousand Frasers. He was captured later than the three whose trial is reported above. In 1715 he had occupied Inverness for the government. In 1745 he professed the same allegiance, but begged to have a thousand stand of arms delivered to his clan at Inverness. After Cope's defeat at Preston Pans he compelled his son to join the insurgents, protesting meanwhile that he was innocent of his son's proceedings. On the retreat from Derby he tried to make the son change sides again. "It is gratifying," says Charles Knight, "to know that the younger Fraser, the scapegoat of an unnatural father, was pardoned and became a distinguished officer in the British army."

<sup>4</sup> The Whartonian transcriber notes that the words bracketed are a fragment at the bottom of the page in the MS.

Maggett, that is obliged to lie in the Room every Night with him. when first he was introduced to him, he made him come to his Bedside where he lay in a hundred flannel Wastcoats and a furr'd Nightgown, took him in his Arms, & gave him a long Embrace, that absolutely suffocated him. he will speak nothing but French; insists upon it, that Maggett is a Frenchman & calls him, *Mon cher Capitaine Magot* (you know *Magot* is a Monkey) at his Head lie two Highland Women at his feet two Highland Men. By his Bedside is a Close-Stool to which he rises two or three times in a Night, & always says, *Ah, mon cher Capitaine Magot! vous m'excuserez, mais la Nature demande que je chie!* he is to be impeached by the House of Commons, because not being actually in Arms, it would otherwise be necessary, that the jury of Inverness should find a Bill of Indictment against him, w<sup>ch</sup> it is very sure they would not do. when the Duke return'd to Edinburgh they refused to admit Kingston's light Horse & talked of their Privileges. but they came in Sword in Hand, & replied, that when the Pretender was at their gates, they had said nothing of their privileges. The Duke rested some hours there, but refused to see the Magistracy.

I believe you may think it full Time, that I close my Budget of Stories: Mr. W: I have seen a good deal, & shall do a good deal more, I suppose, for he is looking for a House somewhere about Windsor<sup>1</sup> dureing the Summer. all is mighty free, & even friendly more than one could expect. you remember a paper in the Museum on Message-Cards<sup>2</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> he told me was Fielding's, & asked my Opinion about: it was his own, and so was the Advertisement on Good-Breeding,<sup>3</sup> that made us laugh so. Mr. A:<sup>4</sup> I have had several Conversations with, & do really believe he shews himself to me such as he really is: I do'nt tell you, I like him ever the better for it; but that may be my

<sup>1</sup> "I have taken a small house here within the castle."—*Walpole to Mann*, August 21st, 1746.

<sup>2</sup> Published in Walpole's "*Works*," vol. i. p. 132, and No. ii. of the "*Museum*," April, 1746.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> See Walpole's "*Works*," vol. i. p. 141, and No. v. of the "*Museum*," May, 1746.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> Ashton.



Fault, not his. The Pelhams lie very hard at his Stomach: he is not 40 yet, but he is 31, he says, & thinks it his duty to be married. one Thing of that Kind is just broke off; she had 12000£ in her own Hands. this is a profound secret, but I not conceiving that he told it m[e as] such, happen'd to tell it to Stonhewer, who told it Lyne, who told it Asht: again, all i[n the] Space of three Hours, whereby I incurr'd a Scolding; so pray don't let me fall under [a] second, and lose all my Hopes of riseing in the Church. he is still, as I said, resolute to m[arry] out of Hand; only two things he is terrified at, lest she should not breed, & lest she should love him: I comforted him by saying, there was no Danger of either.

the Muse, I doubt, is gone, & has left me in far worse Company: if she returns, you will hear of her. You see I have left no Room for a Catalogue,<sup>1</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> is a Sort of policy, for it's hardly possible my Memory should supply one: I will try by next Time, which will be soon, if I hear from you. if your Curiosity require any more Circumstances of these Tryals . . . will see . . . find some gre . . . my best Compliments to the Little Man of the world.<sup>2</sup> Adieu, my dear Wharton; believe me very truly Yours

T GRAY

Stoke, Sunday [1746].

## LXVII. To Wharton.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

What can one say to these Things? if it had been in the Power of Lawyers to interpret into Common-Sense Statutes made by old Monks, or Monk-directed old Women, we might have hoped for a more favourable Answer to our Queries?<sup>3</sup> as it is, I fear they may have done more Hurt than Good: all I know, is this, that I should rejoice poor . . .<sup>4</sup> had some Place to rest the Sole of his Foot in; & I

<sup>1</sup> Of Books for Pembroke College Library; sent with next letter.

<sup>2</sup> Brown (*supr.* p. 113, n. 3).

<sup>3</sup> Mitford prints a semicolon, correcting an obvious slip. Gray himself, I have noted, has an aversion almost amounting to mania, to spoiling his beautiful MS. by the slightest corrections.

<sup>4</sup> Tuthill. It is clear from this that the legal difficulties spoken of in the preceding letter were connected with Tuthill's election to

flatter myself you will never omitt anything in your Power to support his little Interest among a People, with whom You first raised it. I would gladly know the Time of your Audit, for I would be at Cambridge by that Time, if I could. Mr. W . . .<sup>1</sup> has taken a House in Windsor & I see him usually once a Week; but I think, that will hardly detain me beyond the Time I proposed to myself. he is at present gone to Town to perform the disagreeable Task of presenting and introduceing about a young Florentine, the Marquis Rinuccini,<sup>2</sup> who comes recommended to him. The D:<sup>3</sup> is here at his Lodge<sup>4</sup> with three Whores & three Aid-de Camps; & the country swarms with People. He goes to Races, & they make a Ring about him, as at a Bear-Baiting; and no Wonder, for they do the same at Vaux-hall and Ranelagh. at this last, somebody was telling me they heard a Man lamenting to some Women of his Acquaintance, & saying, how he had been up close to him, & he never repented of anything so much in his Life, as that he did not touch him.

I am not altogether of your Opinion, as to your Historical Consolation in time of Trouble. a calm Melancholy it may produce, a stiller Sort of Despair, (& that only in some Circumstances & on some Constitutions) but I doubt no real Content or Comfort can ever arise in the human Mind, but from Hope.<sup>5</sup> Old Balmerino when he had read his Paper

a fellowship at Pembroke, and that Wharton was the chief promoter of his interests there.

<sup>1</sup> Walpole. See preceding letter and note.

<sup>2</sup> Rinuccini in Walpole's letters. He was recommended to Walpole by Mann. The elder marquis, Walpole tells us, had been envoy in England, and prime minister to John Gaston, the last great Duke. Walpole set himself to be wondrous civil to Marquis Folco (the young man), recollecting how Mann "used to cuttle over a bit of politics with the old Marquis" (to Mann, September 15th, 1746). Rinuccini came at an unlucky time, when there was "not a soul in town; no plays; and Ranelagh shut up." So in spite of the attractions Walpole could show him, including "Chenevix's shop," he "could not bear England." But there were English cubs "ten times cubber" than Rinuccini to whom Walpole gave letters of introduction to Mann every day (Walpole to Mann, November 4th and 12th).

<sup>3</sup> Duke of Cumberland.

<sup>4</sup> Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Park.

<sup>5</sup> Johnson wrote to a lady, June 8th, 1762: "Hope is itself a

to the People, pull'd off his Spectacles, spit upon his Handkerchief, & wiped them clean for the Use of his Posterity; & that is the last Page of his History. have you seen Hogarth's <sup>1</sup> Print of L<sup>d</sup> Lovat? it is admirable.

I cannot help thinking if I had been near you, I should have represented the Horror of the Thing in such a Light, as that you should never have become a Prey to M<sup>r</sup> Davie. I know, that he'll get you up in a Corner some Day, & pick your bones and John will find nothing of you, but such a little Heap, as a Cat that is a good Mouser leaves, the Head & the Tail piled together. my Concern for you produced a Vision, not such a one as you read in the "Spectators," but actually a Dream. I thought I was in t'other World and confined in a little Apartment much like a Cellar, enlighten'd by one Rush-Candle that burned blue. on each Side of me sate (for my Sins) M<sup>r</sup> Davie & my friend M<sup>r</sup> A.; <sup>2</sup> they bow'd continually & smiled in my Face, and while one fill'd me out very bitter Tea, the other sweetened it with a vast deal of brown sugar: altogether it much resembled Syrup of Buckthorn. In the corner sat . . . <sup>3</sup> very melancholy, in Expectation of the Tea-Leaves.

I take it very ill you should have been in the twentieth Year of the War, <sup>4</sup> & yet say nothing of the Retreat from before Syracuse: is it, or is it not the finest Thing you ever read in your Life? and how does Xenophon, or Plutarch agree with you? <sup>5</sup> for my Part I read Aristotle; his

species of happiness, and perhaps the chief happiness which this world affords." Johnson and Gray were not optimists; and little as these men of strong sense appreciated one another, there is a great coincidence in some of their views of life.

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Walpole once invited Gray the Poet and Hogarth to dine with him, but what with the reserve of the one, and a want of colloquial talents in the other, he never passed a duller time than between these representations (*sic*) of Tragedy and Comedy; being obliged to rely entirely on his own efforts to support conversation" (Nicholl's "Life of Hogarth," p. 97).—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Ashton.

<sup>3</sup> Tuthill.

<sup>4</sup> Wharton was now in the eighth book of Thucydides, and, therefore, must have read the graphic description of the retreat from Syracuse in the seventh.

<sup>5</sup> Meaning, I think, how do you relish Xenophon (his account of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand), or Plutarch (*e.g.* his "Nicias"), after Thucydides?

Poeticks, Politicks, and Morals, though I don't well know w<sup>ch</sup> is which. in the first Place he is the hardest Author by far I ever meddled with. then he has a dry Conciseness, that makes one imagine one is perusing a Table of Contents rather than a Book: it tasts for all the World like chop'd Hay, or rather like chop'd Logick; for he has a violent Affection to that Art, being in some Sort his own Invention; so that he often loses himself in little trifling Distinctions & verbal Niceties, & what is worse leaves you to extricate yourself as you can. thirdly, he has suffered vastly by the Transcribblers, as all Authors of great Brevity necessarily must. Fourthly and lastly he has abundance of fine uncommon Things, w<sup>ch</sup> make him well worth the Pains he gives one. you see what you have to expect.<sup>1</sup> this and a few autumnal Verses<sup>2</sup> are my Entertainments durement the Fall of the Leaf. notwithstanding w<sup>ch</sup> my Time lies heavy on my Hands, & I want to be at home again.

I have just received a visit from A:<sup>3</sup> he tells me we have certainly a Peace with Spain very far advanced, w<sup>ch</sup> 'tis likely will produce a general one<sup>4</sup> & that the King, when he has finish'd it, is determined to pass the rest of his

<sup>1</sup> Readers of Matthew Arnold's "Essay on Gray" will remember that he selects this passage on Aristotle as one example of criticisms without any study or pretension, illustrating the truth that "acquirements take all their value and character from the power of the individual storing them."

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps Gray was adding further lines to the elegy at this time. The turn of the words seems to point to his writing rather than to his reading. The elegy was begun at Stoke in 1742, "probably," says Dr. Bradshaw (Ald. ed., p. 211), "about the time of the death of Gray's uncle, Jonathan Rogers, who died there on the 21st of October." The work was resumed at Cambridge in the winter of 1749, after the death of his aunt, Mary Antrobus, and finished at Stoke early in June, 1750 (Dr. Bradshaw, l.l.). If the verses of which Gray speaks above are his own, and extant, I know no other poem to which they are so likely to belong.

<sup>3</sup> Ashton appears at this time to have been making interest with the Duke of Newcastle or Mr. Pelham, or both. Walpole, when he broke with him in 1750, wrote, "my father is dead, and I can make no bishops" (to Mann, July 25th).

<sup>4</sup> The general peace was that of Aix-la-Chapelle, which was concluded and signed by the respective powers only in September and October, 1748. To the preliminary articles Spain and Genoa acceded before the end of June in that year.

Days at Windsor, w<sup>ch</sup> to me is strange, however it comes from the Pelhamites. I send you here a Page of Books: enough I imagine to chuse out of, considering the State of your Coll: Finances. the best Editions of ancient Authors should be the first Things, I reckon, in a Library: but if you think otherwise, I will send a Page of a different Kind. pray write soon, & think me very faithfully

Yours T G:

Sept: 11. 1746. Stoke . . . Say many good Things to M<sup>r</sup> Brown from me.

#### ANCIENTS.

1. Artistophanes, Kusteri. Amst: Fol: 1710.
2. Aristotelis Opera, ed: Du-Val. 4 v. Fol: Paris, 1654.  
Gr: Lat: '(Fabricius likewise recommends the Ed<sup>n</sup>: of Sylburgius, all Greek, 1587. 5 V: 4<sup>to</sup>. apud Wechelios).
3. Arrian, Jac: Gronovii. Lugd: Bat: 1704.
4. Apollonius Rhodius Hoelzlinii. Elzev: 1641. 8<sup>vo</sup>.
5. Arati, atq Eratosthenis Fragmenti. Oxon: 8<sup>vo</sup>. 1672.
6. Aristidis Opera, ed: S: Jebb. 2 V: 4<sup>to</sup>. Oxon: 1722-30.
7. M: Aurelius, Gatakeri. Ultraject: Fol: 1698.
8. Ammianus Marcellinus, H: Valesii. Par: 1681. Fol:
9. Ausonius, Tollii. Amst: Blaeu. 1671. 8<sup>vo</sup>.
10. Antonini Itinerarium. Varior: Wesselingii, 4<sup>to</sup>. 1735.
11. Bertii Theatr<sup>m</sup>: Geographicum. Fol: Amst: 1618.  
Elzev: (it contains the best edition of Ptolemy, by M: Servetus).
12. Boethius. Varior: Basil: 1650. Fol:
13. Corpus Oratorum. Græc: H. Stephani. Fol: 1575.
14. Q: Curtius, Snakenburgi. 1724. 4<sup>to</sup>.
15. Cassiodori Opera. Garretti Rothomagi, 1679. 2 V: Fol:
16. Diodorus Siculus. the last new Ed<sup>n</sup>. in 2 V: Fol<sup>o</sup>:
17. Dionysius Halicarn: Hudsoni. 2 V: Fol: Oxon: 1704.
18. Dio Prusæensis. Morelli. Paris. 1604. Fol<sup>o</sup>:
19. Dicæarchi Fragmenta. H: Steph: Genevæ. 1589. 8<sup>vo</sup>.
20. Dio Cassius. Hanoviæ. 1606. Fol:
21. Epistolæ Græc: antiquæ a Caldorina Societate. Fol: Aurel. Allobrogum. 1606.



22. Ennii Fragmenta. Hessellii. 4<sup>to</sup>. 1707. Amst:
23. Festus. de Verborum Significatione, Dacerii, in Us:  
Delphini. 4<sup>to</sup>. Par: 1618.
24. Florus. Varior: 1692. 8<sup>vo</sup>.
25. Geoponica, Cassiani Bassi. ed: P: Needham. Cantab:  
1704. 8<sup>vo</sup>.
26. Aulus Gellius. Oisellii &c: 1706. 4<sup>to</sup>.
27. Gemistius Pletho. Fol: 1540. Basil:
28. Himerius & Polemo. H: Stephani. 4<sup>to</sup>. 1567.
29. Hesiodus. Grævii. Amst: 8<sup>vo</sup>. 1667.
30. Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores. Varior: ap: Hackios.  
2 V: 8<sup>vo</sup>. 1670-1.
31. Hierocles. Mer: Casauboni. 8<sup>vo</sup>. Lond: 1665.
32. Hist: Byzantinæ Scriptores. Par: & Romæ. from 1645  
to 1702. (I think, including Banduri's Antiquities,  
there are 30 vol: Fol<sup>o</sup>.)
33. Harpocraton, Jac: Gronovii. 1696. Lug: Bat: 4<sup>to</sup>.
34. Isocrates. H: Wolfii. ap: H: Steph: 1693. Fol<sup>o</sup>:
35. Josephus, Hudsoni. 2 V: 1726. Amst: Fol:
36. Libanius. Morelli. 2 V: Fol: Paris, 1606-27.
37. Libanii Epistolæ. Fol: 1738. Amst:
38. Lycophron, Potteri. Oxon: Fol: 1697.
39. Livius. Creverii. 6 V: 4<sup>to</sup>. Par:
40. Lucanus, Oudendorpii. 2 V: 4<sup>to</sup>. 1728.
41. Macrobius. J: F: Gronovii. 1670. 8<sup>vo</sup>. Lug: Bat:  
(unfinish'd).
42. Nicander. G: Morelli. Par: 4<sup>to</sup>. 1557.
43. Oppian, Ritterhusii. Lug: Bat: 1597.
44. Pausanias, Kuhnii. Lipsiæ. 1696. Fol:
45. Pomponius Mela, Jac. Gronovii. 8<sup>vo</sup>. 1722.
46. Plinii Hist: Naturalis, Harduini. Par: 5 V: 4<sup>to</sup> 1685  
& republish'd ib: 3 V: Fol: 1723.
47. Polybius. Varior: 3 V: 8<sup>vo</sup>. 1670. Amst:
48. Philostratorum Opera. Olearii. Lips: Fol<sup>o</sup>: 1709.
49. Philo Judæus, ed: Mangey. 2 V: Fol: 1742. Lond:
50. Pollucis Onomasticon. Varior: Fol: 2 V: 1706.
51. Prudentius. N. Heinsii. Amst: Elz: 1667. 12<sup>mo</sup>.
52. Palladius, de Brachmanibus. Ed: Bisse. 4<sup>to</sup>. 1665.  
Lond.
53. Plautus. 2 V: Gronovii &c: 8<sup>vo</sup>. 1684. Amst:
54. Panegyrici Veteres. in Us: Delphini. 4<sup>to</sup>. 1677. Par:

55. *Poetæ Minores*, ed: P. Burmanni. 2 V: 4<sup>to</sup>. 1731. Lug:  
Bat:
56. *Plinii Epistolæ*, Cortii & Var: 1734. 4<sup>to</sup>. Amst:
57. *Excerpta ex Polybio &c*: H: Valesii. 4<sup>to</sup>. 1634. Par:
58. *Rutilii Itinerarium*. Grævii. 1687: 8<sup>vo</sup>. Amst:
59. *Sophocles*, P: Stephani. 4<sup>to</sup>. 1603.
60. *Suetonius*, Grævi. 1691. 4<sup>to</sup>. & 1703. Pitisci 2 V: 4<sup>to</sup>.  
Leov<sup>diae</sup>: 1714. (I don't know, w<sup>ch</sup> is the best  
Edition.)
61. *Stephanus Byzantinus*, Ab: Berkellii. 1688. Fol: L:  
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<sup>1</sup> Possibly 1704—MS. doubtful.

LXVIII. *To Chute.*<sup>1</sup>

My God! Mr. Chute in England? what, and have you seen him, and did he say nothing to you? not a word of me? such was my conversation, when I first heard news so surprising, with a person,<sup>2</sup> that (when I reflect) it is indeed no great wonder you did not much interrogate concerning me, as you knew nothing of what has passed of late.

But then let me ask you yourself, have a few years totally erased me from your memory? you are generous enough perhaps to forget all the obligations I have to you. But is it generosity to forget the person you have obliged too? while I remember myself, I cannot but remember you: and consequently cannot but wonder, when I find nowhere one line, one syllable, to tell me you are arrived. I will venture to say, there is nobody in England, however nearly connected with you, that has seen you with more real joy and affection than I shall. You are, it seems, gone into the country, whither (had I any reason to think you wished to see me) I should immediately have followed you; as it is, I am returning to Cambridge, but with intention to come back to town again, whenever you do, if you will let me know the time and place.

I readily set Mr. Wh<sup>d.</sup><sup>3</sup> free from all imputations. He

<sup>1</sup> Walpole writes to Mann, October 2nd, 1746: "By your own loss you may measure my joy at the receipt of the dear Chutes" (meaning Chute and Whithed). "I strolled to town one day last week, and there I found them!" It was no doubt this evidence that enabled Mitford to put this and the following letter in their right places.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole; to whom Chute would be likely to be silent about Gray, not knowing that the quarrel was made up.

<sup>3</sup> Whithed, *vide supra*, p. 117, n. 1. "A portrait of Francis Whithed, at the Vyne, by Rosalba, shows him much as the letter describes him, 'a fine young personage in a coat all over spangles.' The picture is matched by a portrait, also by Rosalba, of Margaret, daughter and heiress of John Nicol, of Southgate, Middlesex, the lady here alluded to, to whom he was engaged to be married. But Whithed died at the Vyne in March, 1751, and Margaret Nicol eventually married James Brydges, Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards 3rd Duke of Chandos" (Mr. Chaloner Chute's "History of the Vyne"). After Whithed's death in 1751, John Chute, who had

is a fine young personage in a coat all over spangles, just come over from the Tour of Europe to take possession, and be married: and consequently can't be supposed to think of anything, or remember anybody, but you——! however, I don't altogether clear him, he might have said something to one, who remembers him when he was but a Pout. Nevertheless, I desire my hearty congratulations to him, and say I wish him more spangles, and more estates, and more wives.—Adieu! my dear Sir, I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

*P.S.*—My compliments to Mrs. Chute<sup>1</sup> (who once did me the honour to write to me), and say I give her joy very sincerely of

your return  
to T. G. of Peterhouse, Cambridge.

London. October [1746].

To John Chute, Esq.  
at Mr. Whithead's, of Southwick,  
near Farnham, Hampshire.

### LXIX. *To Chute.*

MY DEAR SIR,

You have not then forgot me, and I shall see you soon again. It suffices, and there needed no other excuse. I loved you too well not to forgive you, without a reason: but I could not but be sorry for myself.

You are lazy (you say) and listless, and gouty, and old, and vexed, and perplexed: I am all that (the gout excepted) and many things more, that I hope you never will be: so that what you tell me on that head, *est trop flat[t]eur pour moi*. Our imperfections may at least excuse, and perhaps recommend us to one another; me-

engaged this Miss Nicol (or Nicoll) to run away from the house of her guardian, who used her ill, tried to marry her to Lord Orford (Horace Walpole's nephew), who refused her, though she had above £150,000. Walpole attributed the failure to the treachery of his uncle Horace (Lord Walpole of Worlterton), who wanted to get the lady for one of his own sons.

<sup>1</sup> Chute was not married; perhaps the lady is his sister.



thinks I can readily pardon sickness, and age, and vexation, for all the depredations they make within and without, when I think they make us better friends, and better men, which I am persuaded is often the case. I am very sure, I have seen the best tempered, generous, tender young creatures in the world, that would have been very glad to be sorry for people they liked, when under any pain, and could not, merely for want of knowing rightly, what it was themselves.

I find Mr. Walpole then made some mention of me to you; yes, we are together again. It is about a year, I believe, since he wrote to me, to offer it,<sup>1</sup> and there has been (particularly of late), in appearance, the same kindness and confidence almost as of old. What were his motives, I cannot yet guess. What were mine, you will imagine and perhaps blame me. However as yet I neither repent, nor rejoice over-much, but I am pleased. He is full, I assure you, of your Panegyric. Never anybody had half so much wit,<sup>2</sup> as Mr. Chute (which is saying every-

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Wharton, November 16th, 1745, and notes there.

<sup>2</sup> "I do't know how he will succeed here, but to me he has more wit than anybody I know," writes Walpole to Mann of Chute (October 2, 1746), "he is altered, and, I think, broken: Whitehed is grown leaner considerably, and is a very pretty gentleman." Chute paraphrased, in honour of Walpole's dog Patapan, an epigram of Martial; this, perhaps, is dead with Patapan; and I do not find his epigram on Lady Caroline Petersham worth repeating. He was disappointed with England on his return; he thought we had "to the full all the politeness that can make a nation brutes to the rest of the world." The hatchment of a lady, whose death unkind people attributed to drink, bore the inscription *Mors Janua Vitæ*; Chute suggested *Mors Aqua Vitæ*. (But this is in the inferior vein of George Selwyn.) When a cousin, whom he suspected of fishing for his estate, sent him a mourning ring, Chute called it, after the pope's seal with a ring, *l'anello del Pescatore*.

Chute was great in heraldry and genealogies; Walpole called him his "Strawberry King at Arms." Gray, in 1749, did not share this enthusiasm with Chute and Walpole, and resumed on this subject the fault-finding manner which had bored Walpole in Italy. "You know," writes Walpole to Montagu, September 28th, 1749, "how out of humour Gray has been about our diverting ourselves with pedigrees, which is at least as wise as making a serious point of haranguing against the study. I believe neither Mr. Chute nor I ever contracted a moment's vanity from any of

thing with him, you know) and Mr. Wh<sup>d</sup>. is the finest young man that ever was imported. I hope to embrace this fine man (if I can), and thank him heartily for being my advocate, tho' in vain. He is a good creature, and I am not sure but I shall be tempted to eat a wing of him with Sellery-Sauce.

I am interrupted. Whenever I know of your time, I will be in town presently. I cannot but make Mrs. Chute my best acknowledgments for taking my part. Heaven keep you all.—I am, my best Mr. Chute, very faithfully yours,  
T. G.

Cambridge, October 12, Sunday [1746].

### LXX. *To Chute*

Cambridge, Sunday [October ? 1746].

#### LUSTREISSIMO

It is doubtless highly reasonable that two young foreigners come into so distant a country to acquaint themselves with strange things, should have some time allowed them to take a view of the King (God bless him) and the ministry & the theatres, and Westminster Abbey and the Lyons and such other curiosities of the capital city. You civilly call them dissipations, but to me they appear employments of a very serious nature, as they enlarge the mind, give a just insight into the nature & genius of a people, keep the Spirits in an agreeable agitation, and (like the true artificial spirit of lavender) amazingly fortify and corroborate the whole nervous system: but as all things sooner or later must pass away, and there is a certain period when by the rules of proportion one is to grow weary of everything, I may hope at length a season will arrive when you will be tired of forgetting me. 'Tis true you have a long journey to make first, a vast series of sights to pass through—let me see, you are at Lady

our discoveries, or ever preferred them to any thing but brag and whist. Well, Gray has set himself to compute, and has found out that there must go a million of ancestors in twenty generations to everybody's composition."

Brown's<sup>1</sup> already; I have set a time when I may say 'Oh he is now got to the waxwork in Fleet Street; there is nothing more but Cupids Paradise and the Hermaphrodite from Guinea & the original Basilisk dragon & the buffalo from Babylon & the new Chimpanzee & then I have a care, you had best, that I come in my Turn; you know in whose Hands I have deposited my little Interests. I shall infallibly appeal to my *best invisible* Friend in the country.

I am glad Castalio has justified himself & me to You. he seem'd to me more made for Tenderness than Horrour & (I have courage again to insist upon it) might make a better Player than any now on the Stage. I have not alone received (thank you) but almost got thro' Louis Onze.<sup>2</sup> 'tis very well, methinks, but nothing particular. what occasioned his Castration at Paris, I imagine, were certain Strokes in Defence of the Gallican Church & its Liberties—a little contempt cast upon the Popes, and something here & there on the Conduct of great Princes. there are a few Instances of Malice against our Nation, that are very foolish.

My Companion, whom you salute is (much to my sorrow)

<sup>1</sup> Walpole to Mann, February 13th, 1743: "I am waiting for Ceretesi to introduce him to Lady Brown's Sunday night; it is the great mart for all travelling and travelled calves." Lady Brown, says Cunningham, was Margaret Cecil, grand-daughter of the third Earl of Salisbury, and wife of Sir Robert Brown, Bart., a merchant at Venice.

<sup>2</sup> The "*Histoire de Louis Onze*" of Duclos (Charles Duclos *Pinot*, as M. Auger says we should spell his full name) had been censured by an *arrêt du conseil* of the 28th of March, 1745, "*comme contenant plusieurs endroits contraires, non seulement aux droits de la couronne sur différentes provinces du royaume, mais au respect avec lequel on doit parler de ce qui regarde la religion ou les règles des mœurs, et la conduite des principaux membres de l'église.*" This decree prohibited the reprinting of the work until the offensive passages had been removed. Duclos' editor M. Auger (1820) affirms that the order was disobeyed. Nevertheless it is perhaps significant that an edition of the work in the British Museum, which bears date 1745, 6, is printed, at least ostensibly, at the Hague. However this may be, in 1750 Duclos, on Voltaire's going to Prussia, succeeded him as historiographer of France, on the strength of having written the work thus censured five years before.

only so now and then. He lives 20 miles off at Nurse, and is not so meagre as when you first knew him, but of a reasonable Plumposity. He shall not fail being here to do the Honours, when you make your publick Entry. Heigh ho! when will that be, *chi sa?* but *mi lusigna il dolce sogno!* I love M<sup>r</sup> Whithed and wish him all Happiness. Farewell, my dear Sir

I am, ever yours,  
T. G.

Commend me kindly to M<sup>r</sup> Walpole.<sup>1</sup>

### LXXI. *To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON—

I would make you an Excuse (as indeed I ought) if they were a Sort of Thing I ever gave any Credit to myself in these Cases, but I know they are never true. nothing so silly as Indolence, when it hopes to disguise itself: every one knows it by it's Saunter; as they do his Majesty (God bless him), at a Masquerade by the Firmness of his Tread, & the Elevation of his Chin. however, somewhat I had to say, that has a little Shadow of Reason in it. I have been in Town (I suppose you know) flaunting about at publick Places of all kinds with my two Italianized Friends. The World itself has some Attractions in it to a Solitary of six Years standing; & agreeable well-meaning People of Sense (thank Heaven there are so few of them) are my peculiar Magnet. it is no Wonder then, if I felt some Reluctance at parting with them, so soon; or if my Spirits, when I return'd back to my Cell, should sink for a time, not indeed to Storm and Tempest, but a good deal below Changeable. besides Seneca says (and my Pitch of Philosophy does not pretend to be much above Seneca<sup>2</sup>) *Nunquam mores, quos extuli, refero. aliquid ex eo, quod composui, turbatur: aliquid ex his, quæ fugavi, redit.*

<sup>1</sup> "Soon after writing these letters Gray joined his friends in London, and in a letter to Wharton of Dec. 11, 1746, says, 'I have been in town flaunting about at public places with my two Italianized friends'" (Mr. Chaloner Chute, "*Hist. of the Vyne*," p. 104).

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* "Senecæ Epist.," vii. p. 17, Ed. Gronovii, 8vo.—*Mitford*.

and it will happen to such as we, mere Imps of Science. well it may, when Wisdom herself is forced often—in sweet retired Solitude

To plume her Feathers, & let grow her Wings,  
That in the various Bustle of Resort  
Were all too ruffled & sometimes impair'd.<sup>1</sup>

It is a foolish Thing, that one can't only not live as one pleases, but where & with whom one pleases, without Money. Swift somewhere says, that Money is Liberty;<sup>2</sup> & I fear money is Friendship too & Society, and almost every external Blessing. it is a great tho' ill-natured, Comfort to see most of those, who have it in Plenty, without Pleasure, without liberty,<sup>3</sup> & without Friends.

M<sup>r</sup> Brown (who I assure you holds up his Head & his Spirits very notably) will give you an Account of your College Proceedings, if they may be so call'd, where nothing proceeds at all. only the last Week Roger was so wise to declare *ex motu proprio*, that he took M<sup>r</sup> Delaval<sup>3</sup> (who is now a Fell: Commoner) into his own Tuition. this raised the dirty Spirit of his Friend, M<sup>r</sup> May (now Tutor in Francis's Room) against him, & even gentle M<sup>r</sup> Peele (who never acts but in Conjunction), together with M<sup>r</sup> Brown (who pretended to be mighty angry, tho' in reality

1

"And Wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retirèd solitude,  
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers and lets" etc.

. . . . .

"Were all *to-ruffled*," etc.

MILTON, *Comus*, 376-380.

<sup>2</sup> "God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the constancy of mankind, *for wealth is liberty*, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher, and Gay is a slave, by just £2,000 too little" (Swift to Pope, July 16th, 1726).—*From Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> Not the Delaval who was afterwards Fellow of Pembroke, and whom Mason calls "Marcello." It is clear from the next letter that, in consequence of the escapade there related, the man spoken of in the text was compelled to take his name off the books, was refused admission at other colleges, and that Dr. Long in vain attempted to reinstate him at Pembroke. Moreover, it appears from Gray's letter of December 11th, 1750, that the Delaval then elected to a fellowship was at that time unknown to Wharton.



heartily glad), and they all came to an Eclaircissement in the Parlour. they abused him pretty reasonably, & it ended in threatening them as usual with a Visitor. in short, they are all as rude as may be, leave him at Table by himself, never go into the Parlour, till he comes out; or if he enters, when they are there, continue sitting even in his own Magisterial Chair. May bickers with him publickly about twenty paltry Matters, & Roger t'other Day told him he was impertinent. what would you have more? you see they do as one would wish. if you were here, all would be right. I am surprised not to hear you mention, when that will be; pray give an Account of yourself.—I am very sincerely Yours,

TG:

P: S: When I went to Town Part of my Errand was to sell a little stock I had, to pay off Birkett's old Debt now at Xmas, but it was so low, I should have lost near 12 per Cent, and so it continues. if you think of being here near that Time, and find it not inconvenient to you to lend me 40£, you will save me the Money I mention (as I remember you once offered) but if any Inconvenience attend it you must imagine I don't by any Means desire it; & you need not be at the Trouble of any Excuse, as I well know, nothing but the not being able would hinder your doing it immediately. let me know, because otherwise I have another Journey to make to Town.

Dec: 11 . . Cambridge.

## LXXII. *To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON.

I have received your Bill, & am in Confusion to hear you have got in Debt yourself in Order to bring me out of it: I did not think to be obliged to you so much, nor on such Terms: but imagined you would be here, & might easily spare it. the Money shall be repaid as soon as ever it is wanted, & sooner if the Stocks rise a little higher. my note you will find at the End of my Letter, w<sup>ch</sup> you ought to have, *ἐάν τι κατὰ τὸ ἀνθρώπινον συμβαίῃ*: the rest of my Acknowledgements, are upon Record, where

they ought to be, with the rest of your Kindnesses. the bill was paid me here; I suppose there is no Likelihood of its being stop'd in Town.

It surprises me to hear you talk of so much Business, & the Uncertainty of your return; & what not? sure you will find time to give me an Account of your Transactions, & your Intentions. for your Ears, don't let 'em think of marrying you! for I know if you marry at all, you will *be married*. I mean, passively. & then (besides repenting of what you were not guilty of) you will never go abroad, never read any thing more, but Farriery-Books, and Justice-Books, & so either die of a Consumption; or live on, & grow fat, w<sup>ch</sup> is worse. for me & my Retirement (for you are in the Right to despise my Dissipation de quinze jours), we are in the midst of Diog: Laertius & his Philosophers, as a Proœmium to the Series of their Works, & those of all the Poets & Orators that lived before Philip of Macedon's Death: & we have made a great Chronological Table<sup>1</sup> with our own Hands, the Wonder & Amazement of Mr Brown; not so much for Publick Events, tho' these too have a Column assign'd them, but rather, in a literary Way, to compare the Times of all great Men, their Writeings & Transactions. it begins at the 30<sup>th</sup> Olympiad, & is already brought down to the 113<sup>th</sup>; that is, 332 Years. our only Modern Assistants, are Marsham, Dodwell, & Bentley. Tuthill continues quiet in his Læta Paupertas, & by this Time (were not his Friends of it) would have forgot there was any such Place as Pembroke in the World. all things there are just in Statu quo; only the Fellows, as I told you, are grown pretty rudish to their Sovereign in general, for Francis is now departed. poor dear Mr Delaval indeed has had a little Misfortune. Intelligence was brought, that he had with him a certain gentlewoman properly call'd Nell Burnet, but whose Nom de Guerre was Capt<sup>n</sup>: Hargraves)

<sup>1</sup> This laborious work was formed much in the manner of the President Hénault's "Histoire de France." Every page consisted of nine columns: one for the Olympiad, the next for the Archons, the third for the public affairs of Greece, the three next for the Philosophers, and the three last for Poets, Historians, and Orators. I do not find it carried farther than the date above-mentioned.—*Mason.*

in an Officer's Habit, whom he had carried all about to see Chappels & Libraries, & make Visits in the Face of Day. the master raised his Posse-Comitatus in Order to search his Chambers, & after long Feeling & Snuffling about the Bed, he declared they had certainly been there. w<sup>ch</sup> was very true, & the Captain was then locked up in a Cupboard there, while his Lover stood below in Order to convey him out at Window when all was over. however they took Care not to discover her, tho' the Master affirmed; had he but caught her, he would soon have known, whether it was a Man, or a Woman. Upon this M<sup>r</sup> Delaval was desired to cut out his Name, & did so: next day D<sup>r</sup> L: repented, & wrote a Paper to testify he never knew any Hurt of him; which he brought to D<sup>r</sup> Whaley,<sup>1</sup> who would have directly admitted him here, if Stuart had not absolutely refused. he was offer'd about at several Colleges, but in vain. then D<sup>r</sup> L: called two Meetings to get him re-admitted there, but every one was in exorable and so he lost his Pupil, who is gone, I suppose, to lie with his Aunt Price. Trollope continues in Dev'reux-Court: all our Hopes are now in the Commencement.

Have you seen the Works of two young Authors, a M<sup>r</sup> Warton<sup>2</sup> & a M<sup>r</sup> Collins,<sup>3</sup> both Writers of Odes? it is odd enough, but each is the half of a considerable Man, & one the counterpart of the other. the first has but little Invention, very poetical choice of Expression, & a good Ear.

<sup>1</sup> John Whalley, Master of Peterhouse from 1733 to 1748.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Warton, elder brother of Thomas Warton, and subsequently Head Master of Winchester. His Odes were published in December, 1746, by Dodsley.

<sup>3</sup> The Odes of Collins were published in the same month and year, by Millar. Collins had previously appeared with "Persian Eclogues" (1742), and the "Verses to Sir T. Hanmer." His "Ode on the Death of Thomson" was written in 1749.

J. Warton and Collins intended a joint publication of their odes. But Dodsley probably would only accept Warton's, a second edition of which appeared in the following month. "But the copies of the little book containing the 'Ode to Evening' remained on the publisher's shelves. It is related by a good authority that Collins, in a fit of vexation, burnt with his own hand the copies which remained; but some of the poems were reprinted in the second edition of Dodsley's well-known 'Collection of Poems,' published in 1748, with variations evidently from the hand of the author" (Mr. Moy Thomas in Ald. ed. of Collins).

the second, a fine fancy, model'd upon the Antique, a bad Ear, great Variety of Words, & Images with no Choice at all. They both deserve to last some years, but will not. Adieu! dear S<sup>r</sup>, I am very sincerely Yours:

TG:

Dec: 27 . . . I was 30 year old yesterday. what is it o'clock by you?

### LXXIII. *To Walpole.*

January 1747.

It is doubtless an encouragement to continue writing to you, when you tell me you answer me with pleasure. I have another reason which would make me very copious, had I anything to say: it is, that I write to you with equal pleasure, though not with equal spirits, nor with like plenty of materials. Please to subtract then, so much for spirit, and so much for matter; and you will find me, I hope, neither so slow, nor so short, as I might otherwise seem. Besides, I had a mind to send you the remainder of *Agrippina*, that was lost in a wilderness of papers. Certainly you do her too much honour; she seemed to me to talk like an old boy, all in figures and mere poetry, instead of nature and the language of real passion. Do you remember "*Approchez vous, Néron?*"<sup>1</sup> Who would not rather

<sup>1</sup> It is thus that Agrippina in Racine's "*Britannicus*" (IV. ii. 1) re-asserts her authority over the son who has put her under arrest. Burrhus has just been urging her to remember in the coming interview that Nero is her emperor. Gray might have instanced to the same purport the "*Tu peux sortir*" with which she dismisses Nero after upbraiding him for the murder of Britannicus (V. vi. *ad fin.*). When Gray saw (p. 27 *sup.*) "*Britannicus*" in Paris, and "all the characters, particularly Agrippina and Nero, done to perfection," Walpole no doubt sat beside him, and would remember the effect given to these touches on the stage. The plan of Gray's "*Agrippina*" was almost exactly modelled on "*Britannicus*;" the projected union of Junia and Britannicus, favoured by Agrippina, would have found its counterpart in that of Otho and Poppæa, favoured by the same person from analogous motives; the passion of Nero would again have been the obstacle; Nero was to have been in hiding once more to overhear a conversation; the part of Burrhus would have been played by Seneca; the pretended friend,

have thought of that half line, than all Mr. Rowe's flowers of eloquence? However, you will find the remainder here at the end in an outrageous long speech: it was begun above four years ago (it is a misfortune you know my age, else I might have added), when I was very young. Poor West put a stop to that tragic torrent he saw breaking in upon him:—have a care, I warn you, not to set open the flood-gate again, lest it should drown you and me, and the bishop and all.

I am very sorry to hear you treat philosophy and her followers like a parcel of monks and hermits, and think myself obliged to vindicate a profession I honour, *bien que je n'en tiennne pas boutique* (as Mad. Sevigné says). The first man that ever bore the name, if you remember, used to say, that life was like the Olympic games (the greatest public assembly of his age and country), where some came to shew the strength and agility of their body, as the champions; others, as the musicians, orators, poets, and historians, to shew their excellence in those arts; the traders to get money; and the better sort, to enjoy the spectacle, and judge of all these. They did not then run away from society for fear of its temptations; they passed their days in the midst of it; conversation was their business: they cultivated the arts of persuasion, on purpose to shew men it was their interest, as well as their duty, not to be foolish, and false, and unjust; and that too in many instances with success; which is not very strange, for they shewed by their life, that their lessons were not impracticable; and that pleasures were no temptations, but to such as wanted a clear preception of the pains annexed to them. But I have done preaching à la Grecque. Mr. Ratchliffe,<sup>1</sup> made a shift to behave very rationally without

Narcisse, slain in “*Britannicus*” by the people, would have reappeared in “*Agrippina*” in the person of Anicetus, captain of the guard; Agrippina's confidante “*Albine*” is replaced by “*Aceronia*.” If *Racine* had followed Agrippina's fortunes to their close, he would not have imitated himself so faithfully.

<sup>1</sup> This was Charles Radcliffe, the brother of that James, Earl of Derwentwater, who was executed thirty years before this date for his share in the rebellion of 1715. Charles, who also called himself Earl of Derwentwater, was captured with his son in 1745 on board the “*Soleil*” privateer from Dunkirk, going to Montrose



their instructions, at a season which they took a great deal of pains to fortify themselves and others against: one would not desire to lose one's head with a better grace. I am particularly satisfied with the humanity of that last embrace to all the people about him. Sure it must be somewhat embarrassing to die before so much good company!

You need not fear but posterity will be ever glad to know the absurdity of their ancestors: the foolish will be glad to know they were as foolish as they, and the wise will be glad to find themselves wiser. You will please all the world then; and if you recount miracles you will be believed so much the sooner. We are pleased when we wonder, and we believe because we are pleased. Folly and wisdom, and wonder and pleasure, join with me in desiring you would continue to entertain them: refuse us if you can.—Adieu, dear Sir!

T. GRAY.

#### LXXIV. *To Walpole.*

Cambridge, March 1, 1747.

As one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a compliment of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me (before I testify my sorrow, and the sincere part I take in your misfortune) to know for certain, who it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima (Selima was it? or Fatima?), or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your handsome Cat, the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one likes best; or if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not

with twenty French officers and sixty others. The son (an officer in the French service) was at first believed to be the "second boy," says Walpole, meaning the second son of the old Pretender, and in consequence was nearly torn to pieces by the mob "all the way on the road and on his arrival" as a prisoner in London; but in 1746 was allowed to return to France. The father was executed at Tyburn in the same year, upon the sentence pronounced against him in 1716, which he had then evaded by escaping from Newgate.

think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor; oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one<sup>1</sup> that had met with this sad accident. Till this affair is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry.

"Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris."<sup>2</sup>

Which interval is the more convenient, as it gives time to rejoice with you on your new honours.<sup>3</sup> This is only a beginning; I reckon next week we shall hear you are a free-Mason, or a Gormogon<sup>4</sup> at least.—Heigh ho! I feel (as you to be sure have done long since) that I have very little to say, at least in prose. Somebody will be the better for it; I do not mean you, but your Cat, feuë Mademoiselle Selime, whom I am about to immortalise for one week or fortnight, as follows \* \* \*<sup>5</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

There's a poem for you, it is rather too long for an Epitaph.

<sup>1</sup> Gray is chiefly anxious to be in the good graces of the surviving cat, whichever it was; and the palm of beauty is commonly given to the tortoise-shell. Hence in the ode the description of the deceased as "demurest of the *tabby* kind." But both this and the line

"Her coat that with the tortoise vies"

are adroitly ambiguous. See this solemn question more fully discussed in Ald. ed. of "Gray's Poems," pp. 182, 183.

<sup>2</sup> "Tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque *furori*  
Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna *dolere*"

says Dido in *Æn.*, iv. 433, 434.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Walpole was about this time elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.—*Mason.*

<sup>4</sup> See some account of the "Gormogons" in Nicholls' "Life of Hogarth," p. 424. There is a print of Hogarth's with the title—"The Mystery of Masonry brought to light by the Gormogons." There is also a poem, by Harry Carey, called "The Moderator between the Free Masons and Gormogons;" see also Pope's "Dunciad," book iv. ver. 576,

[Nor passed the meanest unregarded, one  
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,

where the note—"A sort of lay-brothers, slips from the root of the free-masons."—*Mitford.*

<sup>5</sup> Here followed the "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat" (Aldine "Gray," p. 5 and notes thereon).

LXXV. *To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON—

You ask me, what I would answer in case any one should ask me a certain Question concerning You. In my Conscience, I should say, Yes; & the readier as I have had a Revelation about it: 'twas in a Dream, that told me you had taken a Fancy to one of the four last Letters in the Alphabet. I think it can't be X, nor Z (for I know of no female Zeno, or Xenophon) it may be Y perhaps, but I have somehow a secret partiality for W.<sup>1</sup> am I near it, or no? by this Time I suppose, 'tis almost a done Thing. There is no struggling with Destiny, so I acquiesce. thus far only I should be glad to know with Certainty, whither it be likely [ ] should continue in statu quo, till the Commencement (w<sup>ch</sup> I don't conceive) for o[ur . . .] I should think it rather better for T.<sup>2</sup> to give up his Pretensions with a good Grace, than to wait the pleasure of those dirty Cubs, who will infallibly prefer the first that offers of their own People. but I submit this to your Judgment, who (as you first made him a Competitor) ought to determine at what Time he may most decently withdraw. I have some Uneasiness too on Brown's Account, who has sacrificed all his Interests with so much Frankness, & is still so resolute to do every Thing for us without Reserve, that I should see him with great Concern under the Paw of a fell Visitor, & exposed to the Insolence of that old Rascal, the Master. Tr<sup>pe</sup><sup>3</sup> (if you remember) would engage himself no longer than the end of this Year: 'tis true he has never said anything since, tending that Way; but he is not unlikely to remember it at a proper Time. and as to Sm;<sup>4</sup> he must necessarily be abîmé, in a very short

<sup>1</sup> I do not find recorded the maiden name of the lady who soon after this was Mrs. Wharton.

<sup>2</sup> T erased, i.e. Tuthill.

<sup>3</sup> Trollope.

<sup>4</sup> The person mentioned here is Christopher Smart, the poet (1722-1770). It appears, in Anderson's Life of him, that he was admitted at Pembroke, October 30th, 1739, elected Fellow of Pembroke in 1745, and took his M.A. degree 1747. The comedy to which Gray refers was called "A Trip to Cambridge, or the grateful Fair," which was acted in Pembroke College Hall, the parlour

Time. his Debts daily increase (you remember the State they were in, when you left us) Addison, I know, wrote smartly to him last Week; but it has had no Effect, that signifies. only I observe he takes Hartshorn from Morning to Night lately: in the meantime he is amuseing himself with a Comedy of his own Writeing, w<sup>ch</sup> he makes all the Boys of his Acquaintance act, & intends to borrow the Zodiack Room, & have it performed publickly. our friend Lawman, the mad Attorney, is his Copyist; & truly the Author himself is to the full as mad as he. his Piece (he says) is inimitable, true Sterling Wit, & Humour by God; & he can't hear the Prologue without being ready to die with Laughter. he acts five Parts himself, & is only sorry, he can't do all the rest. he has also advertised a Collection of Odes; & for his Vanity & Faculty of Lyeing, they are come to their full Maturity. all this, you see, must come to a Jayl, or Bedlam,<sup>1</sup> & that without any help, almost without Pity. by the Way, now I talk of a Jayl, please to let me know, when & where you would have me pay my own Debts.

Chapman<sup>2</sup> (I suppose you know) is warm in his of which made the green room. No remains of this play have been found but a few of the songs, and the "Soliloquy of the Princess Periwinkle sola, attended by fourteen maids of great Honour," containing the well-known simile of the Collier, Barber, and the Brickdust man.

["Thus when a barber and a collier fight,  
The barber beats the luckless collier *white*;  
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack  
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber *black*.  
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread  
And beats the collier and the barber *red*;  
Black, red, and white in various clouds are tossed,  
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost."]

—From *Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> It came to both. See further references in Index.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Chapman, Master of Magdalen from 1746 to his death in 1760, author of a "Dissertation on the Roman Senate," 1750; reviewed by Hooke in that year, praised and translated by Larcher, 1765. Became Prebendary of Durham, 1751 (Gray to Wharton, December 18th of that year). In a copy of Hornby's "Remarks on Dugdale's Baronage," which belonged to Mr. Cole, he wrote as follows: "The marginal notes at pp. 107, 108, are by Dr. Chap-

Mastership. soon after his Accession I was to see him:<sup>1</sup> there was a very brilliant (Cambridge) Assembly, Middleton,<sup>2</sup> Rutherford,<sup>3</sup> Heberden,<sup>4</sup> Robinson,<sup>5</sup> Coven-

man, the conceited and overbearing Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge." There is a severe character of him given by Bishop Hurd, in a letter to Warburton, No. cxlii. p. 306. He calls him "a vain and busy man, who had not virtue enough to prefer a long and valuable friendship to the slightest, nay almost to no prospect of interest, on which account I dropped him," etc.—*From Mitford*. See further in Index.

<sup>1</sup> A colloquialism for I went to see him; corresponding to the French usage of *je fus, j'ai été*, e. g. Pascal's "*je fus retrouver mon Janséniste*" ("*Les Provinciales*," 1).

<sup>2</sup> Conyers Middleton was at this time a veteran among the Cambridge dons; he was born in 1683, and had been elected Fellow of Trinity in 1706. His successful litigation with Bentley, who, as Regius Professor of Divinity, attempted in 1717 to exact exorbitant fees from him for the degree of D.D., gave him much academic notoriety; increased by the reputation for heterodoxy which he acquired by his attack on Waterland in 1731. He was further distinguished by a place in the "*Dunciad*," in consequence of the dedication of the "*Life of Cicero*" to Lord Hervey.

"Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power  
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower."

Middleton visited Italy in 1724, and probably Walpole had consulted him with a view to his own travels and studies there (cf. *supra*, p. 115, n. 1). On Walpole's return to England he communicated his acquisitions to Middleton without stint; in acknowledgment of which he was described as "*Juvenis non tam generis nobilitate ac paterni nominis gloriâ, quam ingenio, doctrinâ et virtute propriâ illustris*" ("*Præf. ad Germana quædam Antiq. Monumenta*," p. 6). In 1744 Walpole bought Middleton's collection of antiques.

<sup>3</sup> T. Rutherford of St. John's, who in 1756 was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity. Mason writes to Gray, January 25th, 1759, "I dare not face Rutherford, that saintly butcher, in his purple robes of divinity, and therefore, sorely against good Mr. Brown's gizzard, I have given up my fellowship, and this post carries my civilities to Dr. Long, concerning this great resignation."

"Rutherford was the author of Natural Philosophy and Institutes of Natural Law, and other works. See Index to Nichols's '*Literary Anecdotes*, vol. vii. p. 362."—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> William Heberden was a Fellow of St. John's College. With Dr. Brocklesby he attended Dr. Johnson in his last illness, and

<sup>5</sup> This is not Gray's friend "Billy" Robinson, who was only eighteen years old at this date.



try,<sup>1</sup> & various others. he did the Honours with a great Deal of comical Dignity, assisted by a Bedmaker in greasy Leather Breeches & a Livery, & now he is gone to Town to get Preferment. but what you'll wonder at & what delights me, Coventry is his particular Confident (tho' very disagreeably to himself) he can't open his Door, but he finds the Master there, who comes to set with him at all Hours, & brings his Works with him, for he is writeing a great Book on the Roman Constitution. well, upon the Strength of this I too am grown very great with Coventry, & to say the Truth (bateing his Nose, & another Circumstance, w<sup>ch</sup> is nothing to me) he is the best Sort of Man in this Place. M:<sup>n</sup><sup>2</sup> has publish'd a small Oct:<sup>vo</sup> on the Roman Senate, well enough, but nothing of very great Consequence, & is now gone to

was called by the patient "timidorum timidissimus" for shrinking from incisions. But Johnson had previously dubbed him "ultimus Romanorum"—"the last of our learned physicians;" the type of whom would be in his eyes Sir Thomas Browne; men of classical as well as medical erudition. Heberden's translation of Cicero's Letters to Atticus with Melmoth's of the "Epistolæ ad Diversos" were sometimes printed in the same volume with Middleton's Life of Cicero. Heberden was a generous man; witness his refusing to take a fee from young Eldon, on discovering that he was the writer of a brilliant prize essay at Oxford. Like other physicians he has had a poet's praise:

"Virtuous and faithful Heberden, whose skill  
Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil,  
Gives melancholy up to nature's care,  
And sends the patient into purer air."

COWPER, *Retirement*.

<sup>1</sup> "There is lately come out a new piece, called A Dialogue between Philemon and Hydaspes on false Religion, by one Mr. Coventry, A.M. and fellow, formerly fellow commoner of Magdalen. He is a young man, but 'tis really a pretty thing" (Walpole to George Montagu, from Cambridge, May 30th, 1736). Wright tells us that he was Henry, the son of Henry Coventry, Esq., born 1710, died 1752, and that he wrote four additional dialogues. "When Henry Coventry first came to the University, he was of a religious turn of mind, as was Mr. Horace Walpole; even so much as to go with Ashton, his then great friend, to pray with the prisoners in the Castle. Afterwards both Mr. Coventry and Mr. Walpole took to the infidel side of the question" (Cole, the antiquary).

<sup>2</sup> Middleton. See p. 167, n.

be inducted into a Sine-Cure (not £100 a Year) that S<sup>r</sup> J: Frederick gave him. what's worse, for the sake of this little nasty Thing (I am told) he is determined to suppress a Work,<sup>1</sup> that would have made a great Noise, or publish it all mangled & disfigured, & this when he has (I am assured) near 700£ a-year of his own already, & might live independent, & easy, and speak his mind in the Face of the whole World Clerical and Laical. such a passion have some Men to lick the Dust, & be trampled upon. The Fellow-Commoners (the Bucks) are run mad, they set Women upon their heads in the Streets at [noon-]day, break open Shops, game in the Coffee-houses on Sundays, & in short act after my [ ] heart.

My Works are not so considerable as you imagine. I have read Pausanias and Athenæus all through, & Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar & Lysias: for I take Verse and Prose together, like Bread & Cheese. the Chronology is growing daily. the most noble of my Performances latterly is a Pôme on the uncommon Death of M<sup>r</sup> W:<sup>s</sup> Cat. w<sup>ch</sup> being of a proper Size & Subject for a Gentleman in your Condition to peruse (besides that I flatter myself Miss — will give her Judgement upon it too), I herewith send you. it won't detain you long.<sup>2</sup> Adieu, my dear S<sup>r</sup>, I am ever Yours,

T G:

Cambridge, March, Tuesday Night.

Trollope is in Town still at his Lodgeings, & has been very ill. Brown wrote a Month ago to Hayes & Christoph<sup>n</sup>:<sup>3</sup> but has had no Answer, whether or no, they shall be here at the Commencement. can you tell? Morley is going to be married to a grave & stayed Maiden of 30 Years old with much Pelf, & his own Relation. poor Soul!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I think this must be the "Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers supposed to have subsisted in the Church from the earliest ages," which was published in 1749.

<sup>2</sup> See page 157, note 5.

<sup>3</sup> I take this to stand for Christopherson.

<sup>4</sup> Endorsed by Wharton, "M<sup>r</sup> Gray, March 1747. Ode on the Cat."

LXXVI.—*To Walpole.*

Cambridge 1747.

I had been absent from this place a few days, and at my return found Cibber's book<sup>1</sup> upon my table: I return you my thanks for it, and have already run over a considerable part; for who could resist Mrs. Letitia Pilkington's recommendation?<sup>2</sup> (by the way is there any such gentlewoman? or has somebody put on the style of a scribbling woman's panegyric to deceive and laugh at Colley?) He seems to me full as pert and as dull as usual. There are whole pages of common-place stuff, that for stupidity might have been wrote by Dr. Waterland,<sup>3</sup> or any other grave divine, did not the flirting saucy phrase give them at a distance an air of youth and gaiety. It is very true, he is often in the right with regard to Tully's weaknesses; but was there any one that did not see them? Those, I imagine, that would find a man after God's own heart, are no more likely to trust the Doctor's recommendation than the Player's;<sup>4</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> "The Character and Conduct of Cicero, Considered from the history of his Life, by the Rev. Dr. Middleton, by Colley Cibber, Servant to his Majesty." London, 1747.

<sup>2</sup> This adventuress says in her "Memoirs" (iii. 82, ed. 1754): "Mr. Cibber was writing the Character and Conduct of Cicero consider'd: and did me the Honour to read it to me: I was infinitely pleased to find, by the many lively Sallies of Wit in it, that the good Gentleman's Spirits were undepress'd with years. This gave me an opportunity of writing a poem to him," etc. These commendatory verses were separate from the book itself, as appears, *ibid.*, where the "editor" says that, on applying to Cibber for a copy, he found he had given them all away.

<sup>3</sup> Daniel Waterland had died in 1740. He was Master of Magdalene, Cambridge, Vicar of Twickenham, and Archdeacon of Middlesex. His reputation as an orthodox divine is still very great; it rests mainly on his works in defence of the doctrine of the Trinity, and concerning the Eucharist. Gray and Walpole would naturally disparage him, they were partizans of Middleton, whose controversy with Waterland arose out of Tindal's once famous "Christianity as old as the creation." See p. 160, n. 2.

<sup>4</sup> "Is it not observable that, in our Holy History, *David*, the very Man after God's own Heart, has not the least Veil thrown over his Sins or Frailties, but that they are as copiously laid open

as to Reason and Truth, would they know their own faces, do you think, if they looked in the glass, and saw themselves so bedizened in tattered fringe and tarnished lace, in French jewels, and dirty furbelows, the frippery of a stroller's wardrobe?

Literature, to take it in its most comprehensive sense, and include everything that requires invention or judgment, or barely application and industry, seems indeed drawing apace to its dissolution, and remarkably since the beginning of the war. I remember to have read Mr. Spence's pretty book;<sup>1</sup> though (as he then had not been at Rome for the last time) it must have increased greatly since that in bulk. If you ask me what I read, I protest I do not recollect one syllable; but only in general, that they were the best bred sort of men in the world, just the kind of *frinds* one would wish to meet in a fine summer's evening, if one wished to meet any at all. The heads and tails of the dialogues, published separate in 16mo, would make the sweetest reading in *natiur* for young gentlemen of family and fortune, that are learning to dance. I rejoice to hear there is such a crowd of dramatical performances coming upon the stage. *Agrippina* can stay very well, she thanks you, and be damned at leisure: I hope in God you have not mentioned, or shewed to anybody that scene (for trusting in its badness, I forgot to caution you concerning it); but I heard the other day, that I was writing a Play, and was told the name of it, which nobody here could know, I am sure. The employment you propose to me much better suits my inclination; but I much fear our joint-stock would hardly compose a small volume; what I

as his Piety and Virtues? Yet neither the Dignity, the Truth, or the Instruction of that sacred Example, suffer the least Diminution from the unreserved Impartiality of the Narration. Inasmuch, then, as the Holy Hero," etc., etc.—*Cibber*, u. s. p. 278.

<sup>1</sup> It is clear, from the next letter, that Gray had seen the "Polymetis" in manuscript. His acquaintance with Spence may have begun just before the quarrel with Walpole at Reggio. The title of Spence's book, as published in 1747, is, in full, "Polymetis, or an Enquiry concerning the agreement between the works of the Roman Poets and the Remains of the Antient Artists, being an attempt to illustrate them mutually from one another." The work is much discussed in Lessing's "Laocoon."

have is less considerable than you would imagine, and of that little we should not be willing to publish all.<sup>1</sup> . . .

This is all I can anywhere find. You, I imagine, may have a good deal more. I should not care how unwise the ordinary run of Readers might think my affection for him, provided those few, that ever loved anybody, or judged of anything rightly, might, from such little remains, be moved to consider what he would have been; and to wish that heaven had granted him a longer life and a mind more at ease.

I send you a few lines, though Latin, which you do not like, for the sake of the subject; <sup>2</sup> it makes part of a large design, and is the beginning of the fourth book, which was intended to treat of the passions. Excuse the first three verses; you know vanity, with the Romans, is a poetical licence.

### LXXVII.—*To Walpole.*

Cambridge 1747.

I have abundance of thanks to return you for the entertainment Mr. Spence's book has given me, which I have almost run over already; and I much fear (see what it is to make a figure) the breadth of the margin, and the neatness of the prints, which are better done than one could expect, have prevailed upon me to like it far better than I did in manuscript; for I think it is not the very genteel deportment of Polymetis, nor the lively wit of Mysagetes, that have at all corrupted me.

There is one fundamental fault, from whence most of the little faults throughout the whole arise. He professes to

<sup>1</sup> What is here omitted was a short catalogue of Mr. West's Poetry then in Mr. Gray's hands; the reader has seen as much of it in the three foregoing sections as I am persuaded his friend would have published, had he prosecuted the task which Mr. Walpole recommended to him, that of printing his own and Mr. West's poems in the same volume; and which we also perceive from this letter, he was not averse from doing.—*Mason*. The "Remains of West," as far as they can be found, have been published in "Gray and his Friends."

<sup>2</sup> The admirable apostrophe to Mr. West, with which the fragment of the 4th Book "De Principiis Cogitandi" opens.—*Mit*.



neglect the Greek writers, who could have given him more instruction on the very heads he professes to treat, than all the others put together ; who does not know, that upon the Latin, the Sabine and Hetruscan mythology (which probably might themselves, at a remoter period of time, owe their origin to Greece too) the Romans ingrafted almost the whole religion of Greece to make what is called their own? It would be hard to find any one circumstance that is properly of their invention. In the ruder days of the republic, the picturesque part of their religion (which is the province he has chose, and would be thought to confine himself to) was probably borrowed entirely from the Tuscans, who, as a wealthy and trading people, may be well supposed, and indeed are known, to have had the arts flourishing in a considerable degree among them. What could inform him here, but Dio. Halicarnassus (who expressly treats of those times with great curiosity and industry) and the remains of the first Roman writers? The former he has neglected as a Greek ; and the latter, he says, were but little acquainted with the arts, and consequently are but of small authority. In the better ages, when every temple and public building in Rome was peopled with imported deities and heroes, and when all the artists of reputation they made use of were Greeks, what wonder, if their eyes grew familiarised to Grecian forms and habits (especially in a matter of this kind, where so much depends upon the imagination) ; and if those figures introduced with them a belief of such fables, as first gave them being, and dressed them out in their various attributes, it was natural then, and (I should think) necessary, to go to the source itself, the Greek accounts of their own religion ; but to say the truth, I suspect he was a little conversant in those books and that language ; for he rarely quotes any but Lucian, an author that falls in everybody's way, and who lived at the very extremity of that period he has set to his enquiries, later than any of the poets he has meddled with, and for that reason ought to have been regarded as but an indifferent authority ; especially being a Syrian too. His book (as he says himself) is, I think, rather a beginning than a perfect work ; but a beginning at the wrong end : for if anybody should finish it by

enquiring into the Greek mythology, as he proposes, it will be necessary to read it backward.

There are several little neglects, that one might have told him of, which I noted in reading it hastily; as page 311, a discourse about orange-trees, occasioned by Virgil's "inter odoratum lauri nemus," where he fancies the Roman *Laurus* to be our Laurel; though undoubtedly the bay-tree, which is *odoratum*, and (I believe) still called *Lauro*, or *Alloro*, at Rome; and that the "*Malum Medicum*" in the Georgick is the orange;<sup>1</sup> though Theophrastus, whence Virgil borrowed it, or even Pliny, whom he himself quotes, might convince him it is the cedrato which he has often tasted at Florence. Page 144 is an account of Domenichino's Cardinal Virtues, and a fling at the Jesuits, neither of which belong to them. The painting is in a church of the Barnabiti, dedicated to St. Carlo Borromeo, whose motto is *HUMILITAS*. Page 151, in a note, he says, the old Romans did not regard Fortune as a Deity; tho' Servius Tullius (whom she was said to be in love with; nay, there was actually an affair between them) founded her temple in Foro Boario. By the way, her worship was Greek, and this king was educated in the family of Tarquinius Priscus, whose father was a Corinthian; so it is easy to conceive how early the religion of Rome might be mixed with that of Greece, etc. etc.

Dr. Middleton has sent me to-day a book on the Roman Senate,<sup>2</sup> the substance of a dispute between Lord Hervey and him, though it never interrupted *their* friendship,<sup>3</sup> he says, and I dare say not.

<sup>1</sup> The laurel was imported into Europe by the botanist Clusius, about the year 1590, from Trebizond. The orange was certainly unknown to Virgil, having been brought from Ispahan at a much later period.—*Dr. Whitaker*, MS. note quoted by Mitford.

<sup>2</sup> "A Treatise on the Roman Senate. In two parts. The first part contains the substance of several letters formerly written to the late Lord Hervey concerning the manner of electing senators. . . . The second part, which is now added," etc., etc. London, 1747. 8vo. See p. 161.

<sup>3</sup> This allusion to his quarrel with Walpole seems to me quite incompatible with the sinister story told by Mr. Isaac Reed, as to the ground of offence.

LXXVIII.—*To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I perceive, that mine<sup>1</sup> did not reach you, till the day after you had wrote your little Letter. if you have time to give the Gentleman (before he goes to Town) my Note endorsed by You, or will send it to your Brother, the Money shall be paid in Town at the Day you mention. The rest of my Questions are all sufficiently answer'd by the News you tell me (not but that I knew it before) what can one say to a Person in such Circumstances? I need not say, how much Happiness I wish you: if that be the Way to it, I rejoice to see you with your Boots on. it would be cruel to detain you long at present; when you have any Leisure, I hope you will let me a little more into the Matter. The Old Maids give you heartily Joy, & hug themselves in their Virginity. Carlyon is in your Room, & I can't well go, & strip him: I reckon he will not remain long here. Adieu, & think me

Yours ever

T G

March 26. Camb<sup>ge</sup>:LXXIX. *To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I highly approve of your travelling Nuptials, and only wonder you don't set forth on Easter-Day, rather than stay to be dish'd up there, & put to bed by a whole heap of prurient Relations. I don't conceive what one can do with such People, but run away from them. my very Letter blushes to think it must speak with you at a Time, when there is but one Person you can properly have any Thing to say to.

However, tho' I have not the Pleasure of knowing M<sup>r</sup> Wilkinson,<sup>2</sup> my new Relation, much less of knowing how

<sup>1</sup> Letter lxxv., *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> From this and from the hints at the beginning of letter lxxv. *supra*, we may conjecture that Mrs. Wharton's maiden name was Wilkinson. Gray regards Wharton as a brother.

good a Charioteer he is : yet I will readily trust him with my Neck to carry to Stilton, or where he pleases. if I arrive there in a shattered condition, I hope the Lady you belong to will receive me the more graciously, as a Person, that had an Ambition to break a Limb or two in her Service. But you must desire him (as you say) to invite me.

You shall receive the Money as soon as you get to town. My Aunt has it in her Hands : when I see you, I shall learn your Direction, and she shall come & pay it. I won't trouble you with long Letters at present.—Adieu I am sincerely Yours

T G:

P : S: My Compliments !

[Endorsed by Wharton March or April, 1747, and addressed to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Durham by Caxton Bag.<sup>1</sup>]

#### LXXX. To Wharton.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I rejoice to hear you are safe arrived, tho' drawn by *four wild Horses*, like people one reads of in the Book of Martyrs. yet I cannot chuse but lament your Condition, so cooped up in the Elvet-House with Spirits & Hobgoblins about you, & pleasure at one Entrance quite shut out ; you must so much the more set open all the other Avenues to admit it, open your Folio's, open your De L'Isle, & take a Prospect of that World, w<sup>ch</sup> the cruel Architect has hid from your corporeal Eyes, & confined 'em to the narrow Contemplation of your own Backside,<sup>2</sup> & Kitchen Garden. Mr Keene has been here, but is now gone to Town for a little While, & returns to pass the Winter with us. we are tolerably gracious, & he speaks mighty well of you : but when I look upon his Countenance & his Ways, I can never

<sup>1</sup> "North-Post by Caxton sets out every Night at *Ten*, except *Sunday*, and returns every Forenoon, except *Sunday*." "*Cantabrigia Depicta*," 1763, p. 112.

<sup>2</sup> The old name for the back part of farm-houses where the kitchen and yards were.—*Mitford*.

think of bestowing . . . .<sup>1</sup> upon him (tho' it were never so advantageous, & they both had a Mind to it) and so I have said nothing to either of them. I found, he had no Hopes of your Petition; and believe you are right in thinking no farther of it. your mention of M<sup>r</sup> Vane, reminds me of poor Smart (not that I, or any other Mortal, pity him) about three Weeks ago he was arrested here at the Suit of a Taylor in London for a Debt of about 50£ of three Years standing. the College had about 28£ due to him in their Hands, the rest (to hinder him from going to the Castle,<sup>2</sup> for he could not raise a shilling) Brown, May, & Peele, lent him upon his Note. upon this he remained confined to his Room, lest his Creditors here should snap him; & the Fellows went round to make out a List of his Debts, w<sup>ch</sup> amount in Cambridge to above 350£. that they might come the readier to some Composition, he was advised to go off in the night, and lie hid somewhere or other. he has done so, & this has made the Creditors agree to an Assignment of 50£ per ann: out of his Income, w<sup>ch</sup> is above 140£, if he lives at Cambridge (not else). but I am apprehensive, if this come to the Ears of M<sup>r</sup> Vane<sup>3</sup> he may take away the 40£ hitherto allowed him by the Duke of Cleveland; <sup>4</sup> for before all this (last Summer) I know they

<sup>1</sup> These words may be "my poor Tuthill," as Mitford and Mr. Gosse print, with no notice of obliteration; but they are for me quite obliterated in the MS. I imagine that Mitford could either read, or conjectured—with great probability—the words effaced. For "Tuthill," see p. 130, n.

<sup>2</sup> "The Castle of which there are now but few Remains, except the gateway, *which serves for the County Gaol*," "Cantabrigia Depicta," 1763, p. 7.

<sup>3</sup> The "Harry Vane," afterwards Earl of Darlington, whom Walpole in 1742 described as "Pulteney's toad-eater." He was the eldest son of Gilbert, second Lord Barnard; hence, as will appear in the next note, his connection with Smart's affairs.

<sup>4</sup> Smart's father was steward to Lord Barnard, but died when his boy was eleven years old. Lord Barnard helped the lad, and procured him the allowance spoken of in the text. In 1753 Smart married Miss Carnan, the stepdaughter of Newbery, the bookseller, for whom he did hackwork. His "Song to David" was scratched, it is said, in part with a key upon the wainscot of his cell in a mad-house; and he died (1770) in the King's Bench prison, when he was indebted for a few comforts to a subscription which Dr. Burney headed for him. Johnson wrote for Smart, while he was mad, for



talked of doing so, as Mr Smart (they said) was settled in the World. If you found an Opportunity, possibly you might hinder this (w<sup>ch</sup> would totally ruin him now) by representing his Absurdity in the best Light it will bear: but at the same Time they should make this a Condition of its Continuance; that he live in the College, soberly, & within Bounds, for that upon any Information to the contrary it shall be absolutely stop'd. This would be doing him a real Service, tho' against the Grain: yet I must own, if you heard all his Lies, Impertinence, & Ingratitude in this Affair, it would perhaps quite set you against him, as it has his only friend (Mr Addison) totally. & yet one would try to save him, for Drunkenness is one great Source of all this, & he may change it. I would not tell this matter in the North,<sup>1</sup> were I you, till I found it was known by other Means. we have had an Opinion from the Attor<sup>ny</sup>: General<sup>2</sup> in a manner directly contrary to the former. he does not seem to have been clear then; so that he may possibly not be so now. The King's-Bench (he says) can take no Cognisance of it; the Visitor must do all, & he is the Vice-Chancellor by K: James's Charter, w<sup>ch</sup> is good. this is sad indeed, & the Fellows, before they acquiesce in it, seem desirous of consulting Dr Lee,<sup>3</sup> who is well acquainted with College-Matters.

the "Universal Visitor," but ceased to do so when he found that the bookseller (Gardner) had bound Smart by a contract for ninety-nine years, and for a miserable pittance, to write nothing else. He was of opinion that Smart's madness was harmless: it consisted mainly in kneeling down and praying in the streets, and in asking others to pray with him; and, said Johnson, "I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as anyone else." Smart's "Song to David" is a work of genius, not without a touch of madness; it could not possibly have been appreciated in the age in which it was written. Johnson, being ironically asked whether he reckoned Derrick or Smart the better poet, replied, "Sir, there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea."

<sup>1</sup> Raby Castle, where "Harry Vane" lived, was in the county of Durham, and at no great distance from Dr. Wharton's residence. (See "Gray's Poems," Ald. ed. p. 96.) Hence Gray's caution.

<sup>2</sup> See letters lxvi. and lxvii. *supra*, and notes there.

<sup>3</sup> No doubt the George Lee, "the civilian, brother to the Lord Chief Justice, who was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty in 1742, but resigned the place on the fall of his patron Lord Granville. He was afterwards designed by the Prince of Wales

Have you seen Lyttelton's Monody<sup>1</sup> on his Wife's Death? there are Parts of it too stiff & poetical; but others truly tender & elegiac, as one would wish. Dodsley is publishing three Miscellaneous Volumes; some new, many that have been already printed. Lyttelton, Nugent,<sup>2</sup>

for his first Minister, and immediately on the Prince's death was appointed Treasurer to the Princess Dowager, and soon after made Dean of the Arches, a Knight, and Privy Councillor. He died in 1758."—*Walpole*.

<sup>1</sup> At this time Mr. George Lyttelton. "He married, 1741, Miss Lucy Fortescue, of Devonshire, by whom he had a son, the late Lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, and with whom he appears to have lived in the highest degree of connubial felicity: but human pleasures are short; she died in child-bed about five years afterwards, and he solaced his grief by writing a long poem to her memory. . . . After a while he was content to seek happiness again by a second marriage with the daughter of Sir Robert Rich; but the experiment was unsuccessful."—*Johnson*, in "Lives of the Poets." There is a deliberate oddity in the complaint that parts of Lyttelton's poem are "too poetical;" but whatever Gray's practice may have been, his preference was for simplicity, the classic "sister meek of Truth," to whom Collins addressed an ode. Readers of to-day would probably find the tenderness of Lyttelton's Monody too obvious. He will be remembered as a poet by the two lines of his really best piece, the prologue to the "Coriolanus" of Thomson (who was just then dead), which much affected Quin, who spoke them, and some of the audience:

"He loved his friends!—forgive the gushing tear,  
Alas! I feel I am no actor here."

And also by his description of the same poet inserted in the "Castle of Indolence":

"A bard there dwelt, more fat than bard beseems," etc.

The liberties he took with Thomson's poems generally are a less creditable title to fame. See further in Index.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Nugent, an Irish adventurer who turned Protestant, wrote poetry, and became a statesman. He first, however, became rich by marrying a wealthy widow, Mrs. Newsham, the daughter of Craggs, and enabled Walpole to invent the verb to *Nugentize*, for exploits of this kind. Walpole in 1748 visited him at his seat at Gosfield in Essex, and whilst complaining that he repeated to him an "ode of ten thousand stanzas," and read him a whole tragedy, speaks in praise of "his glorious ode on religion and liberty," which appears to have been the "Ode to William Pulteney, Esq.," from which Gibbon quoted with approval. Though an indifferent speaker in Parliament, he became a Lord of the Treasury (1756), and was afterwards created Viscount Clare and Earl Nugent in the peerage of Ireland. He was the patron of

and G: West<sup>1</sup> have given him several Things of theirs. M<sup>r</sup> W: has given him three Odes of mine<sup>2</sup> (w<sup>ch</sup> you have seen before) & one of M<sup>r</sup> West's<sup>3</sup> (my friend who is dead) w<sup>ch</sup> in spite of the Subject is excellent: it is on the late Queen's Death. there is a M<sup>r</sup> Archibald Bower,<sup>4</sup>

Goldsmith, in fact the peer to whom was addressed "The Haunch of Venison." He died in 1788. Walpole abounds in anecdotes about him, seldom to his credit.

<sup>1</sup> Gilbert West (1704-1756), translator, as his father had been editor, of Pindar. He was the friend of Lyttelton; and to West's "Observations on the Resurrection" we owe Lyttelton's "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul."

<sup>2</sup> These were the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," the "Ode on the Spring," and that on the "Death of Walpole's Cat." Richard West's Monody followed these in the same volume.

<sup>3</sup> "A Monody on the Death of Queen Caroline," given in full in "Gray and His Friends," pp. 110-114. I there conjecture that it was written in December, 1737. Its only interest, perhaps, is that it obviously suggested a great deal to Gray's retentive and imitative mind. The stanza of the elegy

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," etc.,

is but an improvement on,

"Ah me! what boots us all our boasted power,  
Our golden treasure, and our purpled state?  
They cannot ward th' inevitable hour,  
Nor stay the fearful violence of Fate."

And weak as the last lines of the Monody are, it was probably from them that Gray caught his characteristic manner of bringing the poet's personality out of the background at the end of the poem, as in "Spring" and the "Progress of Poesy," as well as in the Elegy. West's "Muse, as yet unheeded and unknown," was not altogether out of Gray's mind when he wrote *his* youth's "Epitaph." Even that last and tardy effort of Gray's Muse, the "Installation Ode," has a reminiscence of West's Monody in the personified Gratitude, though his friend's immature genius has not misled Gray into describing her as "*descending* from the skies."

<sup>4</sup> This man died in 1766. The second volume of his "History of the Popes" appeared in 1750. Both Walpole and Gray seem to have accepted his account of himself; Walpole to Mann (May 19th, 1750), while in sympathy with Bower's aims, is shocked with his breach of trust in "running away with the materials that were trusted to him to write for the papacy, and making use of them to write against it." In 1756 Sir Harry Bedingfield, a Roman Catholic of Norfolk, claimed to have letters of Bower's addressed to a Jesuit priest, professing contrition for his apostacy, and referring to discreditable circumstances in his life. Sir George (afterwards Lord)

a Scotchman bred in Italy, Professour in three Universities there, & of the Inquisition. he was employed by the Court of Rome to write a History of the Popes. as he searched into the Materials, his Eyes were open'd: he came to England, has changed his religion, & continues his Work in our language under the Patronage of Mr Pitt, the Yorks, &c. the Preface is come out with the Proposals, & promises exceeding well. doubtless there is no part of History more curious, if it be well perform'd.

My best wishes wait upon Mrs. Wharton, and My Compliments to Miss Wharton, & to King Harry the 8<sup>th</sup>—Brown will write; . . . <sup>1</sup> Adieu, I am ever yours,

T. G.

Nov: 30 . . Cambridge [1747 <sup>2</sup>].

P: S: I said something to Stenhewer,<sup>3</sup> who (I believe) will do what he can. he is now in London.

Lyttelton a patron of Bower, was much concerned about these letters, the genuineness of which Bower denied. Walpole sided with Bower, and persuaded Lyttelton to announce to Bedingfield that a reward was about to be offered for discovery of the forgery. This, according to Walpole, checked the progress of what *he* regarded as a calumny. At the back of Bedingfield, according to the same authority, were "Hooke, the Roman historian, a convert to Popery, and who governs my Lord Bath and that family," and a "clergyman," who was, according to Lord Dover, Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, an intimate friend of Lord Bath. Douglas "had detected several errors in Bower's lives of the Popes" (he was in fact a great detector of "errors"; "the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks," as Goldsmith calls him in "Retaliation," adding, that, on his imaginary decease:

"New Lauders and *Bowers* the Tweed shall cross over,  
No countryman living their tricks to discover;"

for Douglas exposed the forgeries of Lauder, which deceived Johnson; he also in 1762 helped to explode the "Cock Lane Ghost").

<sup>1</sup> Mitford appears to have deciphered here, under the obliteration, the words "he's the . . . little man, and always. . . ." I could decipher nothing. There is no mutilation of the paper.

<sup>2</sup> Wharton's endorsement.

<sup>3</sup> "Mr. Stenhewer, son of Dr. Stenhewer, of Houghton, was [afterwards] Secretary to the Duke of Grafton, in conjunction with Mr. Bradshaw. 'He was,' says Horace Walpole, 'a modest man, of perfect integrity, invariably attached to Lord Grafton from his childhood.' See 'Memoir of George III.' vol. iv. p. 66. He

LXXXI. *To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

Tho' I have been silent so long ; do not imagine, I am at all less sensible to your Kindness, w<sup>ch</sup> (to say the Truth) is of a Sort, that however obvious & natural it may seem, has never once occur'd to any of my good Friends in Town, where I have been these seven Weeks. their Methods of Consolation were indeed very extraordinary : they were all so sorry for my Loss,<sup>1</sup> that I could not chuse but laugh. one offered me Opera-Tickets insisted upon carrying me to the Grand Masquerade, desired me to sit for my Picture. others asked me to their Concerts, or Dinners & Suppers at their Houses ; or hoped, I would drink Chocolate with them, while I stayed in Town. all my Gratitude (or if you please, my Revenge), was to accept of every Thing they offer'd me : if it had been but a Shilling, I would have taken it. thank Heaven, I was in good Spirits ; else I could not have done it. I profited all I was able of their Civilities, and am returned into the Country loaded with their Bontés & Politesses, but richer still in my own Reflexions, w<sup>ch</sup> I owe in great Measure to them too. suffer a great master<sup>2</sup> to tell them you for me in a better Manner.

“ Aux sentimens de la Nature,  
Aux plaisirs de la Vérité,  
Préférant le goût frelaté  
Des plaisirs qu'a fait<sup>3</sup> l'imposture  
Ou qu'invente la vanité ;  
Voudrois-je partager ma vie  
Entre les jeux de la folie,

appears to have taken a high degree in 1749-50, by the Cambridge Calendar as late Fellow of St. Peter's, and after of Trinity College. [He was 8th Wrangler.] He held for a considerable time the post of Commissioner of Excise, and lived in Curzon Street, in a house nearly opposite to the chapel. It was through his interest with the Duke of Grafton that Gray obtained the Professorship of Modern History.”—*From Mitford*. See verses in letter to Mason of Jan. 8th, 1768, and notes there.

<sup>1</sup> The destruction of his house, in Cornhill, by fire.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Gresset (*vide infra*). The quotation is from “*La Chartreuse*,” lines 453 *seq.*

<sup>3</sup> “*que fait*” (Gresset). But Mitford has correctly given what Gray writes here.



Et l'ennui de l'oisiveté,  
Et trouver la melancolie,  
Dans le sein de la volupté?" &c :

your Friendship has interested itself in my Affairs so naturally, that I cannot help troubling you with a little Detail of them. the House I lost was insured for 500£, & with the Deduction of 3 per c<sup>t</sup> they paid me 485£, with w<sup>ch</sup> I bought, when Stocks were lower, 525£. The Rebuilding will cost 590£, & other Expences, that necessarily attend it, will mount that Summ to 650. I have an Aunt that gives me 100£; & another that I hope will lend me what I shall want: but if (contrary to my Expectation) I should be forced to have recourse to your Assistance: it cannot be for above 50£; & that, about Xmas next when the Thing is to be finished. and now, my dear Wharton, why must I tell you a Thing so contrary to my own Wishes, & to yours, I believe? It is impossible for me to see you in the North, or to enjoy any of those agreeable Hours I had flatter'd myself with. I must be in Town several Times dureing the Summer; in August particularly, when half the Money is to be paid: the Relation, that used to do Things for me, is from Illness now quite incapable; & the good People here would think me the most careless & ruinous of Mortals, if I should think of such a Journey at this Time. the only Satisfaction I can pretend to, is that of hearing from you; & particularly about this Time, I was bid to expect good news.

Your Opinion of Diodorus<sup>1</sup> is doubtless right; but there are Things in him very curious, got out of better Authors, now lost. do you remember the Egyptian History, & particularly the account of the Gold-Mines? My own Readings have been cruelly interrupted. what I have been highly pleased with is the new Comedy from Paris, by Gresset;<sup>2</sup> *Le Mechant*,<sup>3</sup> one of the very best Drama's I

<sup>1</sup> On September 11th, 1746, we find Gray recommending for the Pembroke Library the "last new edition of Diodorus Siculus," in two vols. folio. This was, doubtless, Wesseling's (1746, Amsterdam). The passage of Diodorus to which Gray refers is Lib. iii., cap. 12, *sq.*

<sup>2</sup> Gresset was at this time thirty-eight years old, having been born at Amiens 1709. He was educated under the Jesuits, and at the College of Louis le Grand at Paris.

<sup>3</sup> "*Le Méchant*" appeared in 1747. A. W. Schlegel professes aver-

ever met with. if you have it not, buy his Works altogether in two little Volumes. They are collected by the Dutch Booksellers, and consequently there is some Trash; but then there are the *Ver-vert*,<sup>1</sup> the epistle to P: Bougeant, the *Chartreuse* that to his sister,<sup>2</sup> an ode on his

sion to the picture of unredeemed moral deformity exhibited in this character. Le Méchant, be it noted, is not a *Tartuffe*; he openly professes a fashionable cynicism; he is indeed a plotter, but he delights in detraction, even when detraction can be of no service to him. The real evil at which the play was aimed is well described by Gresset's contemporary, Montesquieu; it was "*ce commerce de galanterie que produit l'oisiveté; qui fait que les femmes corrompent avant même d'être corrompues, qui donne un prix à tous les riens, et rabaisse ce qui est important, et qui fait que l'on ne se conduit plus que sur les maximes du ridicule que les femmes entendent si bien à établir*" ("*Esprit des Lois*," L. vii. c. viii.).

<sup>1</sup> The history of a parrot in the convent of the Visitandines at Nevers, whose fame for piety was so great, that the sisterhood at Nantes begged he might pay them a visit. The bird picked up much profanity on the journey, and was sent back in disgrace, put to penance, and on his reformation was so petted that he died of a surfeit of comfits. "*Ver-vert*" was written when Gresset was twenty-four or twenty-five. So also were the "*Epître au P. Bougeant*" (see p. 28 n.), and the "*Chartreuse*," which describes with much digression what Gresset calls

"la lucarne infortunée  
Où la bizarre destinée  
Vient de m'enterrer à Paris,"

his cell in the College of Louis le Grand (he had returned, probably as a teacher, to the place of his education). He was never admitted to the priesthood, but he broke with his order without any bitterness; on the contrary, in his "*Adieux aux Jésuites*," a lofty and generous tribute to his religious instructors, he anticipates the tone of Renan in his "*Souvenirs*."

<sup>2</sup> "*Epître à ma sœur sur ma convalescence*." It is to this poem that we owe Gray's fragmentary "*Ode on the Pleasures arising from Vicissitude*." The theme was given to Gray by the remark of Gresset,

"Tout s'émousse dans l'habitude;"

and the best known lines in Gray's poem are derived from the more prosaic words of Gresset,

"Les plus simples objets, le chant d'une Fauvette,  
Le matin d'un beau jour, la verdure des bois,  
La fraîcheur d'une violette,  
Mille spectacles, qu'autrefois  
On voyoit avec nonchalance  
Transportent aujourd'hui," etc.

Country,<sup>1</sup> and another on Mediocrity; and the Sidnei,<sup>2</sup> another Comedy, w<sup>ch</sup> have great Beauties. there is a Poem by Thomson, the Castle of Indolence,<sup>3</sup> with some good Stanzas. Mr. Mason is my Acquaintance: I liked that Ode<sup>4</sup> very much, but have found no one else, that did. he has much Fancy, little Judgement, & a good deal of Modesty. I take him for a good & well-meaning Creature; but then he is really in *Simplicity a Child*,<sup>5</sup> & loves everybody he meets with: he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, & that with a design to make his fortune by it. there is now, I think, no hopes of the Pembroke business coming to anything. My poor Tuthill will be in a Manner destitute (even of a Curacy) at Midsummer. I need not bid you think of him, if any probable Means offer of doing him Good: I fear, he was not made to think much for

<sup>1</sup> "Ode sur l'amour de la Patrie."

<sup>2</sup> Was represented for the first time in 1745 (May 3rd). It is a comedy against suicide. Lessing's criticism on it is worth epitomizing: "Such a comedy could scarcely succeed in Paris; the French said it was better suited to London. But Sidney," says Lessing, "does not set to work at once, as an Englishman would, he philosophizes too much; and to be taken in by a French domestic" (Sidney is saved from suicide by a device of his servant) "would be reckoned by many a disgrace which merited hanging." When Sidney discovers that he is safe, he turns to each character in order of precedence before he thanks the faithful Dumont; "a sacrifice of gratitude to *Politesse*," says Lessing.

<sup>3</sup> This appeared in May, 1748.

<sup>4</sup> "Ode to a Water Nymph," published about this time in "Dodsley's Miscellany." On reading what follows, many readers, I suspect, will think me as simple as ever, in forbearing to expunge the paragraph. But as I publish Mr. Gray's sentiments of authors, as well living as dead, without reserve, I should do them injustice if I was more scrupulous with respect to myself. My friends, I am sure, will be much amused with this and another passage hereafter of a like sort. My enemies, if they please, may sneer at it; and say (which they will very truly) that twenty-five years have made a very considerable abatement in my general philanthropy. Men of the world will not blame me for writing from so prudent a motive, as that of making my fortune by it; and yet the truth, I believe, at the time was, that I was perfectly well satisfied if my publications furnished me with a few guineas to see a play or an opera.—*Mason*.

<sup>5</sup> From Pope on Gay,

"In wit a man; simplicity, a child."

himself. pray, let me hear from you soon. I am at M<sup>rs</sup> Rogers's of Stoke near Windsor, Bucks.

my thanks, and best compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton, & your Family. does that Name include *anybody*, that I am not yet acquainted with? Adieu, I am ever

Truly Yours

T GRAY.

June. 5. 1748.

## LXXXII. *To Walpole.*

Cambridge, December, Monday [1746<sup>1</sup>].

This comes du fond de ma cellule to salute Mr. H. W. not so much him that visits and votes, and goes to White's and to Court, as the H. W. in his rural capacity, snug in his tub on Windsor-hill, and brooding over folios of his own creation: him that can slip away, like a pregnant beauty (but a little oftener), into the country, be brought to bed perhaps of twins, and whisk to town again the week after, with a face as if nothing had happened. Among the little folks, my godsons and daughters, I cannot choose but enquire more particularly after the health of one; I mean (without a figure) the *Memoires*.<sup>2</sup> Do they grow? Do they unite, and hold up their heads, and dress them-

<sup>1</sup> This letter, the date of which is ascertained from internal evidence, was put out of its place by Mitford; I did not notice this until it was too late to correct the error entirely. It was written, probably, before the letter to Wharton of December 27th, 1746, certainly before that to Walpole of January, 1747, as will be seen by the reference to Agrippina.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole, in "Short Notes of My Life," speaking of the year 1751, says: "About this time I began to write my memoirs." It was probably this that led editors of Walpole and Gray to place this letter among those of 1751. But it is quite clear that Walpole had formed the intention of making a contemporary record at an earlier date; and that the title "*Memoires of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.*," only gives us 1751 as the year in which this task was seriously taken in hand. From the notes of political and social gossip, given in "Gray and his Friends," pp. 277-288, and in great part derived from Walpole's conversation, it appears that Gray would be likely to encourage Walpole to such an undertaking.

selves? Do they begin to think of making their appearance in the world, that is to say, fifty years hence, to make posterity stare, and all good people cross themselves? Has Asheton (who will then be Lord Bishop of Killaloe, and is to publish them) thought of an *aviso all' lettore* to prefix to them yet, importing, that if the words church, king, religion, ministry, etc., be found often repeated in this book, they are not to be taken literally, but poetically, and as may be most strictly reconcileable to the faith then established;—that he knew the author well when he was a young man; and can testify upon the honour of his function, that he said his prayers regularly and devoutly, had a profound reverence for the clergy, and firmly believed everything that was the fashion in those days?

When you have done impeaching my Lord Lovat,<sup>1</sup> I hope to hear *de vos nouvelles*, and moreover, whether you have got Colonel Conway<sup>2</sup> yet? Whether Sir C. Williams<sup>3</sup> is to go to Berlin? What sort of a Prince Mitridate<sup>4</sup> may

<sup>1</sup> See p. 134, n. 3. "Old Lovat has been brought to the bar of the House of Lords; he is far from having those abilities for which he has been so cried up. He saw Mr. Pelham at a distance, and called to him and asked him if it was worth while to make all this fuss to take off a grey head fourscore years old. . . . He is to put in his answer the 13th of January" (Walpole to Mann, Christmas Day, 1746); Walpole gives an account of Lovat's execution to the same, April 10th, 1747.

<sup>2</sup> Vide p. 24, n. 1, *supra*. Conway commanded a regiment at Culloden, but remained in Scotland for some time, partly on duty, partly, I imagine, paying attentions to the lady whom he afterwards married (see Walpole to Conway, October 24th, 1746). This was Caroline Campbell (daughter of the famous Mary Bellen-den), just left a widow by the Earl of Aylesbury.

<sup>3</sup> "Sir Charles Williams, who has resigned the Paymastership of the Marines, is talked of for going to Berlin, but it is not yet done" (Walpole to Mann, December 5th, 1746). On December 25th Walpole writes to Mann: "Sir Charles Williams has kissed hands, and sets out for Dresden in a month." It seems that Sir C. Hanbury Williams did not go to Berlin until 1750 (see Carlyle, "Frederick the Great," bk. xvi. c. v.). His portrait was placed by Walpole next to Gray's in "the bow-window room over the supper-parlour" at Strawberry Hill, his poem, "Isabella, or the Morning," in his hand.

<sup>4</sup> I believe this is an allusion to the Italian opera. Walpole was at this time expecting the coming of certain Italians, the Abbate Niccolini and some singers, and Gray may suppose that they have already arrived.



be?—and whatever other tidings you may chuse to refresh an anchoret with. *Frattanto* I send you a scene in a tragedy: <sup>1</sup> if it don't make you cry it will make you laugh; and so it moves some passion, that I take to be enough. Adieu, dear Sir! I am sincerely yours,

T. GRAY.

### LXXXIII. *To Walpole.*

November, Tuesday, Cambridge [1747].<sup>2</sup>

It is a misfortune to me to be at a distance from both of you at once.<sup>3</sup> A letter can give one so little idea of such matters, . . . I always believed well of his heart and temper, and would gladly do so still. If they are as they should be, I should have expected everything from such an explanation; for it is a tenet with me (a simple one, you'll perhaps say) that if ever two people, who love one another, come to breaking, it is for want of a timely eclaireissement, a full and precise one, without witnesses or mediators, and without reserving any one disagreeable circumstance for the mind to brood upon in silence.

I am not totally of your mind as to Mr. Lyttleton's elegy,<sup>4</sup> though I love kids and fawns<sup>5</sup> as little as you do. If it were all like the fourth stanza, I should be excessively pleased. Nature and sorrow, and tenderness, are the true genius of such things; and something of these I find in several parts of it (not in the orange-tree): poetical ornaments, are foreign to the purpose; for they only shew a man is not sorry;—and devotion worse; for it teaches him that he ought not to be sorry, which is all the pleasure of

<sup>1</sup> Agrippina.

<sup>2</sup> See letter lxxii., n. 1. The present letter should precede the letter to Wharton of November 30th [1747].

<sup>3</sup> I strongly suspect that the person with whom Walpole was dissatisfied was Ashton, with whom he came to a final rupture in 1750, and that Gray is here "heaping coals of fire" (cf. p. 167, n. 3).

<sup>4</sup> See p. 172, n. 1.

<sup>5</sup> "Sweet babes, who like the little playful fawns  
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns."

—From LYTTLETON'S *Monody*.

the thing. I beg leave to turn your weathercock the contrary way. Your epistle<sup>1</sup> I have not seen a great while, and Dr. M—<sup>2</sup> is not in the way to give me a sight of it: but I remember enough to be sure all the world will be pleased with it, even with all its *faults upon its head*, if you don't care to mend them. I would try to do it myself (however hazardous), rather than it should remain unpublished. As to my Eton ode,<sup>3</sup> Mr. Dodsley is *padrone*. The second<sup>4</sup> you had, I suppose you do not think worth giving him: otherwise, to me it seems not worse than the former. He might have Selima<sup>5</sup> too, unless she be of too little importance for his patriot-collection; or perhaps the *connections* you had with her may interfere. Che so io? Adieu!—I am yours ever,

T. G.

#### LXXXIV. *To Walpole.*

I am obliged to you for Mr. Dodsley's book,<sup>6</sup> and having pretty well looked it over, will (as you desire) tell you my opinion of it. He might, methinks, have spared the graces in his frontispiece, if he chose to be economical, and dressed his authors in a little more decent raiment—not in whited-brown paper, and distorted characters, like an old ballad. I am ashamed to see myself; but the company keeps me in countenance: so to begin with Mr. Tickell. This is not only a state-poem (my ancient aversion), but a state-poem on the peace of Utrecht.<sup>7</sup> If Mr. Pope had wrote a panegyric on it, one could hardly have read him with patience: but this is only a poor short-winded imitator of Addison, who had himself not above three or four notes in poetry, sweet enough indeed, like those of a German flute, but

<sup>1</sup> An Epistle from Florence to Thomas Ashton, Esq.

<sup>2</sup> Middleton, see p. 160, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 173, n. 2.

<sup>4</sup> The "Ode on Spring."—*Mitford*.

<sup>5</sup> The ode on Mr. Walpole's Cat drowned in a tub of gold fishes.—*Mitford*.

<sup>6</sup> "Dodsley's Miscellany," 1748.

<sup>7</sup> This was the poem on the "Prospect of Peace," which Addison commended in the 523rd "Spectator" (October 30th, 1712).

such as soon tire and satiate the ear with their frequent return. Tickell has added to this a great poverty of sense, and a string of transitions that hardly become a school-boy. However, I forgive him for the sake of his ballad,<sup>1</sup> which I always thought the prettiest in the world.

All there is of M. Green here, has been printed before; there is a profusion of wit everywhere; reading would have formed his judgment, and harmonised his verse, for even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music. The "School Mistress"<sup>2</sup> is excellent in its kind and masterly; and (I am sorry to differ from you, but) "London"<sup>3</sup> is to me one of those few imitations that have all the ease and all the spirit of an original. The same man's verses on the opening of Garrick's theatre<sup>4</sup> are far from bad. Mr. Dyer<sup>5</sup> (here you will despise me highly) has more of poetry in his imagination than almost any of our number; but rough and injudicious. I should

<sup>1</sup> "Colin and Lucy," beginning—

"Of Leinster fam'd for maidens fair."—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Shenstone's "Schoolmistress" was first published in 1742, but said to be "written at college, 1736," when the poet was twenty-two years old.

<sup>3</sup> Johnson's. (See *supra*, p. 108, n.) Though London at its first appearance cannot be said to have been quite neglected, one is tempted to quote from it, *à propos*

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed."

<sup>4</sup> "Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane," from which two couplets at least are still quoted. This (of Shakespeare):

"Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain."

And this:

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
For we that live to please, must please, to live."

<sup>5</sup> John Dyer's "Grongar Hill" was first published in 1726, his "Ruins of Rome" on his return from Italy in 1740. It is, I think, "Grongar Hill" that Gray has here in his mind; Johnson, too, says of it, that "it is not very accurately written." The "Fleece" was not published until 1757. Let us remember Wordsworth's "Sonnet to Dyer," and note Gray's praise here. It is one of several instances in which Gray's taste anticipates that of the poet by whom he was always disparaged.

range Mr. Bramston<sup>1</sup> only a step or two above Dr. King, who is as low in my estimation as in yours. Dr. Evans is a furious madman; and pre-existence is nonsense in all her altitudes. Mr. Lyttleton is a gentle elegiac person. Mr. Nugent sure did not write his own Ode.<sup>2</sup> I like Mr. Whitehead's<sup>3</sup> little poems, I mean the Ode on a Tent, the Verses to Garrick, and particularly those to Charles Townsend, better than anything I had seen before of him. I gladly pass over H. Browne and the rest, to come at you.

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. James Bramston (born about 1694, died 1744) wrote "The Art of Politics," in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," 1729, and "The Man of Taste; occasioned by Pope's Epistle on that Subject," 1731. Also an imitation of Philip's "Splendid Shilling," called "The Crooked Sixpence."

<sup>2</sup> The ode addressed to Mr. Pulteney by Mr. Nugent (afterwards Earl Nugent) was distinguished by the following spirited stanza, which has since received the honour of being quoted by Mr. Gibbon, in his character of Brutus:

"What tho' the good, the brave, the wise,  
With adverse force undaunted rise  
To break th' eternal doom;  
Though Cato liv'd, though Tully spoke,  
Though Brutus dealt the god-like stroke,  
Yet perished fated Rome."

"Nugent had lost the reputation of a great poet by writing works of his own, after he had acquired fame by an ode that was the joint production of several others. It was addressed to Lord Bath, upon the author's change of his religion; but was universally believed to be written by Mallet, who was tutor to Newsham, Mr. Nugent's son, and improved by Mr. Pulteney himself and Lord Chesterfield. Had this ode been really his own, he would resemble the poet Tynnichus in Plato's 'Ion' [534D], who never composed any other poem worth the mention or remembrance besides that poem which everybody sings" (Walpole's "Memoirs," p. 40). This stanza was *re-manufactured* by Mr. Courtenay, v. "Antijacobin," p. 51 ("New Morality"),

"As clumsy Courtenay mars the verse he steals."

—*Mitford*.

See *supra*, p. 172, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> William Whitehead (1715-1785), who became Poet Laureate in 1757. Mason wrote his biography, on which see Boswell's "Johnson," (vol. i., p. 31, ed. B. Hill). On the verses of which Gray speaks Johnson said (1763), "Whitehead is but a little man to inscribe verses to players." "Whitehead," says Mr. Forster, "was for some time Garrick's reader of new plays for Drury Lane." We shall hear more of him in Gray's correspondence.

You know I was of the publishing side, and thought your reasons against it none; for though, as Mr. Chute said extremely well, the *still small voice* of Poetry was not made to be heard in a crowd; yet satire will be heard, for all the audience are by nature her friends; especially when she appears in the spirit of Dryden, with his strength, and often with his versification, such as you have caught in those lines on the Royal Unction, on the Papal Dominion, and Convents of both Sexes; on Henry VIII. and Charles II. for these are to me the shining parts of your Epistle.<sup>1</sup> There are many lines I could wish corrected, and some blotted out, but beauties enough to atone for a thousand worse faults than these. The opinion of such as can at all judge, who saw it before in Dr. Middleton's hands, concurs nearly with mine. As to what any one says, since it came out; our people (you must know), are slow of judgment; they wait till some bold body saves them the trouble, and then follow his opinion; or stay till they hear what is said

<sup>1</sup> "An Epistle to Thomas Ashton Esq. Tutor to the Earl of Plimouth." About 400 lines. Gray praised it to West, July 16th, 1740, p. 78, *supra*. I quote, after Mr. Austin Dobson, the passage on the Royal Unction and the Papal Dominion:

"While at the altar a new monarch kneels,  
What conjur'd awe upon the people steals!  
The chosen He adores the precious oil,  
Meekly receives the solemn charm, and while  
The priest some blessed nothings mutters o'er,  
Sucks in the sacred grease at every pore:  
He seems at once to shed his mortal skin,  
And feels divinity transfus'd within.  
The trembling vulgar dread the royal nod,  
And worship God's anointed more than God.

Such sanction gives the prelate to such kings!  
So mischief from those hallow'd fountains springs.  
But bend your eye to yonder harass'd plains,  
When king and priest in one united reigns;  
See fair Italia mourn her holy state,  
And droop oppress'd beneath a papal weight:  
Where fat celibacy usurps the soil,  
And sacred sloth consumes the peasant's toil:  
The holy drones monopolise the sky,  
And plunder by a vow of poverty.  
The Christian cause their lewd profession taints,  
Unlearn'd, unchaste, uncharitable saints."



in town, that is at some Bishop's table, or some coffee-house about the Temple.<sup>1</sup> When they are determined I will tell you faithfully their verdict. As for the beauties<sup>2</sup> I am their most humble servant. What shall I say to Mr. Lowth, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Rolle, the Reverend Mr. Brown,<sup>3</sup> Seward,<sup>4</sup> etc.? If I say Messieurs! this is not the thing; write prose, write sermons, write nothing at all; they will disdain me and my advice. What then would the sickly Peer<sup>5</sup> have done, that spends so much time in admiring everything that has four legs, and fretting at his own misfortune in having but two; and cursing his own politic head and feeble constitution, that won't let him be

<sup>1</sup> "Dick's, or the Rainbow," see p. 119 *supra*, and note. Walpole wrote to West from Paris in 1739, "If you would promise me to read them in the Temple garden, I would send you a little packet of plays and pamphlets that we have made up, and intend to dispatch to 'Dick's' the first opportunity." Cunningham notes that Dick's was near the Temple gate, and that "(1720-1770) quarto poems and pamphlets were taken in there much in the same way that newspapers are now (1856)." "The Rainbow," also named by Gray, *l.c.*, has at any rate its *homonyme* in the same neighbourhood at the present day.

<sup>2</sup> "In July, 1746, I wrote the 'Beauties,' which was handed about until it got into print, very incorrectly."—Walpole, "Short Notes." It was addressed to Eckhardt, the painter. Published in September, 1746, by Cooper, price 6*d.*—Cunningham. "It somewhat recalls," says Mr. Austin Dobson, "Gay's 'Prologue to the Shepherd's Week.'" See a sample of it in his "Horace Walpole, a Memoir," pp. 105-106.

<sup>3</sup> The same man, I think, who afterwards wrote the once famous "Estimate," on which see Gray to Mason, April 23rd, 1757 (and note there). A curious story illustrative of Brown's arrogant and quarrelsome character is told by Walpole to Mann, May 4th, 1758. Gray gives an account of his suicide and other details about him to Mason, October 5, 1766.

<sup>4</sup> The friend of Johnson, whom, in 1776, Boswell met at Litchfield, where Seward was Canon Residentiary. "He was a genteel well-bred dignified clergyman," says Boswell, "had travelled with Lord Charles Fitzroy, uncle of the present Duke of Grafton, who died when abroad, and he had lived much in the great world. He was an ingenious and literary man, had published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, and written verses in Dodsley's collection. His lady was the daughter of Mr. Hunter, Johnson's first schoolmaster. And now, for the first time, I had the pleasure of seeing his celebrated daughter, Miss Anna Seward," etc.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Hervey.—*Mitford*. The "Sporus," etc., of Pope.

such a beast as he would wish? Mr. S. Jenyns<sup>1</sup> now and then can write a good line or two—such as these—

“Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,  
Calm every grief, and dry each childish tear,” etc.

I like Mr. Aston Hervey's Fable; and an Ode<sup>2</sup> (the last of all) by Mr. Mason, a new acquaintance of mine,<sup>3</sup> whose Musæus too seems to carry with it a promise at least of something good to come. I was glad to see you distinguished who poor West was, before his charming Ode, and called it anything rather than a Pindaric. The town is an owl, if it don't like Lady Mary,<sup>4</sup> and I am surprised at it:

<sup>1</sup> Soame Jenyns (1704-1787). Member for Cambridgeshire, 1742, and held a seat in the House of Commons for nearly forty years. At this time he was known only as a man of fashion and a writer of easy verse. Later he wrote that “Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil” (Gray to Mason, April 23rd, 1757), which is now remembered only by Johnson's scathing review of it; and later still (1776), at first anonymously, “A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion,” an Essay, honestly meant, remarkable for its candour and boldness. His resentment at Johnson's attack burst forth nearly thirty years afterwards, on Johnson's death, in a very *unregenerate* Epitaph upon him, which went the round of some magazines (see Boswell's “Johnson,” i. 316 n., ed. Birkbeck-Hill).

<sup>2</sup> To a Water-Nymph. See p. 178, n. 4.

<sup>3</sup> “It was not till about the year 1747 that I had the happiness of being introduced to the acquaintance of Mr. Gray. Some very juvenile imitations of Milton's juvenile poems [‘Il Bellicoso’ and ‘Il Pacifico,’ and a monody on Mr. Pope's death], which I had written a year or two before, he then, at the request of one of my friends, was so obliging as to revise. The same year, on account of a dispute which had happened between the master and fellows of Pembroke Hall, I had the honour of being nominated by the Fellows to fill one of the vacant Fellowships. Though nominated in 1747, I was not elected Fellow till February, 1749. The Master having refused his assent, claiming a negative, the affair was therefore not compromised till after an ineffectual litigation of two years. I was at this time [1747] scholar of St. John's College, and Batchelor of Arts, personally unknown to the gentlemen who favoured me so highly; therefore that they gave me this mark of distinction and preference was greatly owing to Mr. Gray, who was well acquainted with several of that society, and to Dr. Heberden, whose known partiality to every, even the smallest, degree of merit, led him warmly to second his recommendation.”—*From Mason.*

<sup>4</sup> Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. “I have lately had Lady Mary Wortley's ‘Eclogues’ published; but they don't please, though so

we here are owls enough to think her eclogues very bad ; but that I did not wonder at. Our present taste is Sir T. Fitz-Osborne's Letters.<sup>1</sup>

I send you a bit of a thing for two reasons ; first, because it is one of your favourites, Mr. M. Green :<sup>2</sup> and next, because I would do justice. The thought on which my second Ode turns is manifestly stole from hence ; not that I knew it at the time, but having seen this many years before, to be sure it imprinted itself on my memory, and, forgetting the Author, I took it for my own. The subject was the Queen's Hermitage.<sup>3</sup>

. . . . .  
 "Tho' yet no palace grace the shore,  
 To lodge the pair you<sup>4</sup> should adore,  
 Nor abbeys great in ruins rise,  
 Royal equivalents for vice ;  
 Behold a grot in Delphic grove,  
 The Graces' and the Muses' love,

excessively good. I say so confidently, for Mr. Chute agrees with me ; he says, for the 'Epistle from Arthur Grey,' scarce any woman could have written it, and no man ; for a man who had had experience enough to paint such sentiments so well, would not have had warmth enough left" (Walpole to Mann, November 24th, 1747). Most of these "Eclogues" had been published long before.

<sup>1</sup> These letters "on Literary and Moral Subjects" were written by William Melmoth under the pseudonym of Fitz-Osborne. Melmoth (1710-1799) is known to us best as the translator into "elegant" English of Pliny's Letters and Cicero's (*ad Diversos*).

<sup>2</sup> Matthew Green (1696-1737). His family were Quakers ; he deserted that society, but with the same sentiments of respect with which another of Gray's favourites, Gresset, deserted the Jesuits. He says "On Barclay's Apology for the Quakers"—

"Well-natured, happy soul forgive !  
 Like you I think, but cannot live."

The lines Gray here sends are from the "Grotto," a poem of which Green printed and gave away a few copies in 1732. "Written under the name of Peter Drake, a fisherman of Brentford," Gray acknowledged his obligation to the passage beginning "While insects from the threshold preach" in a note on the "Ode on Spring." It may be worth while to point out that in the "Grotto" Green has a "Say, Father Thames," etc. (l. 5) ; the invocation which, in Gray's Eton College Ode, Johnson stigmatized as puerile.

<sup>3</sup> Or Merlin's Cave. See "Gray and His Friends," p. 89 n.

<sup>4</sup> Speaking to the Thames.—*Mitford*.

A temple from vain-glory free ;  
 Whose goddess is Philosophy ;  
 Whose sides such licens'd idols<sup>1</sup> crown,  
 As Superstition would pull down :  
 The only pilgrimage I know,  
 That men of sense would choose to go.  
 Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,  
 Urania cheers with heavenly voice ;  
 While all the virtues gather round  
 To see her consecrate the ground.

If thou, the God with winged feet,  
 In council talk of this retreat ;  
 And jealous Gods resentment show  
 At altars rais'd to men below,  
 Tell those proud lords of heaven 'tis fit  
 Their house our heroes should admit.  
 While each exists (as poets sing)  
 A lazy, lewd, immortal thing ;  
 They must, or grow in disrepute,  
 With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is, in terms unskill'd,  
 To praise whatever Boyle shall build.  
 Needless it is the busts to name  
 Of men, monopolists of fame ;  
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,  
 For virtue, as for learning known :  
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise  
 Deep thoughts, the genii of the place :  
 To the mind's ear, and inward sight,  
 There silence speaks, and shade gives light :  
 While insects from the threshold preach,  
 And minds dispos'd to musing teach ;  
 Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,  
 They perish by the slightest bruise ;  
 Or maladies begun within  
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine :  
 From maggot-youth, thro' change of state,  
 They feel like us the turns of fate :  
 Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,  
 And chang'd earth's cells for dwellings high :  
 And some that did their six wings keep,  
 Before they died, been forced to creep.  
 They politics, like ours, profess ;  
 The greater prey upon the less.  
 Some strain on foot huge loads to bring,  
 Some toil incessant on the wing :

<sup>1</sup> There are said to have been *five* busts ; of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke and Boyle. Green speaks of *four*, however, *infra*.

Nor from their vigorous schemes desist  
 Till death ; and then they are never mist.  
 Some frolick, toil, marry, increase,  
 Are sick and well, have war and peace ;  
 And broke with age in half a day,  
 Yield to successors, and away."

Adieu ! I am ever yours,  
 T. GRAY.

### LXXXV. *To Wharton.*

Stoke. Aug: 19.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

After having made my Compliments to the God-mothers of the little Doctress, who are to promise & vow for her that she shall understand, & be grateful some twelve or fifteen Years hence I congratulate M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton and your family on this Occasion, & doubtless desire nothing more than to see you all the next Summer, tho' as to Promises, I dare not ; lest some unlucky Event again come across, & put the Performance out of my Power. I am not certain whether I shall be obliged to have recourse to your Assistance or no about Christmas : but if I am, I will be sure to give you Notice in due Time.

I am glad you have had any Pleasure in Gresset : he seems to me a truly elegant & charming Writer. The *Mechant* is the best Comedy I ever read. Edward<sup>1</sup> I could scarce get thro' : it is puerile ; tho' there are good Lines ; such as this for Example :

Le jour d'un nouveau règne est le jour des ingrats.

but good Lines will make any thing rather than a good Play. however you are to consider, this is a Collection made by the Dutch Booksellers. many Things unfinish'd

<sup>1</sup> "Edward" simply in Gray, as Mason and Mitford have rightly given it. It is "Edouard III." In the preface Gresset defends himself, by the authority of Corneille, for representing the stabbing of "Volfax" by "Arondel" on the stage. The one amusement in "Edouard" for the reader of to-day will be found in the names of the *dramatis personæ*, "Alzonde," "Eugénie," "Le duc de Vorcestre," "Volfax."



or wrote in his Youth, or designed not for the World, but to make a few Friends laugh, as the *Lutrin vivant*,<sup>1</sup> &c: there are two noble Verses, which as they are in the middle of an *Ode to the King*,<sup>2</sup> may perhaps have escaped you.

Le Cri d'un peuple heureux, est la seule Eloquence,  
Qui sçait parler des Rois.

w<sup>ch</sup> is very true, & should have been a Hint to himself not to write Odes to the King at all.

My Squabble with the Professor I did not think worth mentioning to you. my Letter was by no means intended as a Composition, & only design'd to be shew'd to some, who were Witnesses to the Impertinence, that gave Occasion for it: but he was Fool enough by Way of Revenge to make it mighty publick.

I don't wonder your M<sup>r</sup> Bolby<sup>3</sup> disapproves M<sup>r</sup> . . . .<sup>4</sup> Conduct at Rome: it was indeed very unlike his own. but when every body there of our Nation was base enough either to enter into an actual Correspondence with a certain most serene Person,<sup>5</sup> or at least to talk carelessly & doubtfully on what was then transacting at home, sure it was the Part of a Man of Spirit to declare his Sentiments publicly & warmly. he was so far from making a Party, that he & M<sup>r</sup> . . . .<sup>4</sup> were the only Persons, that were of that Party. as to his Ends in it; from his first Return to England he has always frequented the Pr—ces Court, and been the open friend of Mr. H: W: w<sup>ch</sup> could certainly be no way to recommend himself to the Ministry: unless you suppose his Views were very distant indeed.

<sup>1</sup> A choir-boy whose breeches had been patched with some leaves out of a book of offices, the said leaves being part of the mass of the patron saint, which has accordingly to be read off this "living lectern;" unhappily a wasp, etc. etc.

<sup>2</sup> Ode "Sur la Convalescence du Roi." The recovery (1744) of Louis le Bien-Aimé from putrid fever at Metz, with which Carlyle's "French Revolution" graphically opens, called forth floods of verse, to which Gresset contributed his bucket.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps Thomas Bouldby, or Bowlby, whose wife, Lady Mary Bouldby, was sister of the Duke of Montagu (Cunningham's "Walpole," iv. 266, 300, nn.).

<sup>4</sup> Name erased.

<sup>5</sup> The old Pretender.

I should wish to know (when you can find Time for a Letter) what you think of my young Friend, St<sup>r</sup>,<sup>1</sup> & what company he is fallen into in the North. I fill up with the Beginning of a Sort of Essay. what name to give it I know not, but the Subject is, the Alliance of Education and Government; I mean to shew that they must necessarily concur to produce great & useful Men.<sup>2</sup>

I desire your Judgement upon so far, before I proceed any farther.—Adieu! I am,

Ever Yours  
TG.

Pray shew it to no one (as it is a Fragment) except it be St<sup>r</sup>: who has seen most of it already, I think.<sup>3</sup>

#### LXXXVI. *To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

Shall I be expeditious enough to bring you the News of the Peace, before you meet with it in the Papers? not the Peace of Aix la Chapelle,<sup>4</sup> Mother of Proclamations & of Fireworks,<sup>5</sup> that lowers the Price of Oranges &

<sup>1</sup> Stonhewer. See p. 174, n. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Here followed the first part of the poem down to the words "Vintage as it grows." The rest of the transcript of this fragment in the Egerton MSS. is in Wharton's handwriting. In Mason's Poems and Memoirs of Gray (vol. iii., pp. 108-114) is given a commentary, which Mason compiled from Gray's MSS., and which goes further than the text of the poem. He adds thirteen detached maxims or sentiments which he conceives, with great probability, that Gray intended to embody therein. All this Mitford reprinted in the Aldine edition (vol. i., pp. 150-153, 1869).

<sup>3</sup> Addressed by Gray to "Dr. Thomas Wharton at Durham," and endorsed by Wharton, "Mr Gray 19 Aug. 1748. Alliance of Educat. & Governmt."

<sup>4</sup> The preliminaries of this treaty had been signed at the end of April, 1748.

<sup>5</sup> This display did not take place until the 27th of April, 1749, when there was a great show in the Green Park; Handel wrote an overture on the occasion. A caricature represented the exhibition as "The grand whim for posterity to laugh at." Walpole gives some account of the rejoicings (to Mann, May 3rd, 1749).

Malaga-Sack,<sup>1</sup> and enhances that of Poor-Jack and barrel'd Cod:<sup>2</sup> no, nor the Peace between Adil-Shah & the Great Mogol;<sup>3</sup> but the Peace of Pembroke sign'd between the high & mighty Prince Roger, surnamed the Long, Lord of the great Zodiack, the Glass Uranium, & the Chariot that goes without Horses,<sup>4</sup> on the one Part; & the most noble James Brown, the most serene Theophilus Peele, and the most profound Nehemiah May, &c: on the other.

In short without farther Preliminaries Knowles, Mason, & Tuthill are elected, and the last of them is actually here on the Spot, as you will shortly hear from himself. The Negotiations, that preceded this wonderful Event are inexplicable. The Success of the affair was extremely uncertain but the very Night before it, & had come to nothing, if Browne fixed and obstinate as a little Rock had not resisted the Sollicitations of Smith, & Smart, almost quarrel'd with Peele and May, & given up, as in a Huff, the living of Tylney, to w<sup>ch</sup> he had that morning been presented. I say, this seemed to them to be done in a Huff, but was in reality a Thing he had determined to do, be the event of the Election what it would. they were desirous of electing two, as the Master proposed, Knowles & Mason, or Mason and Gaskarth,<sup>5</sup> for they were sure he would never admit Tuthill, as he had so often declared it. however, I say, Brown continued stedfast, that all three

<sup>1</sup> Because peace was made with Spain.

<sup>2</sup> Cape Breton was by the same peace restored to France.

<sup>3</sup> Nadir Shah of Persia had defeated the forces of the Great Mogul at Delhi in 1739, had taken immense spoil (including the famous Koh-i-noor), and became master of the country west of the Indus. On his assassination in 1747 his nephew Ali was placed on the throne, and took the name of Adil Shah. The death of Nadir, however, left Persia in a state of anarchy; and not long after the date of this letter Adil Shah was deposed and blinded by his brother Ibrahim. Whether there was any such treaty as that to which Gray here jocularly alludes, I do not know; the Rohillas and the kingdom of the Affghans (which dates from the death of Nadir) were the next bugbears of the Great Mogul, at this time Mohammed Shah.

<sup>4</sup> There are still, I believe, some relics at Pembroke of the mechanical contrivances of Dr. Long.

<sup>5</sup> I suppose Joseph Gaskarth, afterwards Bursar at Pembroke. (Gray to Mason, Dec. 19, 1757.)

should come in, or none at all; & when they met next day, he begun by resigning Tylney, & then desired the master would either put an End to their long Disputes himself, as they intreated him; or else they would refer the whole to a Visitor, & did conjure him to call one in, as soon as possible. the rest did not contradict him, tho' the Proposal was much against their real Inclinations. so Roger believing them unanimous (after some few Pribbles & Prabbles),<sup>1</sup> said, well then, if it be for y<sup>e</sup> good of y<sup>e</sup> College—but you intend Knowles shall be Senior?—To be sure, Master—Well then—& so they proceed to Election & all was over in a few Minutes. I do believe, that Roger despairing now of a Visitor to his Mind, & advised by all his Acquaintance (among whom I reckon Keene, whose Acquaintance I have cultivated with the same Views you mentioned in your Letter to Brown) to finish the Matter, had been for some Months determined to do so, but not till he made a last Effort. he made it indeed, but not having Sagacity enough to find out, how near carrying his Point he was; being ignorant of the Weakness of a Part of his College, & they not cunning, or perhaps not dishonest enough, to discover it to him, he thought he had miss'd his Aim, & so gave it up without farther Struggling. I hope you will be glad to see so good an End of an Affair you gave Birth to: Brown is quite happy, & we vastly glad to be obliged to the only Man left among them, that one would care to be obliged to. there are two more Fellowships remain to be filled up at the Commencement. by the Way Tuthill has been just holding a Candle—not to the Devil, but to the Master, as he was reading some papers in Hall:<sup>2</sup> and the Boys peep'd in at the Screens to see it, & to laugh.

Keene<sup>3</sup> is most sadly *implicated* in the beginning of his

<sup>1</sup> "It were a good motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles" (Sir Hugh Evans in "Merry Wives," i. 1, 56).

<sup>2</sup> An expression intelligible to all university men, meaning the hall of Pembroke College. The *dash* before the word in Gray's MS. is one which he commonly makes at the end of a line. Mitford understood this.

<sup>3</sup> Edmund Keene, the person whom, at a later date Walpole called "that interested hog, the Bishop of Chester." On the same authority we learn that Sir Robert Walpole gave Keene a living on

Reign about an Election,<sup>1</sup> and I am of his Cabinet-Council, hitherto for the Reasons you wot of, & now because I can't help it. but I am rather tired of College-Details (as I doubt not, you are) & so I leave this Story to be recorded by the Annalists of Peter-house; & let Historians of equal Dignity tell of the Triumphs of Chappy,<sup>2</sup> the Installations, the Visitations, and other memorable Events, that distinguish & adorn his glorious Reign.

You ask for some Account of Books. the principal I can tell you of is a work of the Presid<sup>t</sup>:<sup>3</sup> Montesquieu's, the Labour of 20 Years. it is called, *L'Esprit des Loix*, 2 v: 4<sup>to</sup>. printed at Geneva. he lays down the Principles on w<sup>ch</sup> are founded the three Sorts of Government, Despotism,

condition that he would marry one of his natural daughters; that Keene took the living, but (Sir Robert dying opportunely) discarded the lady, and gave her, by way of compensation, nearly one year's income of the living. Keene succeeded Whalley as Master of Peterhouse in 1748, and continued to hold this office for four years after his appointment as Bishop of Chester in 1752. When he received the nomination to this bishopric he was dining, Walpole tells us, with the Bishop of Lincoln. He immediately rose from the table, took his host into another room, and begged he would propose him to a certain great fortune, to whom he had never "spoke," but for whom he now thought himself a proper match. He did, in fact, according to Cunningham, marry, in 1752, the only daughter of an eminent linendraper in Cheapside. Walpole affirms that he was the Duke of Newcastle's tool at Cambridge. He was Bishop of Ely from 1771 to 1781, when he died. See Gray's doggerel verses on Keene and Mrs. Keene, "Poems," Aldine edition, p. 96.

<sup>1</sup> To a fellowship at Peterhouse. See next letter.

<sup>2</sup> Chapman, the Master of Magdalene, and Vice-Chancellor. See p. 159, n. 2, and next letter.

<sup>3</sup> Montesquieu (Charles de Secondat, Baron de M.), born 1689, died 1755, was *président à mortier*, i.e., *grand président* of the *parlement* of Bordeaux. It is not till 1750 that Walpole, perhaps stimulated by Gray, shows himself alive to the merits of the "*Esprit des Loix*," which he "thinks the best book ever written," and wishes to learn from Mann the opinion of Italian *savants* about it. On receiving Mann's answer, he says, "I despise your *litterati* enormously for their opinion of Montesquieu's book." He commends especially "that glorious chapter on the selling of African slaves," the irony of which was exactly to his taste—*e.g.*, "*Ceux dont il s'agit sont noirs depuis les pieds jusqu' à la tête; et ils ont le nez si écrasé, qu'il est presque impossible de les plaindre.*"



the limited Monarchic, & the Republican, & shews how from thence are deducted the Laws & Customs, by which they are guided and maintained: the Education proper to each Form, the influences of Climate, Situation, Religion, &c: on the Minds of particular Nations, & on their Policy. the Subject (you see) is as extensive as Mankind; the Thoughts perfectly new, generally admirable, as they are just, sometimes a little too refined: in short there are Faults, but such as an ordinary Man could never have committed: the Style very lively & concise (consequently sometimes obscure) it is the Gravity of Tacitus (whom he admires) temper'd with the Gayety & Fire of a Frenchman.

The Time of Night will not suffer me to go on, but I will write again in a Week. my best Compliments to Mr<sup>s</sup> Wharton, & your Family.—I am ever

Most sincerely Yours

T. GRAY.

March 9. Thursday, Cambridge.<sup>1</sup>

### LXXXVII. *To Wharton.*

April 25. Cambridge. [1749.]

MY DEAR WHARTON

I perceive, that Second Parts are as bad to write, as they can be to read; for this, w<sup>ch</sup> you ought to have had a Week after the first, has been a full Month in coming forth. The Spirit of Lazyness (the Spirit of the Place), begins to possess even me, that have so long declaimed against it: yet has it not so prevail'd, but that I feel that discontent with myself, that *Ennuy*, that ever accompanies it in its Beginnings. Time will settle my Conscience, time will reconcile me to this languid Companion: we shall smoke, we shall tipple, we shall doze together. we shall have our little Jokes, like other People, and our long Stories; Brandy will finish what Port begun; & a Month after the time you will see in some Corner of a London Even<sup>ng</sup>: Post, Yesterday, died the Rev<sup>nd</sup> Mr John Grey, Senior-Fellow of Clare-Hall, a facetious Com-

<sup>1</sup> Endorsed by Wharton, "Mr Gray 9 Mar 1748-9."

panion, & well-respected by all that knew him. his death is supposed to have been occasion'd by a Fit of an Apoplexy, being found fall'n out of Bed with his Head in the Chamber-Pot.<sup>1</sup>

I am half ashamed to write University News to you, but as perhaps you retain some little Leven of Pembroke Hall, your nursing Mother, I am in hopes you will not be more than half-ashamed—to read it. Pembroke then is all harmonious & delightful since the Pacification: but I wish you would send them up some Boys, for they are grown extremely thin from their late long Indisposition. Keene's *Implications* have ended queerly, for, contrary to all Common Sense Peter Nourse and two others have joined Rogers, & brought in a shameful low Creature by a Majority. the master appeals to the Visitor against their Choice, as of a Person not qualified. he has received the Appeal, & (I suppose) will put in Brocket (D<sup>r</sup> Keene's man) by main Force. Chapman is at present in Town in waiting; he has just married a Miss Barnwell, niece to one D<sup>r</sup> Barnwell, who was Minister of Trompington, with 2000£, a plain Woman, & about his own Age. I hear, that when he sent to Leicester-House to know, when the Prince would be waited upon with the Book of Verses on the Peace the Prince appointed no Day at all; but order'd the Verses to be sent, & left there. the Design of receiving the University at Newcastle House<sup>2</sup> is said to be alter'd; the Duke intending to come hither (I imagine) after the Parliament is risen. Rosse's<sup>3</sup> "Epistles of Tully ad Fami-

<sup>1</sup> Oddly enough this grotesque prophecy was in some points almost literally fulfilled. In Dodsley's "Annual Register" for the year 1771, p. 179, Gray's death was announced as that of

"Rev. Dr. Thomas Grey, LL.B., Professor of Modern History and Languages in the University of Cambridge, well-known for the elegance of his poetry, particularly for his celebrated 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard'" ("Notes and Queries," December 8th, 1883).

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Newcastle became Chancellor in 1748, but does not seem to have been installed until 1749.

<sup>3</sup> "Cantabrigiae, Typis Academicis excudebat J. Bentham A.M. DCCXLIX." A Latin Preface and Dedication—the notes in English. Dated "xiv Kal. Mai.," i.e., April 18th, "e. Coll. D. Joan. Cant." Mitford quotes from a letter of Markland's, in which John Ross is spoken of contemptuously for his ignorance and want

liares" will come out in about a Week. it is in two handsome 8<sup>vo</sup> Volumes, with an Intro:<sup>tion</sup> & Notes in English, but no Translation, dedicated to L<sup>d</sup> Gower. now I am come to Books, there is a new edition of Montesquieu's Work (w<sup>ch</sup> I mentioned to you before) publishing in 2 v: 8<sup>vo</sup>. have you seen old Crebillon's "Catilina,"<sup>1</sup> a Tragedy, w<sup>ch</sup> has had a prodigious Run at Paris? historical Truth is too much perverted by it, w<sup>ch</sup> is ridiculous in a Story so generally known: but if you can get over this, the Sentiments & Versification are fine, & most of the Characters (particularly the principal one) painted with great Spirit. observe, if you chuse to send for it, not to have Brindley's Edition, which is all false Prints, but Vaillant's. there is a Work publishing in Denmark by Subscription<sup>2</sup> (4

of skill and taste. "But this," adds Markland, "is the *Esoteric* Doctrine, which I shall communicate only to Mr. Clarke and yourself; the *Exoteric* is, that the English is very good and the Notes (scarce one of them his own, but taken from men, without any acknowledgment for the most part) very useful, and such as I could wish might be read by everybody. I do not doubt, but he will get a great deal of reputation from this work." I have not discovered that this edition aroused any great controversy among scholars. The notes, as far as I could judge by a cursory perusal, are mainly historical. Hence, perhaps, Gibbon found them interesting, for in his account of his early studies at Lausanne he says that he used for the Familiar Epistles the text and English commentary of Ross. Ross became Bishop of Exeter in 1778, and died 1792.

<sup>1</sup> The *Catilina* of the elder Crébillon was favoured by the faction at the French Court which was opposed to Voltaire. It provoked Voltaire's "Rome Sauvée"—"that stupid old Crébillon himself and the whole Universe may judge" (Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," book xvi., c. ii.). These disgusts preceded Voltaire's famous sojourn at the Prussian Court in 1750. Of Crébillon's play it has been commonly said that it made Catiline too much a hero, and *burlesqued* Cicero. The same objection which Gray urges against Crébillon, Macaulay urges with still more obvious cause against Schiller, whose Jungfrau von Orleans does yet greater violence to historic fact.

<sup>2</sup> This splendid edition, 2 vols. folio, did not appear until 1755, "A Copenhague, De l'Imprimerie de la Maison Royale des Orphelins." It was dedicated to the King of Denmark (Frederick V.) by "Les Président et Membres de la Société Royale des Sciences." From their Preface we learn that Frédéric Louis (Friderik Ludvig) Norden was born in 1708, and becoming known to King Christian VI. through his skill in topographic drawing, received a pension from

guineas) "Travels in Egypt" by Capt: Norden. he was once in England<sup>1</sup> (as Tutor to a young Count Daniskiold, hereditary Admiral<sup>2</sup> of Denmark) and known to many Persons for a Man of Sense & that understood Drawing extremely well: accordingly it is the Plates, that raise it to such a Price, & are said to be excellent. the Author himself is dead, & his papers are publish'd by the Academy at Copenhagen. M<sup>r</sup> Birch,<sup>3</sup> the indefatigable, has just put

him and the grade of second lieutenant in the navy, with injunctions to gather hints in naval architecture abroad. It was by the same royal order that he went to Egypt in 1737, where he stayed nearly a year. Not long after his return to Denmark, Count Danneskiold-Samsøe, then at the head of the navy, proposed to the king that their young officers should volunteer for the naval war between England and Spain, and associated his nephew, Count Ulrik Adolphus, with Norden, both being then captains in the Danish navy. It is affirmed in the catalogue of the British Museum that the work was translated from Norden's Danish into French by Des Roches de Parthenay, but no trace of this is, I think, to be discovered in the volumes, and in the Preface it is distinctly stated that the greater part of the work was done into French by Norden himself. The plates are from Norden's own drawings.

<sup>1</sup> Norden took with him to England his drawings in Egypt, and showed them amongst the rest to the Prince of Wales. He became a member of the Royal Society, and published an English Dissertation—"Drawings of some Ruins and Colossal Statues at Thebes in Egypt, with an account of the same in a letter to the Royal Society. MDCCXLI." Before this publication the two young men had served on board our fleet in the Mediterranean under Sir John Norris, and were sent, under Sir Chaloner Ogle, with the reinforcement to Vernon at Carthage. Norden had sketched an account, which he never had time to complete, of this ill-fated expedition. He was a victim to consumption. He left London with his companion for a tour in France in the summer of 1742; but died, September 22nd of that year, in Paris.

<sup>2</sup> Whence Gray learnt that Norden's companion was hereditary admiral I know not; from the Preface to the "Voyage" it appears that he was dead before 1755, having attained the rank of Rear-Admiral.—*Ed.*

See a curious account in Bruce's "Travels" of Norden and of the Danish admiral's attempt to reach the source of the Nile.—*Mitford.*

<sup>3</sup> Already in 1742 (July, to Chute) Gray had become acquainted with the labours of the indefatigable Birch; the Thurloe Papers, mentioned p. 114, having appeared under Birch's editorship. The particular volume Gray now mentions I cannot precisely identify. Birch's "Memoirs of the Reign of Elizabeth from 1581 to her Death" were, I think, not published until 1754, nor do the par-

out a thick 8<sup>vo</sup> of original Papers of Q: Elizabeth's Time. there are many curious Things in it, particularly Letters from S<sup>r</sup> Rob: Cecil (Salisbury) about his Negotiations with Henry the 4<sup>th</sup> of France; the Earl of Monmouth's odd Account of Q: Elizabeth's Death, several Peculiarities of James 1<sup>st</sup>, & Pr:ce Henry, &c. ; and above all an excellent Account of the State of France with Characters of the King, his Court & Ministry, by S<sup>r</sup> G: Carew, Ambassador there. this, I think, is all new worth mentioning, that I have seen or heard of, except a natural History of Peru in Spanish, printed at London by Don — something, a Man of Learning, sent thither by that Court on Purpose.

I shall venture to accept of a Part of that kind Offer you once made me (for my Finances are much disorder'd this Year) by desiring you to lend me twenty Guineas. the sooner you can do this, the more convenient it will be to me, & if you can find a Method to pay it here; still more so. but if anything should happen, that may defer it, or make this Method troublesome: then I will desire you to make it payable in Town after the first Week in June, when I shall be obliged to go thither.

I want to hear from you, to know of your Health and that of your Family. my best Compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton, M<sup>r</sup> Brown comes and throws in his *little comps* too, & we are both very truly

Yours

TG: *i: b:*<sup>1</sup>

ticulars in this book correspond very well with those of the book referred to by Gray. Birch, who was a self-made man, of Quaker parentage, was born in 1705; ordained (like Warburton and others without academic education) in his twenty-fourth year, and in 1753 made D.D. both by the University of Aberdeen and the Archbishop of Canterbury. He died, by a fall from his horse, 1766. His portrait hangs in the MS. room of the British Museum, to which he was a benefactor.

<sup>1</sup> Small, without capitals, as a jest upon little Mr. (James) Brown and his "*little comps*."



LXXXVIII. *To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON

I promised D<sup>r</sup> Keene long since to give you an Account of our Magnificences here,<sup>1</sup> but the News-Papers & he himself in Person have got the Start of my Indolence, so that by this Time you are well acquainted with all the Events, that adorned that Week of Wonders. thus much I may venture to tell you, because it is probable no body else has done it, that our Friend Chappy's<sup>2</sup> Zeal & Eloquence surpassed all Power of Description. Vesuvio in an Eruption was not more violent than his Utterance, nor (since I am at my Mountains) Pelion with all its Pine-trees in a Storm of Wind more impetuous than his Action. and yet the Senate-house still stands, & (I thank God) we are all safe & well at your Service. I was ready to sink for him, & scarce dared to look about me, when I was sure it was all over: but soon found I might have spared my Confusion, for all People join'd to applaud him: everything was quite right; & I dare swear, not three People here but think him a Model of Oratory. for all the Duke's little Court came with a Resolution to be pleased; & when the Tone was once given, the University, who ever wait for the Judgement of their Betters, struck into it with an admirable Harmony. for the rest of the Performances they were (as usual) very ordinary. every one, while it lasted, was very gay, & very busy in the Morning, & very owlish & very tipsy at Night. I make no exceptions from the Chancellour to Blew-Coat.<sup>3</sup> Mason's Ode<sup>4</sup> was the only

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle's installation as Chancellor of the University.—*Mason*.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 159, n. 2, and letter to Clarke, August 12th, 1760.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 121, n. 1.

<sup>4</sup> "Ode performed in the Senate House in Cambridge, July 1st, 1749, at the installation of His Grace Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of the University. Set to music by Mr. Boyce, composer to His Majesty." A production certainly deformed by what Gray calls, in *Akenside*, the *Hutcheson-jargon*; as when Mason speaks of the "genuine British Muse" to whose

"intellectual eye  
The mental beauties (!) rise in moral dignity,"

Entertainment, that had any tolerable Elegance; & for my own Part, I think it (with some little abatements) uncommonly well on such an Occasion. pray let me know your Sentiments, for doubtless you have seen it. the Author of it grows apace into my good Graces, as I know him more: he is very ingenious with great Good-Nature & Simplicity. a little vain, but in so harmless & so comical a Way, that it does not offend one at all; a little ambitious, but withall so ignorant in the World & its Ways, that this does not hurt him in one's Opinion. so sincere & so undisguised, that no Mind with a Spark of Generosity would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to Injury. but so indolent, that if he can not overcome this Habit, all his good Qualities will signify nothing at all. after all I like him so well, I could wish you knew him.

\* \* \*<sup>1</sup> who was here at the Installation & in high Spirits, will come to settle in Cambridge at Michaelmas. and I have hopes, that these two, with Brown's assistance may bring Pembroke into some Esteem: but then there is no making Bricks without Straw. They have no Boys at all, & unless you can send us a Hamper or two out of the North to begin with, they will be like a few Rats straggling about an old deserted Mansion-House.

I should be glad (as you will see Keene<sup>2</sup> often) if you could throw in a Word, as of your own head merely, about a Fellowship for Stonhewer.<sup>3</sup> he has several times mention'd it himself, as a Thing he would try to bring about

and, addressing the "sage domestic throng," says:

"Each youth inspir'd by your persuasive art,  
Clasps the *dear form of virtue* to his heart."

He is even more unhappy than Gray was, at a later date, in rounding off a similar task. Says Mason, in conclusion:

"The Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame  
And lift her swelling accents high,  
To tell the world that Pelham's name  
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty."

<sup>1</sup> Name erased. No doubt Tuthill. Restored perhaps by Mitford conjecturally; but also appears in Mr. Gosse's text.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 194, n. 3.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 174, n. 3, where correct from note which follows, the error of Mitford, who has misinterpreted the Cambridge Calendar.

either at Queen's or Christ's, where he has interest: but I know not how, it has gone off again, & we have heard no more lately about it. I know it is not practicable here at Peterhouse,<sup>1</sup> because of his County; and though at Pembroke we might possibly get a Majority, yet Roger is an animal, that might play over again all his old Game, & with a better-appearance than before. you would therefore oblige me, if you would sound him upon this Subject, for it is Stonhewer's Wish, & (I think) would be an Advantage to him, if he had a Reason for continuing here some time longer. if you can get Keene to be explicit about it (but it must seem to be a Thought entirely of your own) I will desire you to let me know the Result. my best Wishes, Dear S<sup>r</sup>, ever attend on you, & M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. I am most sincerely & unalterably

Yours

TG:

Aug: 8 Cambridge [1749].

LXXXIX. *To his Mother*

Cambridge, November 7, 1749.

The unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me.<sup>2</sup> I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible

<sup>1</sup> Apparently Gray was mistaken, as Stonhewer became a Fellow of Peterhouse. He was when Gray wrote, of Trinity, but took his M.A. from Peterhouse in 1753.

<sup>2</sup> The death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antrobus, who died the 5th of November, and was buried in a vault in Stoke churchyard near the chancel door, in which also his mother and himself (according to the direction in his will) were afterwards buried.—*Mason*. She was the maiden sister who, with Mrs. Gray, had a millinery business at the shop in Cornhill, which they rented of Philip Gray, the poet's unworthy father (see Gray's "English Poems," Pitt Press ed., Introduction, p. 1 and note). The sisters had long been living at Stoke Poges with a third sister, Mrs. Rogers, the widow of Jonathan Rogers, the uncle of whom Gray speaks in letter vii., *supra*, to Horace Walpole, as then living at Burnham. Both Stoke and Burnham are not far from Windsor.

of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who has preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was His pleasure, has taken her from us to Himself: and perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of His goodness both to her, and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain, and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even lost all sense, and yet continued to breathe; a sad spectacle to such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy; and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him, who gave us our being for our good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health.

### XC. *To Walpole.*

Stoke, June 12, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

As I live in a place, where even the ordinary tattle of the town arrives not till it is stale, and which produces no events of its own, you will not desire any excuse from me for writing so seldom, especially as of all people living I know you are the least a friend to letters spun out of one's own brains, with all the toil and constraint that accompanies sentimental productions. I have been here at Stoke, a few days (where I shall continue good part of the summer); and having put an end to a thing,<sup>1</sup> whose beginning you have seen long ago,<sup>2</sup> I im-

<sup>1</sup> This was the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard."—*Mitford*. See p. 139, n. 2, and Pitt Press edition of Gray's "English Poems," pp. 128 sq.

<sup>2</sup> Either in 1745 or 1746. See Pitt Press edition of Gray's "Poems," p. 130.

mediately send it you. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it: a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want, but which this epistle I am determined shall not want, when it tells you that I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

Not that I have done yet; but who could avoid the temptation of finishing so roundly and so cleverly, in the manner of good Queen Anne's days?

Now I have talked of writings, I have seen a book which is by this time in the press, against Middleton (though without naming him), by Ashton. As far as I can judge from a very hasty reading, there are things in it new and ingenious, but rather too prolix, and the style here and there savouring too strongly of sermon. I imagine it will do him credit.<sup>1</sup> So much for other people, now to *self* again. You are desired to tell me your opinion, if you can take the pains, of these lines.—I am, once more, ever yours.

### XCI. *To Wharton.*

Stoke, August 9, 1750.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

Aristotle says<sup>2</sup> (one may write Greek to you without scandal) that Οἱ τόποι οὐ διαλύουσι τὴν φιλίαν ἰπλῶς, ἀλλὰ τὴν ἐνέργειαν· ἐὰν δὲ χρόνιος ἡ ἀπουσία γένηται καὶ τῆς φιλίας δοκεῖ λήθην ποιεῖν· ὅθεν εἴρηται

πολλὰς δὴ φιλίας ἀπροσηγορία διέλυσε.

but Aristotle may say whatever he pleases. I do not find myself at all the worse for it. I could indeed wish to

<sup>1</sup> Gray here starts an unfortunate topic. This attack on Middleton, of whom Walpole was a zealous partisan, completed the rupture between Walpole and Ashton (cf. letter, *supra*, p. 181 and n. 3). I think the title of Ashton's book was "A Dissertation on 2 Peter i. 19, in which it is shown that the interpretation of this passage . . . as it is proposed by the author of the 'Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion [Anthony Collins] is not probably the sense of the Author,' etc. London, 1750. 8°."

<sup>2</sup> "Ethic. Nicomach." lib. viii., cap. 5.



refresh my *Ενέργεια* a little at Durham by a Sight of you, but when is there a Probability of my being so happy? it concerned me greatly when I heard the other Day, that your Asthma continued at Times to afflict you, & that you were often obliged to go into the Country to breath. you cannot oblige me more than by giving me an account of the State both of your Body & Mind; I hope the latter is able to keep you chearful & easy in spite of the Frailties of its Companion. as to my own it can do neither one, nor the other; & I have the Mortification to find my spiritual Part the most infirm Thing about me. You have doubtless heard of the Loss I have had in Dr. Middleton,<sup>1</sup> whose House was the only easy Place one could find to converse in at Cambridge. for my Part I find a Friend so uncommon a Thing, that I cannot help regretting even an old Acquaintance, which is an indifferent Likeness of it, & though I don't approve the Spirit of his Books, methinks 'tis pity the World should lose so rare a Thing as a good Writer.<sup>2</sup> my studies cannot furnish a Recommendation of many new Books to you. there is a *Defense de l'Esprit des Loix*<sup>3</sup> by Montesquieu himself. it has some lively things in it, but is very short, & his Adversary appears to be so mean a Bigot, that he deserved no Answer. There are three V: in 4<sup>to</sup> of *Histoire du Cabinet du Roi*,<sup>4</sup> by Messrs. Buffons, and D'Aubenton. the first is a Man of Character, but (I am told) has hurt it by this Work. it is all a sort of Introduction to Natural History. the weak

<sup>1</sup> See p. 160, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Gray used to say, that good writing not only required great parts, but the very best of those parts.—*Mason*.

<sup>3</sup> Unmistakably by Montesquieu, although he neither gave his name to it nor wrote in the first person. It was a small pamphlet published at Geneva, "chez Barillot et Fils," 1750, and sold at thirty sous. It was written in answer to two successive articles in some journal (October 9th and 16th, 1749). Montesquieu was therein accused of Spinozism and Deism. One objection urged against Montesquieu is that in his first chapter he says nothing about original sin! The reply is exactly in the brief concise manner of "*L'Esprit des Loix*."

<sup>4</sup> Of the great work "*Histoire naturelle, générale et particulière, avec la Description du Cabinet du Roi*," which was concluded in forty-four volumes, the part by Buffon and D'Aubenton jointly was completed in fifteen volumes in 1756.

Part of it is a Love of System,<sup>1</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> runs through it, the most contrary Thing in the World to a Science, entirely grounded upon Experiments, & that has nothing to do with Vivacity of Imagination.<sup>2</sup> there are some microscopical Observations, that seem'd curious to me, on those Animalcula<sup>3</sup> to w<sup>ch</sup> we are supposed to owe our Origin; & w<sup>ch</sup> he has discover'd of like Figure in Females not pregnant, & in almost every Thing we use for Nourishment, even Vegetables, particularly in their Fruits & Seeds. not that he allows them to be animated Bodies, but *Molecules organisées*. if you ask what that is, I cannot tell; no more than I can understand a new System of Generation w<sup>ch</sup> he builds upon it. but what I was going to commend is a general View he gives of the Face of the Earth, followed by a particular one of all known Nations, their peculiar Figure & Manners, w<sup>ch</sup> is the best Epitome of Geography I ever met with, & wrote with Sense, and Elegance: in short these Books are well worth turning over. the Memoires of the Abbé de Mongon<sup>4</sup> in five V: are highly commended, but I have not seen them. he was engaged in several Embassies to Germany, England, &c: during the Course of the late War. The Presid: Henault's<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Buffon says to Mme. Necker (July 25th, 1779: "Vous pourriez croire que c'est l'amour de la gloire qui m'attire dans le désert et me met la plume à la main, c'est *le seul amour de l'ordre* qui m'a déterminé."

<sup>2</sup> One cannot therefore help lamenting that Mr. Gray let his imagination lie dormant so frequently, in order to apply himself to this very science.—*Mason*. A note worth retaining, as characteristic of Mason.

<sup>3</sup> Mitford and (independently) Mr. Gosse, *animalculæ*. Gray, of course, was not guilty of this.

<sup>4</sup> His name is commonly spelt Montgon (Charles-Alexandre). He was employed by the Duc de Bourbon-Conde in negotiations in Spain. This must have been in the interval 1723-1726, between the death of the regent Orléans and the ascendancy of Fleury. The abbé was at the date of this letter fifty-one years old, and lived to an advanced age. I have not seen his Memoirs.

<sup>5</sup> Hénault (b. 1685, d. 1770) at first, captivated by Massillon's preaching, wished to take holy orders, but abandoned the design, and gave himself to society and literature; in 1706 became councillor of the parliament of Paris, and in 1710 president of the court of *enquêtes*. He was made superintendent of the household of Marie Leczinsky, wife of Louis XV. He is said to have taken a religious

Abregé Chronol:<sup>ique</sup> de l'Hist: de France<sup>1</sup> I believe I have before mention'd to you, as a very good Book of its Kind.

You advised me in your last to be acquainted with . . . <sup>2</sup> and we are accordingly on very good & civil Terms: but to make us love one another (I reckon) you hardly proposed. I always placed the Service he did me . . . <sup>3</sup> to your Account. this latter has done him some Service, about his Regulations. if you will give me the Pleasure of a Letter, while I continue here, it will be a great Satisfaction to me. I shall stay a Month longer. my best Wishes to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton & your Family. I am

Ever Yours,  
T GRAY.

Do not imagine I have forgot my Debts, I hope to repay them this Year.

## XCII. *To Walpole.*

Cambridge, February 11, 1751.

As you have brought me into a little sort of distress, you must assist me, I believe, to get out of it as well as I can. Yesterday I had the misfortune of receiving a letter from certain gentlemen (as their bookseller expresses it), who have taken the Magazine of Magazines into their hands.

turn about 1735, but Walpole, who dined with him at Madame de Deffand's in 1765, calls him an old blind debauchee of wit, a superannuated bacchanal, very deaf, who made his hostess bawl to him what everybody at the table was eating or saying. Walpole printed an early tragedy ("Cornélie") of his at the Strawberry Hill Press (1768).

<sup>1</sup> I have before me the third edition of the "Nouvel Abregé Chronologique," 1747. The general method is an epitome of remarkable events faced occasionally by a page in four columns under such heads as "Femmes," "Enfans," "Mort," "Princes Contemporains"; or sometimes "Ministres," "Guerriers," "Magistrats," "Savans et Illustres" (see p. 152 n. *supra*). The "Abregé" first appeared in 1744.

<sup>2</sup> Name erased seems to be Keene.

<sup>3</sup> Erasure in MS. Mitford inserts "about Tuthill," I suppose from conjecture; but the words appear also in Mr. Gosse's text.

They tell me that an *ingenious* Poem, called reflections in a Country Church-yard, has been communicated to them, which they are printing forthwith; that they are informed that the *excellent* author of it is I by name, and that they beg not only his *indulgence*, but the *honour* of his correspondence, etc. As I am not at all disposed to be either so indulgent, or so correspondent, as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honour they would inflict upon me; and therefore am obliged to desire you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient for him, but on his best paper and character; he must correct the press himself, and print it without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them; and the title must be,—Elegy, written in a Country Church-yard. If he would add a line or two to say it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better. If you behold the Magazine of Magazines in the light that I do, you will not refuse to give yourself this trouble on my account, which you have taken of your own accord before now. If Dodsley do not do this immediately, he may as well let it alone.

### XCIIL. *To Walpole.*

Ash-Wednesday, Cambridge, 1751.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have indeed conducted with great decency my little *misfortune*: you have taken a paternal care of it, and expressed much more kindness than could have been expressed from so near a relation. But we are all frail; and I hope to do as much for you another time.

Nurse Dodsley has given it a pinch or two<sup>1</sup> in the cradle, that (I doubt) it will bear the marks of as long as it lives. But no matter: we have ourselves suffered under

<sup>1</sup> See next letter. The editor of Gray's "Poems" (Pitt Press) overlooked the instances of Dodsley's "pinches," which Gray himself gives.

her hands before now; and besides, it will only look the more careless and by *accident* as it were. I thank you for your advertisement, which saves my honour, and in a manner *bien flatteuse pour moi*, who should be put to it even to make myself a compliment in good English.

You will take me for a mere poet, and a fetcher and carrier of sing-song, if I tell you that I intend to send you the beginning of a drama,<sup>1</sup> not mine, thank God, as you will believe, when you hear it is finished, but wrote by a person whom I have a very good opinion of. It is (unfortunately) in the manner of the ancient drama, with choruses, which I am to my shame the occasion of; for, as great part of it was at first written in that form, I would not suffer him to change it to a play fit for the stage, and as he intended, because the lyric parts are the best of it, they must have been lost. The story is Saxon, and the language has a tang of Shakespeare, that suits an old-fashioned fable very well. In short I don't do it merely to amuse you, but for the sake of the author, who wants a judge, and so I would lend him *mine*: yet not without your leave, lest you should have us up to dirty our stockings at the bar of your house, for wasting the time and politics of the *nation*.—Adieu, Sir! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

#### XCIV. *To Walpole.*

Cambridge, March 3, 1751.

ELFRIDA (for that is the fair one's name) and her author are now in town together. He has promised me, that he will send a part of it to you some morning while he is there; and (if you shall think it worth while to descend to particulars) I should be glad you would tell me very freely your opinion about it; for he shall know nothing of the matter, that is not fit for the ears of a *tender* parent—though, by the way, he has ingenuity and merit enough (whatever his drama may have) to bear hearing his faults very patiently.

<sup>1</sup> This was the "Elfrida" of Mr. Mason.—*Mitford*.



I must only beg you not to shew it, much less let it be copied; for it will be published, though not as yet.

I do not expect any more editions;<sup>1</sup> as I have appeared in more magazines than one. The chief errata<sup>2</sup> were *sacred* bower for *secret*; *hidden*<sup>3</sup> for *kindred* (in spite of dukes and classics); and "*frowning* as in scorn" for *smiling*. I humbly propose, for the benefit of Mr. Dodsley and his matrons, that take *awake*<sup>4</sup> for a verb, that they should read *asleep*, and all will be right. *Gil Blas*<sup>5</sup> is the *Lying Valet* in five acts. The *Fine Lady*<sup>6</sup> has half a dozen good lines dispersed in it. *Pompey* is the hasty production of a Mr. Coventry<sup>7</sup> (cousin to him you knew<sup>8</sup>), a young clergyman; I found it out by three characters, which once made part of a comedy that he shewed me of his own

<sup>1</sup> Of the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard."—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Besides these errors of the text, in the Magazine of Magazines, the following occurred:—"their *harrow* oft the stubborn glebe has broke."—"And read their *destiny* in a nation's eyes."—"With uncouth rhymes and shapeless *culture* decked."—"Slow through the churchway *pass* we saw him borne,"—and many others of less consequence."—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> "Some hidden Spirit shall inquire thy Fate," Dodsley's ed., 1751. I do not understand the reference to "dukes and classics."

<sup>4</sup> Dodsley printed thus:

"Ev'n from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries  
Awake, and faithful to her wonted Fires."

The punctuation and the want of it make it look as if "Awake" was a verb imperative.

<sup>5</sup> "*Gil Blas*," a comedy by Edward Moore, appeared in 1751; Garrick's "*Lying Valet*" in 1741, soon after his successful *début* on the London stage at Goodman's Fields. He began to act in his own name in 1742 (see p. 108 n. *supra*).

<sup>6</sup> So Mr. Gosse, no doubt rightly; *Mitford* prints "The fine lady." "The Modern Fine Lady" was by Soame Jenyns. It was written in 1750, a companion picture to his "Modern Fine Gentleman," written in 1746. It is not a *play*.

<sup>7</sup> Francis Coventry, the author of "*Pompey the Little*," was, like his cousin, of Magdalene, Cambridge, and took his degree in 1749 as second Wrangler.

<sup>8</sup> This was Henry Coventry, of whom Walpole speaks in a letter from Cambridge, May 30th, 1736, as Fellow, formerly Fellow-Commoner, of Magdalene and author of "A Dialogue between Philemon and Hydaspes on False Religion." Colesays that Coventry and Walpole used to go with Ashton to pray with the prisoners in the Castle (then the gaol at Cambridge).

writing. Has that miracle of *tenderness and sensibility* (as she calls it) Lady Vane<sup>1</sup> given you any amusement? *Peregrine*,<sup>2</sup> whom she uses as a vehicle, is very poor indeed, with a few exceptions. In the last volume is a character of Mr. Lyttleton, under the name of "Gosling Scrag," and a parody of part of his Monody, under the notion of a Pastoral on the death of his grandmother.—I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

### XCV. *To Walpole.*

Cambridge, October 8, 1751.

I SEND you this<sup>3</sup> (as you desire) merely to make up half a dozen;<sup>4</sup> though it will hardly answer your end in furnishing out either a head or a tail-piece. But your own fable<sup>5</sup> may much better supply the place. You have altered it to its advantage; but there is still something a little embarrassed here and there in the expression. I rejoice to

<sup>1</sup> This disreputable person was the daughter of Mr. Hawes, a South Sea director. She was first married to Lord William Hamilton, and afterwards to William, 2nd Viscount Vane in the Irish peerage. She deserted him for Lord Berkeley, and Lord Berkeley for his cousin, Henry Berkeley (1742). Walpole, with prescience, says that her adventures are worthy to be bound up with those of other disreputable persons whom he names (to Mann, June 14th, 1742). He says to the same, March 13th, 1751, that "the publication of her Memoirs is a degree of profligacy not to be accounted for: she does not want money." Scott affirms that she paid Smollett a large sum for inserting these edifying records in "*Peregrine Pickle*," besides supplying him with the details. In 1766 Walpole writes to Montagu from Bath that Lady Vane is opening the balls there, and "glimmering at 54."

<sup>2</sup> Smollett's "*Peregrine*" was published in 1751. The character of Gosling Scrag and the parody of the Monody were subsequently excised by Smollett, with much else that should never have seen the light; enough offences against good taste still remain.

<sup>3</sup> The Hymn to Adversity.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> The "Six Poems" with Bentley's designs, of which we read further.

<sup>5</sup> Mitford and Mr. Gosse say this was the Entail; Walpole himself tells us that he wrote this in July, 1754 ("Short Notes," etc.). It was no doubt his imitation of a fable of La Fontaine, called "The Funeral of the Lioness," which he wrote in 1752 (*ibid.*).

find you apply<sup>1</sup> (pardon the use of so odious a word) to the history of your own times.<sup>2</sup> Speak, and spare not. Be as impartial as you can; and after all, the world will not believe you are so, though you should make as many protestations as bishop Burnet.<sup>3</sup> They will feel in their own breast, and find it very possible to hate fourscore persons, yea, ninety and nine: so you must rest satisfied with the testimony of your own conscience. Somebody has laughed at Mr. Dodsley, or at me, when they talked of the *bat*: I have nothing more either nocturnal or diurnal, to deck his miscellany with. We have a man<sup>4</sup> here that writes a good hand; but he has little failings that hinder my recommending him to you. He is lousy, and he is mad: he sets out this week for Bedlam; but if you insist upon it, I don't doubt he will pay his respects to you. I have seen two of Dr. Middleton's<sup>5</sup> unpublished works. One is about 44 pages in 4to. against Dr. Waterland,<sup>6</sup> who wrote a very orthodox book on the *Importance of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, and insisted that Christians ought to have no communion with such as differ from them in fundamentals. Middleton enters no farther into the doctrine itself than to shew that a mere speculative point can never be called a fundamental: and that the earlier fathers, on whose concurrent tradition Waterland would build, are so far, when they speak of the three persons from

<sup>1</sup> I do not know why Gray apologizes for the word; he could easily have used it reflexively, if he had thought that an improvement.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole records in "Short Notes" after March 20th, 1751, "About this time I began to write my 'Memoirs' [Memoirs of the last ten years of the reign of George II.]. At first, I only intended to write the history of one year." See p. 179, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> It is stated that Burnet appealed, in his "History of His Own Time," to the God of Truth that he had on all occasions in that work told the truth.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Gosse suggests that this was Smart (*vide supra*, p. 170, n. 4); and this is possible, if Smart was still in Cambridge.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 160, n. 2. The first edition of his works (not including the "Life of Cicero") appeared in 1752; the second in 1755.

<sup>6</sup> See p. 163, n. 3. The "Importance of the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity" followed upon his "Critical History of the Athanasian Creed," and his insistence upon the doctrine as fundamental excited much exasperation in the Arian and Socinian camp.

agreeing with the present notion of our church, that they declare for the inferiority of the Son, and seem to have no clear and distinct idea of the Holy Ghost at all. The rest is employed in exposing the folly and cruelty of stiffness and zealotism in religion, and in shewing that the primitive ages of the church, in which tradition had its rise, were (even by the confession of the best scholars and most orthodox writers) *the æra of nonsense and absurdity*. It is finished and very well wrote; but has been mostly incorporated into his other works, particularly the enquiry; and for this reason, I suppose, he has writ upon it, "*This wholly laid aside.*" The second is in Latin, on miracles; to shew, that of the two methods of defending Christianity, one from its intrinsic evidence, the holiness and purity of its doctrines, the other from its external, the miracles said to be wrought confirm it; the first has been little attended to by reason of its difficulty; the second much insisted upon, because it appeared an easier task; but that, in reality, it can prove nothing at all. "*Nobilis illa quidem defensio (the first) quam si obtinere potuissent, rem simul omnem expediisse, causamque penitus vicisse viderentur. At causæ hujus defendendæ labor cum tantâ argumentandi cavillandique molestiâ conjunctus, ad alteram, quam dixi, defensionis viam, ut commodiorem longè et faciliorem, plerosque adegit—ego verò istiusmodi defensione religionem nostram non modo non confirmari, sed dubiam potius suspectamque reddi existimo.*"<sup>1</sup> He then proceeds

<sup>1</sup> It is instructive to compare this passage with one of the first principles of Lessing's controversial writings in theology. Middleton's view is identical with Lessing's; and this can scarcely be mere coincidence; for Lessing was, by early association and his own studies, well versed in the tendencies of religious thought in England. For instance, in his tract "*Ueber den Beweis des Geistes und der Kraft*" he maintains that Origen rested not only on the miracles of the New Testament, but on those of his own time; that this contemporary evidence might be evidence for Origen, but not for us; *we* have no such contemporary evidence; and our belief in any sort of *historic* truth is of a different *genus* from our belief in transcendental doctrines. It is with these doctrines that Lessing, like Middleton, would begin; these, he says, were at first so new, so foreign to the whole compass of then acknowledged truths, that nothing short of miracles and fulfilled prophecies was necessary in order to excite the attention to them of the mass of

to consider miracles in general, and afterwards those of the Pagans compared with those of Christ. I only tell you the plan, for I have not read it out (though it is short); but you will not doubt to what conclusion it tends. There is another thing, I know not what, I am to see. As to the *Treatise on Prayer*, they say it is burnt indeed.—Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

### XCVI. *To Wharton.*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

A little kind of Reproach, that I saw the other Day in a Letter of yours to M<sup>r</sup> Brown, has made my Guilt fly in my Face, & given me Spirit to be a Beast no longer. I desired him to tell you in the beginning of the Summer, that I fear'd my Journey into the North would be prevented by the Arrival of my Cousin, M<sup>rs</sup> Forster (whom you remember by the Name of Pattinson) from India. she came in August; & I continued in Town with her a Month in order to do what little Services I could to a Person as strange, & as much to seek,<sup>1</sup> as tho' she had been born in the Mud of the Ganges. after this the year was too far advanced to undertake such an Expedition; & the Thought of seeing you here in the Spring in some measure comforts me for the Disappointment; for I depend upon your coming then, when it will be far easier to confer together, & determine about a Thing, in which (I fear) I am too much interes[t]ed to deserve having<sup>2</sup>] any great share in the

mankind, *i.e.*, *den gesunden Menschenverstand auf die Spur helfen*. (It might be difficult to determine how far the necessity of caution coloured the expressed opinions of Middleton, as they certainly coloured those of Lessing.) The speculations of the eighteenth century came back to us in the nineteenth from the Continent, and were welcomed or scouted as "made in Germany"; but they were of home manufacture after all.

<sup>1</sup> Meaning "as ignorant and helpless." It would be scarcely necessary to note this, but that it has been affirmed that poor Mrs. Forster "wearied Gray by her insatiable craving for sight-seeing"! I know not where to find the ground for this statement, except in a misinterpretation of the phrase in the text.

<sup>2</sup> I presume that Mitford restored these words from conjecture, but Mr. Gosse has them also.



Determination: for

People. you are aware undoubtedly, that a certain Deference, not to say Servility, to the Heads of Colleges is perhaps necessary to a Physician, that means to establish himself here: you possibly<sup>1</sup> may find a Method to do without it. another Inconvenience your Wife, rather than you, will feel, the Want of Company of her own Sex; as the Women are few here, squeezey & formal, and little skill'd in amusing themselves or other People. all I can say is, she must try to make up for it among the Men, who are not over-agreeable neither. I much approve of your settling seriously to your Profession; but as your Father is old, if you should lose him, what becomes of your Interest, and to whom is it then to be transfer'd? would you leave London & your Practise again to canvass an Election for yourself? it seems to me, that, if you execute your present Scheme, you must (in case of M<sup>r</sup> Wh:<sup>ns</sup><sup>2</sup> Death) entirely lay aside all Views of that Kind. the gradual Transition you propose to make thro' Bath or Cambridge to London is very well judged, & likely enough to succeed. for Bath, I am wholly unacquainted with it, & consequently can say little to the Purpose. the Way of Life there might be more amusing to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton, than this; but to You, I think, would be less satisfactory. I sincerely congratulate you on the good Effects of your new Medicine, w<sup>ch</sup> is indeed a sufficient Recompence for any Pains you have taken in that Study. but to make a just Tryal of its Efficacy & of your own Constitution, you certainly ought to pass a little Time at London (a Month or so) & that

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engaged himself to make it up 1000, in case the Brothers will not do it, & they have (after some Hesitation) refused it. our good M<sup>r</sup> Brown goes out of his Office to-day, of w<sup>ch</sup> he is not a little glad. his College, w<sup>ch</sup> had much declined for some time, is picking up again: they have

<sup>1</sup> It is characteristic of Gray that he wrote and erased "perhaps" here, only erasing because he had used "perhaps" just before."

<sup>2</sup> Alderman Wharton of Durham, the father of Gray's correspondent.

had twelve Admissions this Year; & are just filling up two Fellowships with a M<sup>r</sup> Cardell,<sup>1</sup> whom I do not know, but they say, he is a good Scholar; & a M<sup>r</sup> Delaval,<sup>2</sup> a Fellow-Commoner (a younger son to old Delaval of Northumberland), who has taken his Degree in an exemplary Manner, and is very sensible, & knowing. the Appeal,<sup>3</sup> which has been so long contended for, will, I believe, at last be yielded to with a good Grace, or rather bestowed, by the Advice of the D: of N:, & my Lord Ch:;<sup>4</sup> & will be

<sup>1</sup> Mason, *teste* Mitford, writes "old Cardale" in a letter to Gray, March 1st, 1755. The man Gray names here was William Cardale; he took his B.A. degree in 1750-1, his M.A. in 1754.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 150, n. 2. This is the "Marcello" of Mason to Gray, March 1st, 1775; the "Delaval the loud" of Gray's doggerel lines ("Poems," p. 95, Aldine ed., Bradshaw). In 1769, as we shall see in Gray's letter to Brown of March that year, he was "talking as loud as ever." He was Edward Hussey Delaval, 1720-1814, and was fourth Wrangler in 1751, youngest brother of Lord Delaval, so created, 1783, in the Irish peerage, 1786, in the English. "Old Delaval" was Francis Blake Delaval of Seaton Delaval, Northumberland, who died 1752. His second son, John Hussey Delaval, subsequently the peer, was probably the hero of the escapade so graphically described on pp. 152, 153, *supra*; for though the eldest brother, Francis Blake Delaval, was quite capable of it, he seems to have been at Christchurch, Oxford. Edward Delaval achieved European reputation as a man of science. He was not only a good classical scholar and linguist, but an eminent chemist. He was made F.R.S. in 1759. He was associated with Benjamin Franklin in a report to the Royal Society on the means of securing St. Paul's Cathedral against lightning. I have seen his "Inquiry into the Cause of the Changes of Colours," 1777. And he directed the making of the completest set of musical glasses as yet known in England. He was a rich man, succeeding to the family estates at Seaton Delaval. In "Marmion," canto ii., stanza 8, the abbess of St. Hilda and her nuns, after passing Tynemouth in their bark,

" . . . mark'd, amid her trees, the hall  
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval."

What they "marked" was the castle, of which scarcely a trace remains except the Norman chapel; the hall, built after a design by Vanbrugh in 1707, was burnt in 1822.

<sup>3</sup> I think this refers to questions at Pembroke, first raised by the efforts to get Tuthill elected Fellow. See letters lxvi., lxvii., lxxxvi.

<sup>4</sup> The Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of the University, and the Lord High Chancellor of England.

the best & most popular Thing they can do. but you must not mention it, till it is actually done. I am sorry your friend Chapman will lose all the Merit of his Pamphlet,<sup>1</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> (by the Way) has been answered exceedingly well, & with all due Contempt. he seems much mortified, & was preparing a Reply; but this Event, I doubt, will cut him short.

I know of nothing new in the literary Way, but the History of Lewis, 14<sup>th</sup>, by Voltaire; not that I have yet seen it but my Expectations are much raised. Adieu, my dear Wharton, I am ever

Most truly Yours  
TG.

P:S: I am ready to pay my Debts, if you will tell me to whom. my compliments & good Wishes to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton, & the little Gentry.

[Oct. 10, 1751.<sup>2</sup>]

### XCVII. *To Walpole.*

Your pen was too rapid to mind the common form of a direction, and so, by omitting the words *near Windsor*, your letter has been diverting itself at another Stoke, near Ailesbury, and came not to my hands till to-day.

The true original chairs were all sold, when the Huntingdons broke; there are nothing now but Halsey<sup>3</sup> chairs,

<sup>1</sup> Evidently on the Academic Question; but I have not traced it.

<sup>2</sup> Wharton endorsed, "Mr Gray, 10 Oct. 1750 or 1751," but erased the alternative; yet 1751 is the correct date. It was in that year that Voltaire's "Louis XIVth" appeared. Moreover, Gray speaks of the thought of seeing Wharton at Cambridge in the spring; and it will be seen from Gray's letter to Wharton of April, 1752, that Wharton did go to Cambridge at that time, though Gray missed him.

<sup>3</sup> It is evident that Walpole has been asking about the old furniture at the Mansion House at Stoke Poges, to help Bentley in illustrating the "Long Story" ("The *Huntingdons* and *Hattons* there," etc., l. 3). Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, rebuilt the house in the reign of Elizabeth; but the estate was soon afterwards seized by the Crown for a debt, *i.e.*, the *Huntingdons*

not adapted to the squareness of gothic dowager's rump. And by the way I do not see how the uneasiness and uncomfortableness of a coronation-chair can be any objection with you: every chair that is easy is modern, and unknown to our ancestors. As I remember there were certain low chairs, that looked like ebony, at Esher, and were old and pretty. Why should not Mr. Bentley improve upon them?—I do not wonder at Dodsley. You have talked to him of six *Odes*, for so you are pleased to call everything I write, though it be but a receipt to make apple-dumplings. He has reason to gulp when he finds one of them only a long story. I don't know but I may send him very soon (by your hands) an ode to his own tooth, a high Pindaric upon stilts, which one must be a better scholar than he is to understand a line of, and the very best scholars will understand but a little matter here and there.

It wants but seventeen lines of having an end, I don't say of being finished. As it is so unfortunate to come too late for Mr. Bentley, it may appear in the 4th volume of the *Miscellanies*, provided you don't think it execrable, and suppress it. Pray when the fine book<sup>1</sup> is to be printed, let me revise the press, for you know you can't; and there are a few trifles I could wish altered.

I know not what you mean by hours of love, and cherries, and pine-apples. I neither see nor hear anything here, and am of opinion that is the best way. My compliments to Mr. Bentley, if he be with you.—I am yours ever,

T. GRAY.

“broke.” Lady Cobham was the daughter of Edmund *Halsey*, the predecessor of Thrale's father in the brewery (now Barclay and Perkins). Edmund Halsey had purchased the manor-house at Stoke in 1720, and it was Lady Cobham's own, and thither, I imagine, she retired when, on her husband's death in 1749, she had to leave Stowe.

<sup>1</sup> Mitford and Mr. Gosse say that this is “The Edition of his *Odes* printed at Strawberry Hill.” How could this be? It is quite clear that the “high Pindaric upon stilts” is the “Progress of Poesy,” which is not yet completed when Gray writes; as for “the Bard,” the other of the two odes printed at the Strawberry Hill Press in 1757, it was probably begun about 1755. The date of this letter is obviously 1752. The “fine book” is, of course, the “Six Poems” with Bentley's designs.

I desire you would not show that Epigram I repeated to you, as mine. I have heard of it twice already as coming from you.

### XCVIII. To Wharton.

MY D<sup>r</sup> WHARTON,

You are apprised by this time (I don't doubt) that your M<sup>r</sup> Spencer<sup>1</sup> is chose at Pembroke. I received, while I was at Stoke, a Letter from [Tuthill], wherein were these Words, 'Spencer will, I am almost persuaded, be chose at this Audit, and perhaps without a Quarrel. I shall vote for him with great Pleasure, because I believe he may justly claim it, & because I believe D<sup>r</sup> Wharton would, if he knew of our Election, desire it; for *he* was maintained by his M<sup>r</sup> Wilkinson.'<sup>2</sup> D<sup>r</sup> Long did not make any Resistance, when he saw how it would go, so Chapman had little Occasion for his *effectual Interest*. oh, by the Way I give you joy of that agreeable Creature,<sup>3</sup> who has got one of your Prebends 400£ a Year, and will visit you soon, with that dry Piece of Goods, his Wife.

Of my House<sup>4</sup> I cannot say much: I wish I could! but for my Heart it is no less yours, than it has long been; & the last Thing in the World, that will throw it into Tumults, is a fine Lady.<sup>5</sup> the Verses<sup>6</sup> you so kindly try to keep in countenance were wrote to divert that particular Family, & succeeded accordingly. but being shew'd about in Town, are not liked there at all. M<sup>rs</sup> French,<sup>7</sup> a very

<sup>1</sup> Richard Spenser of Trinity graduated 1750 as seventeenth Wrangler, and took his M.A. as Fellow of Pembroke in 1753.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 168, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Chapman, Master of Magdalene (p. 159, n. 2, and Index).

<sup>4</sup> The house he was rebuilding in Cornhill.—*Mason*.

<sup>5</sup> It is obvious that Wharton has sportively rallied Gray about Miss Speed, in connection with the "Long Story." See notes on that poem in Pitt Press edition, and "Gray and His Friends," pp. 195 sq., and references in Index, *infra*.

<sup>6</sup> The Long Story.—*Mitford*.

<sup>7</sup> The lady of whose separation from her husband Walpole said to Mann, January 6th, 1743: "She has been fashionable these two winters: her husband has commenced a suit in Doctors' Commons against her cat, and will, they say, recover considerable damages:



fashionable Personage, told M<sup>r</sup> W: that she had seen a Thing by a Friend of his w<sup>ch</sup> she did not know what to make of, for it aim'd at every Thing, & meant nothing. to w<sup>ch</sup> he replied, that he had always taken her for a Woman of Sense, & was very sorry to be undeceived. On the other hand the Stanzas,<sup>1</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> I now enclose to you, have had the Misfortune, by M<sup>r</sup> W:<sup>s</sup> Fault, to be made still more publick, for w<sup>ch</sup> they certainly were never meant, but is too late to complain. they have been so applauded, it is quite a Shame to repeat it. I mean not to be modest; but I mean, it is a Shame for those, who have said such superlative Things about them, that I can't repeat them. I should have been glad, that you & two or three more People had liked them, w<sup>ch</sup> would have satisfied my Ambition on this Head amply. I have been this Month in town, not at Newcastle-House, but diverting myself among my gay Acquaintance; & return to my Cell with so much the more Pleasure. I do not speak of my future Excursion to Durham for fear—but at present it is my full Intention.

His Prussian Majesty<sup>2</sup> has published the *Suite des Memoires*<sup>3</sup> pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg, which includes a very free Account of his Grandfather's Life, who was the first King of that House, reflections on the gradual Advance in science, Commerce, &c., of his Subjects, & on their Changes in Religion. it is much in Voltaire's Manner. The Book itself is at present hard to be got, but you may see a good Extract of it in the *Mercure historique*, a Work publish'd Monthly: whether it is that for Oct: or Sept:<sup>r</sup> I can not justly say. there is also an account of the History of Crusades, w<sup>ch</sup> seems to be

but the lawyers are of opinion that the kittens must inherit." They appear to have been reconciled; but in 1751 (May 30th) Walpole records to Montagu that Mrs. French and her Jeffery are parted again. In 1781 she was still living, and Walpole (July 17th) names her among his juvenile contemporaries whom Mrs. Hobart invited to her *sans souci*.

<sup>1</sup> The Elegy in a Country Church-yard.—*Mason*.

<sup>2</sup> Frederick II. of Prussia (1712-1786).

<sup>3</sup> "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Brandebourg, de Main de Maître (Suite des Mémoires . . . contenant le Règne de Frédéric I avec quelques autres pièces interessantes)." Two parts. Berlin, 1750. 8vo.

Voltaire's, & promises well. I hear talk of a Pamphlet, call'd *Voix du Sage & du Peuple*,<sup>1</sup> ascribed to Montesquieu; & a Book, styled only *Lettres*, by the Procureur General, Fleury, on the Power of the Clergy in France, but have not seen either of them, being very scarce as yet. M<sup>r</sup> de Buffon has discovered<sup>2</sup> the Speculum of Archimedes, w<sup>ch</sup> burns at 200 Foot distance; and a chymist in . . .

You mention Stonhewer. I should be glad to know whether he frequents you? whether you find him improved? & what sort of life he leads among your country-folks? Brown, who has been in the midst of Tumults and Mutinies lately [and Tuthill, desire their]<sup>3</sup> best compliments to you. mine ever wait on M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. Adieu, believe me

Most truly Yours.

Dec: 18. Cambridge.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This was Voltaire's. It was ostensibly published at Amsterdam, "chez le Sincère, MDCCL.," a small pamphlet of sixteen pages. It is not at all unlike Montesquieu in style, and was perhaps designed to imitate him. It laughs at the distinction between spiritual and temporal power, and affirms that a philosophic prince would abolish celibate orders, encourage religion, but suppress dogmatic disputes.

<sup>2</sup> "Without any previous knowledge of Tzetzes or Anthemius [famous inventor at Constantinople under Justinian] the immortal Buffon imagined and executed a set of burning-glasses with which he could inflame planks at the distance of 200 feet ('Supplément à l'Hist. Naturelle,' tom. i., pp. 399-483, quarto edition). What miracles would not his genius have performed for the public service, with royal expense, and in the strong sun of Constantinople or Syracuse?" (Gibbon, "Decline and Fall," cxi. n., 99). The first three volumes of the "Histoire Naturelle" appeared in 1749. The tradition that Archimedes at Syracuse burnt the Roman fleet with his speculum is discredited; it is not mentioned by Livy, Polybius, or Plutarch; Gibbon seems inclined to give it some credence.

<sup>3</sup> Erased in MS. Supplied, I suppose, by Mitford (also by Mr. Gosse).

<sup>4</sup> Wharton has inserted 1751 over this date.

XCIX. *To Wharton.*<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I should not have made this little Journey to Town if I had not imagined the Situation of your Affairs (after the Loss you have lately had) would have prevented your Design of coming to Cambridge. the Pleasure I have here, is not sufficient, I am sure, to ballance a much slighter, than I shall have in seeing you again: my Stay therefore, will at farthest not be longer than Wednesday next, when your business will be over, and we shall have time, I hope, to ma[ke up]<sup>2</sup> in some Degree for so many Year's Separation.<sup>3</sup>

My Thanks to Mr Brown for his Letter, and I will trouble you to tell him, I see no Reason why the Person he mentions should refuse the Proposal made him. he must necessarily & I think, in Prudence sooner or later enter into the Profession, that qualifies him for it. and this is perhaps as creditable a Way of doing it, as ever will offer, besides that it need not oblige him to anything he dislikes, & may perhaps lead to great Advantages . . . if he be return'd. I need not tell you that I am

Ever Yours,

TGRAY.

1752.

<sup>1</sup> Endorsed by Wharton, "Mr Gray April 1752 to me at Cambridge."

<sup>2</sup> Supplied by Mitford (MS. torn). Mr. Gosse (independently) prints without notice, as does also Mitford.

<sup>3</sup> It was, I think, seven or eight years since Wharton left Cambridge.

## C. To Wharton.

I am sorry to tell you a sad story of our friend over the way.<sup>2</sup> Young V:<sup>3</sup> who is now Chaplain to your new Bishop,<sup>4</sup> & has had the promise of it for some time, applied to his little red L<sup>dship</sup>,<sup>5</sup> as a friend to him & to his family, to put him into orders. he begun by a direct Lie, & told him, he knew the B:<sup>p</sup> was absolutely engaged to two People of Oxford, whom he named. then he drill'd<sup>6</sup> him on with various trifling pretences, & at last went to town without ordaining him, or appointing any time, when he would. in the meantime V: being press'd by Letters from home, went to town & was immediately ordain'd by the A:<sup>p</sup> of York,<sup>7</sup> & soon after appointed Chaplain. he was inform'd from a very sure hand, that all this time his friend of Ch:<sup>r</sup><sup>8</sup> had been making interest for R—ss<sup>9</sup> against him, & particularly had said, that V: could not have it, for he was a young man, *not in Orders yet*: I assure you, they are very angry (& with reason), at R:<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> First part of letter wanting, except the word "coming."

<sup>2</sup> This is Edmund Keene, Bishop of Chester and Master of Peterhouse (see p. 194, n. 3). Gray, as Mr. Gosse remarks, identified himself with the society at Pembroke even before he joined it, and he writes here as from *Wharton's* side of the street, and perhaps really from a friend's rooms in Pembroke.

<sup>3</sup> Vane, as the reference to Raby Castle *infra* shows. Cf. pp. 170-173, 171, n. 1.

<sup>4</sup> In this year 1752, on 16th of June, Butler of the "Analogy" died, and was succeeded in the Bishopric of Durham by Richard Trevor.

<sup>5</sup> Keene.

<sup>6</sup> In Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words" I find that in Devonshire the word is used in the sense of "to decoy or flatter." The first meaning suits the passage *supra*.

<sup>7</sup> At this time Matthew Hutton.

<sup>8</sup> Keene, Bishop of Chester.

<sup>9</sup> Ross. I suppose the man mentioned *supra*, p. 197 (*ad fin.* and note).

<sup>10</sup> Raby. "Proud Raby's battled towers" (Scott, "Rokeby," c. ii., st. 2; cf. *supra*, pp. 170, n. 3, and 171, n. 1). I find it described in 1833 as a massive Gothic structure, of which "the extent, grandeur, and preservation give the most perfect idea of the magnificence of feudal ages." It was, up to a recent date, the seat of the Dukes of Cleveland, descendants of the Vanes, though the third duke assumed, instead of Vane, the surname and arms of Powlett.

Castle;<sup>1</sup> . . . . de Maintenon's Letters;<sup>2</sup> they are undoubtedly genuine. They begin very early in her Life, before she married Scarron;<sup>3</sup> & continue after the King's Death to within a little while of her own. They bear all the marks of a noble Spirit (in her adversity particularly), of Virtue, & unaffected Devotion, insomuch that I am almost persuaded she indulged Lewis the 14<sup>th</sup> in no Liberties, till he actually married her, & this not out of Policy & Ambition, but Conscience;<sup>4</sup> for she was what we should call a Bigot,<sup>5</sup> yet with great good-sense. in short she was too good for a Court; Misfortunes in the beginning of her Life had formed her Mind (naturally lively & impatient) to reflexion, & a habit of piety; she was always miserable, while she had the care of Mad: de Montespan's<sup>6</sup> children;

<sup>1</sup> After "Castle" can be found these words: "Birch, . . . between great Fact . . . of none: however it is to be read . . ."

<sup>2</sup> The edition which Gray must have seen is that of La Beaumelle, which was published in two vols. in 1752. It is said to have been much garbled. Yet Gray's general estimate of Mme. de Maintenon from these imperfect *data* coincides remarkably with that of more modern writers, Macaulay, for instance ("Hist. Eng." vol. ii., ch. xi.).

<sup>3</sup> She was sixteen or seventeen when she married Scarron in 1651 or 1652, about the time of the publication of the "Roman Comique"; Scarron died in 1660.

<sup>4</sup> She was reproached for her intimacy with Ninon de Lenclos, but Ninon said of her, "Elle était vertueuse moins par froideur que par principe. J'aurais voulu l'en guérir; mais elle craignait trop Dieu." The suggestion of her enemies, that her reserve and piety were only assumed to lead the king to marry her, is rejected by impartial judges.

<sup>5</sup> "La fausse béate" ("Mem. de St. Simon," vol. iv., p. 233).—*Mitford*. Her father, Constant d'Aubigné, was a Huguenot, her mother a Roman Catholic, and she was baptized in her mother's religion. She was converted to Protestantism when under the charge of her aunt, Madame de Villette, but was brought back again by the instances of her godmother, Madame de Neillant, who "led her a life." She never afterwards changed her faith, though it is said by some that the associations of her early days led her to use her influence to mitigate the severities of Louis XIV. against the Protestants. And when Louis, "in an evil hour for his fame," assented to the hideous plan of Louvois, which devastated the Palatinate, and destroyed the castle of Heidelberg and the cathedral of Spire, it was through her intercession that Trèves escaped this brutal vandalism.

<sup>6</sup> Françoise Athenaïs de Rochechouart, Marquise de Montespan,



timid & very cautious of making Use of that unlimited power she rose to afterwards for fear of trespassing on the King's Friendship for her; & after his death, not at all afraid of meeting her own.<sup>1</sup> I don't know what to say to you with regard to Racine: it sounds to me as if anybody should fall upon Shakespear, who indeed lies infinitely more open to Criticism of all kinds, but I should not care to be the person that undertook it. if you don't like *Athaliah*, or *Britannicus*,<sup>2</sup> there is no more to be said. I have done.

Ross bears, or dissembles his disappointment better, than I expected of him: perhaps indeed it may not turn out to his disadvantage at the end. he is in London about something. Have you seen Bishop Hall's *Satires*,<sup>3</sup> called *Virgidemiæ*, republish'd lately, they are full of spirit & poetry; as much of the first, as Dr Donne,<sup>4</sup> & far more of

one of the mistresses of Louis XIV., by whom she had several children. When Scarron died, his widow could never obtain from Cardinal Mazarin the continuation of the pension which her husband had received. But she obtained it through the intercession of Madame de Montespan, who in reply to the monarch's "Encore la veuve Scarron!" reminded him that the widow's ancestors had ruined themselves in the service of his. She became governess to Madame de Montespan's children, and growing in favour with the king, incurred the jealousy of her patroness. The king gave her a position independent of Madame de Montespan, and the land and title of Maintenon, in recognition of the pains she had taken with the Duc de Maine, one of these illegitimate children. Madame de Montespan left the court in 1680; Madame de Maintenon, at the age of fifty or fifty-one, was clandestinely married to Louis late in 1685 or early in 1686.

<sup>1</sup> The king had endowed for her in 1686, out of the revenues of the abbey of Saint Denis, the house of Saint Cyr, for the education of two hundred and fifty girls, poor, but of good family. It was for these girls that Racine's "*Esther*" and "*Athalie*" were written, and by them they were first acted. St. Cyr was her retreat after the king's death, and in the choir of St. Cyr she was buried (1719).

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *supra*, p. 154, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> This edition of Hall's "*Satires*" was printed at Oxford in 1753; the editor was Dr. Dodd; or rather the Rev. W. Thompson of Queen's College, as Mr. Reed appears to have suggested to Dr. Farmer (see Ritson's "*Bibl. Poetica*," p. 233).—*Mitford*. If this was the edition to which Gray refers it was late in 1752, with the date 1753.

<sup>4</sup> Pope's "*Satires of Dr. Donne Versified*" had helped to revive some interest in them, and perhaps had led Gray long ere this date to read them in their original form.

the latter. They were wrote at this University, when he was about 23 years old, in Q: Elizabeth's time.<sup>1</sup> Adieu . . . send their best Compliments,<sup>2</sup> with mine, to you & M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. I am ever

Very sincerely yours,

T. G.<sup>3</sup>

[Cambridge Post-mark.]

### CI. *To Walpole.*

Stoke, January 1753.

I am at present at Stoke, to which place I came at half an hour's warning upon the news I received of my mother's illness, and did not expect to have found her alive; but when I arrived she was much better, and continues so. I shall therefore be very glad to make you a visit at Strawberry-hill, whenever you give me notice of a convenient time. I am surprised at the print,<sup>4</sup> which far surpasses

<sup>1</sup> In 1597-8. He became Bishop of Exeter in 1627, Bishop of Norwich in 1641. His "Humble Remonstrance" in defence of Episcopacy exposed him to the attack of Milton in defence of "Smectymnuus." The prose style of Hall in his meditative writings is exquisitely beautiful.

After "time" Mason gives as Gray's: "You do not say whether you have read the Crito. I only recommend the dramatic part of the Phaedo to you, not the argumentative. The subject of the Erastae is good, it treats of that peculiar character & turn of mind which belongs to a true philosopher, but it is shorter than one would wish. The Euthyphro I would not read at all."

I believe Gray did write this to Wharton, perhaps in the lost first part of this letter. His notes on Plato include all the dialogues named.

<sup>2</sup> I cannot read the names effaced. Mitford prints "Adieu, [ . . . ] Brown and Tuthill," etc. What his bracket means I do not understand; I conjecture that he meant to place these names inside it; however, the bracket and the names outside it appear also in Mr. Gosse's edition.

<sup>3</sup> Addressed to Wharton at Durham, and noted in text on cover by him as dated December 19th, 1752. Mason has noted "Transcribed in part." He it was, probably, who destroyed the beginning of the letter.

<sup>4</sup> A proof print of the Cul de Lampe, which Mr. Bentley designed for the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," and which represents a village funeral; this occasioned the pleasant mistake of his two

my idea of London graving: the drawing itself was so finished, that I suppose it did not require all the art I had imagined to copy it tolerably. My aunts' seeing me open your letter, took it to be a burying ticket,<sup>2</sup> and asked whether anybody had left me a ring; and so they still conceive it to be, even with all their spectacles on. Heaven forbid they should suspect it to belong to any verses of mine, they would burn me for a poet.<sup>3</sup> On my own part I am satisfied, if this design of yours succeed so well as you intend it;<sup>4</sup> and yet I know it will be accompanied with

aunts. The remainder of the letter relates entirely to the projected publication of Mr. Bentley's designs, which were printed after by Dodsley this same year. The latter part of it, where he so vehemently declares against having his head prefix to that work, will appear highly characteristical to those readers, who were personally acquainted with Mr. Gray. The print, which was taken from an original picture, painted by Eckardt, in Mr. Walpole's possession, was actually more than half engraved; but afterwards on this account suppressed.—*Mason*.

<sup>1</sup> I can find no warrant for the statement that Gray called his mother and Mrs. Rogers "his old aunts, collectively." It is certainly not an inference from the text, and Mason did not understand Gray in that sense. Mrs. Gray's illness no doubt summoned another of her sisters, as well as her son, to Stoke, probably Mrs. Oliffe, who was subsequently executrix to Mrs. Rogers, in conjunction with Gray.

<sup>2</sup> "While I am now writing comes one with a tickett to invite me to Captain Robert Blake's buriall" (Pepys, April 12th, 1661).

<sup>3</sup> The reader must judge how far this passage "shows that Gray had never mentioned to his *mother* . . . that he wrote verses."

<sup>4</sup> The print which Gray received was part of the "Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray." Bentley's designs, says Mr. Austin Dobson, "are still in existence, and a copy of the poems 'illustrated with the original designs of Mr. Richard Bentley . . . and also with Mr. Gray's original sketch of Stoke House, from which Mr. Bentley made his finished pen drawing,' was sold at the Strawberry Hill sale of 1842 to H. G. Bohn for £8 8s. They were engraved with great delicacy by two of the best engravers of that time, Müller and Charles Grignion; and the 'Poemata-Graio-Bentleiana,' as Walpole christened them, became and remains one of the most remarkable of the illustrated books of the last century. Gray seems to have grown minutely interested in the enterprise, rewarding the artist by some commendatory verses, in which he certainly does not deny himself—to use a phrase of Mr. Swinburne—"the noble pleasure of praising."

Of the eccentric artist, only son of the Master of Trinity, particulars enough and to spare have been collected in the Pitt Press

something not at all agreeable to me.<sup>1</sup>—While I write this, I receive your second letter.—Sure, you are not out of your wits! This I know, if you suffer my head to be printed, you will infallibly put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design.<sup>2</sup> Who is at the expence of engraving it, I know not; but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was, I know, will make me ridiculous enough; but to appear in proper person, at the head of my works, consisting of half a dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse than the pillory. I do assure you, if I had received such a book, with such a frontispiece, without any warning, I believe it would have given me a palsy: therefore I rejoice to have received this notice, and shall not be easy till you tell me all thoughts of it are laid aside. I am extremely in earnest, and cannot bear even the idea.

I had written to Dodsley if I had not received yours, to tell him how little I liked the title which he meant to prefix; but your letter has put all that out of my head.<sup>3</sup> If you think it necessary to print these explanations<sup>4</sup> for the use of people that have no eyes, I should be glad they

edition of Gray's "English Poems," in notes to Gray's "Stanzas to Bentley."

<sup>1</sup> This anticipation of some offence, to be verified so promptly, gives us a good notion of the irritable and fault-finding temper which Walpole endured with so much good nature.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole wrote to Gray, February 20th, 1753: "The thought of having the head engraved was entirely Dodsley's own, and against my opinion, as I concluded it would be against yours; which made me determine to acquaint you with it before its appearance."

<sup>3</sup> The following letter to Dodsley is therefore a repetition of the cancelled letter.

<sup>4</sup> Bentley's designs for the "Six Poems" are explained by Walpole in the edition in which they appeared. Gray's objection to "explanations" is manifested in his advertisement to the edition of 1768 of his "Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard," and in his correspondence about them *infra*. Walpole, February 20th, replies to Gray's objections: "The 'explanation' was certainly added for people who have not eyes: such as are almost all who have seen Mr. Bentley's drawings and think to compliment him by mistaking them for prints. Alas! the generality want as much to have the words 'a man,' 'a cock,' written under his drawings, as under the most execrable hieroglyphics of Egypt, or of sign-post painters."

were a little altered. I am to my shame in your debt for a long letter, but I cannot think of anything else, till you have set me at ease on this matter.

## CII. *To Robert Dodsley.*

Cambridge, February 12 [1753].

SIR,

I am not at all satisfied with the title. To have it conceived that I publish a collection of *Poems*, and half a dozen little matters (four of which too have already been printed again and again) thus pompously adorned would make me appear very justly ridiculous. I desire it may be understood (which is the truth), that the verses are only subordinate and explanatory to the Drawings, and suffered by me to come out thus only for that reason: therefore if you yourself prefixed this title, I desire it may be altered. Or if Mr. W: ordered it so, that you would tell him why I wish it were changed in the manner I mentioned to you at first, or to that purpose. For the more I consider it, the less I can bear it, as it now stands. I even think there is an uncommon sort of simplicity that looks like affectation, in putting our plain Christian and surnames without a Mr. before them. But this (if it signifies anything) I easily give up, the other I cannot. You need not apprehend that this change<sup>1</sup> in the title will be any prejudice to the sale of the book. A showy title-page may serve to sell a pamphlet of a shilling or two; but this is not of a price for chance customers, whose eye is caught in passing by a window, and could never sell but from the notion the town may entertain of the merit of the drawings, which

<sup>1</sup> To this to Dodsley, Walpole perhaps replies when he writes to Gray (February 20th): "How the bookseller would be less a loser by being at more expense, I can easily explain to you. He feared the price of half-a-guinea would seem too high for most purchasers. If by the expense of ten guineas more he could make the book appear so much more rich and showy as to induce people to think it cheap, the profits from selling many more copies would amply recompense him for his additional disbursement."



they will be instructed in by some that understand such things.

I thank you for the offer you make me, but I shall be contented with three copies, two of which you will send me, and keep the third till I acquaint you where to send it. If you will let me know the exact day they will come out a little time beforehand, I will give you a direction. You will remember to send two copies to Dr. Thomas Wharton, M.D. at Durham. Perhaps you may have burnt my letter, so I will again put down the title—"Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for six poems of Mr. T. Gray."<sup>1</sup>—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T. G.

### CIII. *To Wharton.*

March 15—Stoke.<sup>2</sup>

MY DEAR WHARTON

I judge by this time you are in town. the reason that I thought would have deprived me of the pleasure of seeing you is now at an end : my poor Mother, after a long and painful Struggle for life, expired on Sunday morning. when I have seen her buried, I shall come to London, & it will be a particular satisfaction to me to find you there. if you can procure me a tolerable lodging near you, be so good (if you can conveniently) to let me know the night you receive this ; if not, I shall go to my old Landlord in Jermyn Street. I believe, I shall come on Tuesday, & stay a few days, for I must return hither to pay my aunt<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Walpole to Gray, *u.s.* : "The title I think will be wrong, and not answer your purpose ; for, as the drawings are evidently calculated for the poems, why will the improper disposition of the word *designs* before *poems* make the edition less yours ?"

<sup>2</sup> Wharton has written over this date 1753, and endorses letter, "Mr Gray 15 Mar. 1752-3."

<sup>3</sup> He wrote to Wharton, touching the rebuilding of his house (January 5th, 1748) : "I have an Aunt that gives me 100£ ; & another that I hope will lend me what I shall want." It is probable that the donor was Mrs. Rogers, and the lender Mrs. Oliffe, of whom we shall find him writing in no complimentary terms later on. Everything goes to show that *two* aunts were at Stoke during Mrs. Gray's last illness.

her Arrears, w<sup>ch</sup> she will demand with great Exactness.  
 Adieu, dear S<sup>r</sup>, I am,

Ever yours,  
 T GRAY.

To me at M<sup>rs</sup> Rogers's of Stoke, near Windsor Bucks.

CIV. *To Wharton.*

Camb: June 28 . . 1753.  
 Thursday.

MY DEAR DOCTOR

You may well suppose me no longer here, as I have neglected thus long to answer two very kind letters, & (w<sup>ch</sup> is more) to congratulate you on what most of your friends regard as a very happy event: but to me, I own, it has another face, as I have a much greater regard for you than for the young Gentleman, whom I never saw; & foresee, that from this time you will never part with your bottle, w<sup>ch</sup> is properly the father of this boy.<sup>1</sup> all my rhetorick will be thrown away, the Gout may groan at you, & brandish its crutches, the Stone rattle, & the Palsy shake its head unheeded. we shall be no match for claret, if it can get an heir, as well as carry an election. now I talk of elections, we have a report here that your friend M<sup>r</sup> V:<sup>2</sup> (I mean L<sup>d</sup> Barnard) means to bring in his Son-in-law at Durham. is this true? H: Vane<sup>3</sup> sets out for the North on Saturday, so I suppose the Bishop's entry will be over next week. and next Monday fortnight I hope to set out myself with Stonhewer, who is going down to his fathers, in a Post-chaise. we shall not come very fast, as I propose to see Burleigh, Bevoir-Castle, &c: by

<sup>1</sup> This was the little "Robin" who died in 1758. See letters to Wharton of April 9th and June 18th, 1758, and Gray's "Epitaph on a Child."

<sup>2</sup> See p. 170, n. 3. Mr. Vane had become Lord Barnard, on the death of his father on the 27th of April in this year.

<sup>3</sup> This, I think, is the young Vane, who has been appointed chaplain to the new bishop, Doctor Trevor, about to enter his diocese in state. See to Wharton, December 19th, 1752.

the way. but I shall write again before I come, to tell you exactly what day we shall be at York. if the time does not suit you, you will inform me as soon as possible. I did not run away from his Grace,<sup>1</sup> but follow'd your advice, had a very affectionate squeeze by the hand, & a fine Complement in a corner. many people here have been curious to know what it was; but I have kept my own secret, for indeed I do not know myself: only I remember it felt warm, & sweated a little.<sup>2</sup> Adieu! you will not fail to present my Complements to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. if she drank as much claret, as you have done, we shall have the Boy *stand* for the County, as soon as he can walk alone. M<sup>r</sup> Brown (I believe) will be engaged here with Plummer greatest part of the Summer: [he and Tuthill]<sup>3</sup> desire to be remember'd to you both. I am ever,

Truly Yours,

TG.

### CV. *To Wharton.*

Cambridge

Saturday, July 14, 1753.

MY DEAR DOCT<sup>r</sup>

This is only to tell you, that we set out on Monday Morning, & shall travel leisurely, not by the direct road, for we intend to see several houses & places as we go; on Thursday we shall see York, & next morning as early as we can (certainly before ten o'clock) shall hope to meet you at Studley.<sup>4</sup> you will understand all this with

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of Cambridge, who had probably been there for the commencement.

<sup>2</sup> "He was a living, moving, talking caricature. His gait was a shuffling trot; his utterance a rapid stutter; he was always in a hurry; he was never in time: he abounded in fulsome caresses and hysterical tears. . . . All the able men of his time ridiculed him as a dunce, a driveller, a child who never knew his own mind for an hour together; and he overreached them all round" (Macaulay on Newcastle, in Review of Walpole's Letters to Mann). And see Walpole to Mann, April 26th, 1757.

<sup>3</sup> Erased in MS. So restored by Mitford (also by Mr. Gosse).

<sup>4</sup> Studley Roger, or Studley Royal, either of them within a short distance of Ripon, where Gray passed the night. At Studley Royal are the ruins of Fountains Abbey.

Arch-Bishop Potter's <sup>1</sup> Proviso, God willing, & provided nothing hinder, for if we are overturn'd & *tous fracassés*,<sup>2</sup> or if the Mob at Leeds cut us off, as friends to Turnpikes;<sup>3</sup> or if the Waters be out, & drown us; or (as Herodotus says) if we can go no farther *for feathers*,<sup>4</sup> in all these

<sup>1</sup> The learned Potter was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1737 to his death in 1747. His theological works, sermons, charges, etc., were published in this year (1753), and perhaps Gray had found in them these pious reservations.

<sup>2</sup> So Gray. Mitford and (independently) Mr. Gosse, *fracassées*.

<sup>3</sup> Those who travelled in post-chaises would be friends to turnpikes; for only roads maintained by turnpikes were practicable for these vehicles. Dr. Alexander Carlyle (cited by Birkbeck-Hill, Boswell's "Johnson," v. 56), says of his journey to London in 1758: "It is to be noted that we could get no four-wheeled chaise till we came to Durham, those conveyances being then only in their infancy. *Turnpike roads were only in their commencement in the North.*" The burden of repairing the roads between the great towns fell upon the rural population (the peasantry being compelled to give gratuitous labour six days in the year), but was partially removed by the Act of 1663 (Charles II.) for the purpose of keeping the road between London and the North in repair, the first Turnpike Act; but, like every successive Act of the same kind, it was unpopular, and led to breaking of toll-gates and other disturbances. (As late as 1843 the Rebecca riots in Wales told the same tale.) Macaulay, "Hist. Eng.," vol. i., ch. iii., has a note which refers us to the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1749 for evidences of the fierce opposition to the turnpike system. The chief riots in that year were at Bristol. But the riots at Leeds were fresh in Gray's mind; they followed directly on those of York, June 24th, 1753; on June 25th and the following days, "the rioters concerned in cutting down the turnpikes" came thither, and were suppressed by the dragoons from York, after doing much damage. The troops fired, and "eight rioters were killed, and about fifty wounded, some of whom are since dead" ("Gent. Mag. Hist. Chron.," June and July, 1753).

<sup>4</sup> This passage from the 4th Book of Herodotus is humorously applied, by Swift, to the number of authors existing in England. "A happiness (he says) derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors, among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it than by saying—'That in the regions far to the North it was hardly possible for a man to travel; the very air was so replete with feathers'" ("Tale of a Tub," sect. vii.).—*Mitford*.

Herodotus, iv. 7 (Rawlinson's translation): "Above, to the northward of the farthest dwellers in Scythia, the country is said to be concealed from sight and made impassable by reason of the feathers which are shed abroad abundantly." Herodotus explains this of snow-flakes (*ib.*, ch. 31).

cases, & many more, we may chance to fail you. my respects to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton, I am ever

Yours,  
T GRAY.

By Caxton Bag.

CVI. *To Mason.*<sup>1</sup>

Durham, July 24, Tuesday, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

We performed our journey, a very agreeable one, within the time appointed, and left out scarcely anything worth seeing in or near our way. The Doctor and Mrs. Wharton had expected us about two hours, when we arrived at Studley on Friday. We passed that night at Ripon, and the next at Richmond; and on Sunday evening got to Durham. I cannot now enter into the particulars of my travels, because I have not yet gathered up my quotations from the Classics to intersperse, like Mr. Addison;<sup>2</sup> but I hope to be able soon to entertain you with a dish of very choice erudition. I have another reason, too, which is, that the post is just setting out. Suffice it to tell you, that I have one of the most beautiful vales here in England to walk in, with prospects that change every ten steps, and open something new wherever I turn me, all rude and romantic; in short, the sweetest spot to break your neck or drown yourself in that ever was beheld. I have done neither yet, but I have been twice at the races, once at the assembly, have had a visit from Dr. Chapman,<sup>3</sup> and dined with the Bishop.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mason omits this letter altogether; perhaps because Gray orders him about with very little ceremony, and he dressed this correspondence to suit his dignity before he gave it to the world.

<sup>2</sup> Addison's "Travels in Italy," says Macaulay, "abound with classical quotations, happily introduced." But he adds that scarcely one of those quotations is in prose; they are mainly from the Latin poets.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 159, n. 2. As Prebendary of Durham, he would call upon Gray when he was stopping with Wharton.

<sup>4</sup> The new Bishop of Durham, Dr. Trevor. See to Wharton, June 28th, 1753.



I am very shabby, for Stonhewer's<sup>1</sup> box, with my coat in it, which went by sea, is not yet arrived. You are desired therefore to send Lee, the bedmaker at Peterhouse, to the master of the Lynn boats,<sup>2</sup> to enquire what vessel it was sent by, and why it does not come. It was directed to Dr. Stonhewer, of Houghton, to be left with the rector of Sunderland. Another trouble I have to give you, which is to order Barnes to bring any letter Stonhewer or I may have to you, and direct them hither. The Doctor and Mrs. Wharton desire their particular compliments to you, and are sorry you could not be with us. Adieu. I am ever sincerely yours,

T. G.

P.S.—I have left my watch hanging (I believe) in my bed-room: will you be so good as to ask after it.

### CVII. *To Mason.*<sup>3</sup>

Durham, September 21, 1753.

DEAR MASON,

It is but a few days since I was informed by Avison,<sup>4</sup> that the alarm you had on your sister's account served but to prepare you for a greater loss,<sup>5</sup> which was soon to follow. I know what it is to lose a person that

<sup>1</sup> Houghton, where Stonehewer's father lived, is very near Durham.

<sup>2</sup> "Lynn Passage-Boats go down from hence every Tuesday morning and return on Sunday" ("Cantabrigia Depicta," 1763, p. 116).

<sup>3</sup> Mason combines this with the following letter, and softens the strong language of Gray about the father.

<sup>4</sup> Mason, in his "Essays on Church Music," mentions Mr. Avison, the author of the "Essay on Musical Expression," as *his friend*. He adopted an opinion of Mason's on ancient and modern music, and published it in his "Works." "Mason," says Mr. Boaden, in his "Life of Kemble," i. 184, "was not meanly skilled in choral and scientific composition." It has been said that Avison's "Essay on Musical Expression" was written by Dr. John Brown, author of the "Estimate." See Moore's "Irish Melodies," p. 227.—*Mitford*.

<sup>5</sup> That of Mason's father.

one's eyes and heart have long been used to, and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss, nor would wish you should. It is something that you had a little time to acquaint yourself with the idea beforehand, if I am informed right, and that he probably suffered but little pain, the only thing that makes death terrible.

It will now no longer be proper for me to see you at Hull, as I should otherwise have tried to do. I shall go therefore to York, with intention to make use of the stage-coach, either on Friday or Monday. I shall be a week at Cambridge, and then pass through London into Buckinghamshire. If I can be of any use to you in anything it will give me great pleasure. Let me have a line from you soon, for I am very affectionately yours,

T. GRAY.

CVIII. *Mason to Gray.*

Hull, Sept. 23, 1753.

DEAR MR. GRAY,

You have been rightly informed that I have lost a most affectionate father. I have felt for him all that a heart not naturally hard, and at the time already softened by preceding anxiety, could feel. But my griefs rest not on him alone. Only last Tuesday my most intimate friend, Dr. Pricket,<sup>1</sup> followed him. In my long illness at London he attended me with a care and assiduity almost unparalleled. I endeavoured to repay that care in my turn; but, alas, his fate did not give me time to repay half the debt; yet what I could I did.

Oh, Mr. Gray how dreadful is it to sit beside a dying friend; to see, as I did, reason withdraw herself gradually, often return by starts, to a memory every minute less capable of furnishing her with ideas, and a tongue less able to give them utterance. I talk nonsense, I believe; but let me do it—it gives me some relief. What makes his loss to me more deplorable is, that I am afraid either

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Marmaduke Pricket, a young physician of my own age, with whom I was brought up from infancy, and ever lived in the sincerest affection, also died of the same infectious fever.—*Mason.*

the physician who attended him mistook his case, or that the other who was called in afterwards hastened his end; for a sudden change ensued the alteration of his medicines. But I will check myself till I see you, and then you must bear with me, if I am even a child or a woman in my complainings. I must add, however, that in a will he made five years ago, his friendship bequeathed to me two hundred pounds, which, when my debt is discharged to his executor, will be reduced to one; yet the sum will come at present as opportunely as anything of the kind possibly could, as my father, by the strangest disposition of his affairs that can be conceived, has left all my paternal estate to my mother-in-law for her life, and entailed it so on my little sister that I can take up no money upon it; so that without this legacy I should not have had a shilling at present.

I believe I shall be obliged to take a journey to Mr. Hutton's,<sup>1</sup> near Richmond, and may perhaps be at York next Sunday; but this is so exceedingly uncertain that I only just name it, but would not have you alter your schemes upon it for the sake of a meeting, because my mother is at present in a fever, with three blisters, but I hope on the recovery; yet I cannot leave her till there appears a greater certainty. Tom has been also in a fever, and got out only to-day; therefore I do not know whether he will be in a condition to travel, and I cannot easily relinquish the pomp of travelling with a servant all of a sudden; and my father's servant, a lad of the same age, died the week after his master, of a fever also.

From all this you may guess what a time I have gone through lately; yet I am well myself at present, except that my hands tremble, and my spirits often, very often

<sup>1</sup> In December, 1756, Archbishop Hutton [of York, afterwards of Canterbury] gave Mason the prebend of Holme, in the cathedral of York. "John Hutton Esq. Marsk, near Richmond, Yorkshire, died June 12, 1768, by which death an estate in the East Riding came to me in reversion." Dates of principal events relating to myself, *Mason MS.* All Mason's landed property was bequeathed to Mr. *William Dixon*, son of his half-sister, Ann Dixon, wife of Rev. Henry Dixon, Vicar of Wadworth, Yorkshire. Gray says it was considerable. See letter to Nicholls, February 3rd, 1768.—*Mitford.*

sink; yet have they supported me hitherto surprisingly. Pray tell Mr. Brown when you see him, that I fear I cannot be up at college by the tenth of October,<sup>1</sup> yet I shall get there as soon as ever I can make an end of my perplexed affairs here. I wish you had told me how long you would stay in Buckinghamshire: I hope it will be short, and that we may meet again at Cambridge soon. Adieu. My best compliments to Dr. Wharton. I am, dear Sir,

Yours, with sincerity and affection,

W. MASON.

Do write to me again very soon.

CIX. *To Mason.*

Durham, September 26, 1753.

MY DEAR MASON,

I have just received your letter, and am both surprised and angry (if you will suffer me to say so) at the weakness of your father; perhaps I ought not to use such words to a person whose affliction for him is perhaps heightened by that very weakness; for I know it is possible to feel an additional sorrow for the faults of those we have loved, even where that fault has been greatly injurious to ourselves. This is certain, he has been (whether from his illness or some other cause) at least guilty of a great weakness; and it is as sure that there must have been a great fault somewhere, probably in the person<sup>2</sup> who took advantage of his weakness, upon whom your care and kindness is very ill bestowed, though you do not at present shew any resentment, nor perhaps ever will. At least let me desire you not to expose yourself to any further danger in the midst of that scene of sickness and death, but withdraw as soon as possible to some place at a little distance in the country, for I do not at all like the place you are in.

I do not attempt to console you on the situation your

<sup>1</sup> When term began after the Long Vacation.

<sup>2</sup> The step-mother, whom Mason in the preceding letter calls his mother.

fortune is left in ; if it were far worse, the good opinion I have of you tells me you will never the sooner do anything mean or unworthy of yourself, and consequently I cannot pity you on this account, but I sincerely do so on the new loss you have had of a good and friendly man, whose memory I honour. May I remind you how like a simpleton I used to talk about him? It is foolish to mention it; but it feels I do know how like a sort of guilt in me, though I believe you know I could not mean anything by it.<sup>1</sup> I have seen what you describe, and know how dreadful it is ; I know, too, I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts ; the deeper it is engraved the better. I am forced to break off by the post.—Adieu, my dear Sir,

I am ever yours,  
T. G.

P.S.—I shall be at York on Sunday, at the place the stagecoach goes from, having a place taken for Monday. Pray remember James's powder ;<sup>2</sup> I have great faith in its efficacy ; I should take it myself. Here is a malignant fever in the town.

<sup>1</sup> From the form in which Mason edited his own letter and Gray's reply, it might easily be concluded that the reflections of both of them were started by the death of Mason's father ; it should be obvious from the correspondence as Mitford gives it, that this was not the case.

<sup>2</sup> This physician's name still lives in his powders and the pages of Boswell and his commentators. Johnson used to meet him at the table of Gilbert Walmisley, as he tells us in the *Life* of Edmund Smith. James boasted he knew more Greek than Walmisley, but Johnson said he did not know enough Greek to be aware of his ignorance of the language, whereas Walmisley *did* ; he professed, however, to have learned physic from him, but did not think much of his medicines. James is perhaps the physician who, he declared, had not been sober for twenty years. Johnson gave James some literary help.



CX. *To Wharton.*<sup>1</sup>

Sept: 29. Stoke.

MY DEAR WHARTON

I shall certainly be in Town on Monday next, for Mr Brown informed me you would arrive there on the 30<sup>th</sup>, & I order'd my Matters here accordingly. you will see me the Instant I come, having (I need not tell you) not only nothing I like better to do there, but literally nothing else, than to see you. I have not time to enlarge, as I send this by a Person who is just going from our House to Uxbridge, tho' to my Shame, I stand indebted to you for a very kind Letter I received long ago. Adieu, I am always

Very truly Yours,

T GRAY.

CXI. *To Wharton.*

Oct: 18. Stoke.

MY DEAR DOCTOR

You will wonder not to have heard sooner of me. the reason has been the instability of my own situation. as soon as I arrived at Cambridge, I found a letter informing me my Aunt Rogers had had a stroke of the Palsy, so that I stay'd only a single day, & set out for this place. I found her recover'd surprisingly from the greatest danger. her speech only is not yet quite restored; but it is easily intelligible to such as are used to her. Is not this something extraordinary at seventy-seven?

I met Mason at York, & pass'd that evening with him. has<sup>2</sup> . . . great he has absolutely no support at present but his fellowship; yet he looks more like a Hero, than ever I knew him, like one that can stare poverty in the face without being frightened, & instead of growing little & humble before her, has fortified his Spirit & elevated his

<sup>1</sup> Addressed "To Dr Wharton, M.D at Mr Espalin's, Barber, in Southampton Building's, Holborn, London." Over Gray's date Wharton has written 1753.

<sup>2</sup> Mason, probably, mutilated the reference to himself here.

brow to meet her like a Man. in short if he can hold it, I shall admire him, for I always maintain'd, that nobody has occasion for Pride but the Poor, & that everywhere else it is a sign of folly. my journey was not so bad as usual in a Stage-Coach. there was a Lady Swinburne,<sup>1</sup> a Roman-Catholick,—not young, that had been much abroad, seen a great deal, knew a great many people, very chatty & communicative, so that I pass'd my time very well; & on the third day left them at Stilton, and got to Cambridge that night. as I know, & have heard mighty little to entertain you with, I can only tell you my observations on the face of the Country & the Season in my way hither, that you may compare them with what you see at Durham. till I came to York I thought the face of everything rather alter'd for the worse, certainly not better than that corner of the Bishoprick about Darlington. at Topcliff I saw a large Vine full of black Grapes, that seem'd ripe. at Helperby met a flock of Geese in *full song*. if their person had not betray'd them, one might have taken them for Nightingales. at York Walnuts ripe, 20 for a penny. from thence, especially South of Tadcaster, I thought the Country extremely beautiful, broke into fine hills cover'd with noble woods (particularly towards the East) & everything as verdant almost, as at Midsummer. this continued to Doncaster. the Hazle and White-thorn were turning yellow in the hedges, the Sycamore, Lime, & Ash (where it was young, or much exposed), were growing rusty, but

<sup>1</sup> She was the widow of Sir John Swinburne, 3rd Baronet, of Capheaton, Northumberland, "the long-established seat," says Wright, "of that ancient Roman Catholic family." Sir John died in January, 1745. His wife was the only daughter of Edward Bedingfield of Gray's Inn, counsellor-at-law (Foster's "Peerage and Baronetage"), and died February 7th, 1761; she had five daughters and three sons, of whom the youngest, Henry Swinburne, had, like his mother, "been much abroad and seen a great deal" before he died. In 1779 he published "Travels through Spain in the Years 1775 and 1776," and in 1783 "Travels in the Two Sicilies, 1777-80." He was involved in money difficulties through the marriage of his daughter to Paul Benfield, an adventurer; and took some office in the newly-ceded island of Trinidad, where he died in 1803. The poet Algernon Charles Swinburne is great-great-grandson of the lady whom Gray met in the coach.

far greener than in your County. The old Ash, the Oak, & other Timber, shew'd no signs of winter. some few of the Lands were in stubble, but for the most part they were plough'd up, or cover'd with Turnips. I find Mr Evelyn in his book of Forest-Trees<sup>1</sup> publish'd in Q: Anne's time takes notice 'That Shropshire & several other Counties, and rarely any beyond Stamford to Durham, have the Vernacula,<sup>2</sup> (or French Elm) or the Mountain-Elm, (w<sup>ch</sup> is what you call the English Elm,) growing for many miles together.' I cannot say I saw any, but about Scrubey in Nottinghamshire, & they were young ones newly planted near a hedge-row. he also mentions the Elm of a more scabrous Leaf, harsh, & very large, w<sup>ch</sup> [becomes a huge tree; mentioned in the Statu]<sup>3</sup> te-Books [under the name of the Wych-Hayle.] for my part, [I could find] no sort [but the last,] at least of any size, or growing in a wild way, till I came into Northamptonshire. I thought the winter more advanced in Lincolnshire, & so on, till I had pass'd Huntingdon, than it was in the W: Riding of Yorkshire. in Northamptonshire I first observed the appearances of a long drouth, w<sup>ch</sup> continued quite hither. the Turf is every where brown & burnt up, as in Italy, even the low Meadows want their usual verdure. at Cambridge the finest Grapes I ever saw there; the Lime-trees were only changing colour, but had drop'd few of their leaves. in the smoke of London they had almost lost their old leaves, but made fresh shoots, as green as in April. & here before my window are two young Sycamores, w<sup>ch</sup> have done the same, but still retain all their old leaves too without any change of colour. at Trompington the new Rye was green in the fields, & three inches high. it is the same in this

<sup>1</sup> "Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest-trees," was published in 1704. It is curious to note, by the way, that Evelyn's "Diary," in which Gray would have revelled, was unknown to him—it was discovered in an old clothes-basket at Wotton in 1817.

<sup>2</sup> Mitford and Mr. Gosse (independently), *vernacular*.

<sup>3</sup> This and the three following brackets are mine and include *all* that I have not discovered in the MS. ; the italics represent what Mitford acknowledges as restored from conjecture. But he and Mr. Gosse (independently) saw more than I could decipher with certitude, and the conjectures of Mr. Gosse here coincide with those of Mitford.

County. we are here upon a Loam with a bed of Gravel below, & Rag-stone beneath that. the hay is usually all in by old Midsummer, this year it was all cut by new Mids<sup>r</sup>, but a great deal of it lost for want of rain, w<sup>ch</sup> likewise spoiled the Tares & Peas. in the beginning of August was rain for near three weeks, w<sup>ch</sup> saved the Corn. Oats were in some places cut before the wheat, w<sup>ch</sup> was all got in by the 20<sup>th</sup> of August. Barley, Beans, &c: by the 7<sup>th</sup> of Sept<sup>r</sup>. I came hither the 6<sup>th</sup> of October, & they had then within a mile of the Thames (where the soil is better, than here) begun to sow wheat. for six weeks before my arrival it had been continued fine weather, & the air till Sunset was like July. never almost was such a year known for fruit. the Nectarines & best Peaches had been all gather'd three weeks before. the Grapes were then perfectly ripe, & still continue the best I ever eat in England. Oct: 9<sup>th</sup> it began to rain, & we have had showers every day since, with brisk winds in the S: & S:W:; today it is in the North, clear sunshine, but cold & a little wintry: & so ends my Georgick in prose. excuse me, if I had nothing better to send you. it is partly from my own eye-sight, & partly from the report of such as have no prejudices in favour of their county, because they hardly know, there is any other.

I write chiefly to draw on a letter from you, for I am impatient to know many things; but remember, this election time<sup>1</sup> letters are apt to be open'd at the offices. pray, make my sincere acknowledgements to my *kind Hostess*: I trust she was not the worse for her journey. I hope, you know, that I am ever

Yours,  
T G:

At M<sup>rs</sup> Rogers's of Stoke,  
near Windsor,  
Bucks.

P:S: Everything resounds with the wood-lark, and robin; and the voice of the sparrow is heard in our land.

<sup>1</sup> This seems to have been a common risk at this date, for I can discover no particular public danger in this year which would justify such a step.

Remember me to all, that remember there is such a person.

Adieu!<sup>1</sup>

CXII. *To Mason.*

Stoke, November 5, 1753.

MY DEAR MASON,

I am not in a way of leaving this place yet this fortnight, and consequently shall hardly see you in town. I rejoice in the meantime to think that you are there, and have left, I hope, a part of your disagreeable reflections in the place where they grew.

Stoke has revived in me the memory of many a melancholy hour that I have passed in it,<sup>2</sup> and, though I have no longer the same cause for anxiety, I do not find myself at all the happier for thinking that I have lost it, as my thoughts now signify nothing to any one but myself. I shall wish to change the scene as soon as ever I can.

I am heartily glad to hear Mr. Hutton is so reasonable, but am rather sorry to find that design<sup>3</sup> is known to so many. Dr. Wharton, who, I suppose, heard it from Avison,<sup>4</sup> mentions it in a letter to me. Were I you, I should have taken some pleasure in observing people's faces, and perhaps in putting their kindness a little to the trial; it is a very useful experiment, and very possibly you will never have it in your power to put it in practice again. Pray make your bargain with all the circumspection and selfishness of an old hunk; when you are grown as rich as Cræsus, do not grow too good-for-nothing,—a little good-for-nothing to be sure you will grow; everybody does so in proportion to their circumstances, else, indeed, what should we do with one's money? My third sentence is, do

<sup>1</sup> Addressed to Wharton at Durham, and endorsed by him, "Mr. Gray 18 Oct. 1753."

<sup>2</sup> At the time of his mother's illness and death, in the earlier part of this year.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps this refers to some efforts to obtain promotion for Mason through the influence of Mr. Hutton with the Archbishop of York. See on Mason to Gray, September 23rd, 1753.

<sup>4</sup> See on Gray to Mason, September 21st, 1753.



not anticipate your revenues, and live upon air till you know what you are worth. You bid me write no more than a scrawl to you, therefore I will trouble you, as you are so busy, with nothing more. Adieu.

I am very sincerely and affectionately yours,

T. G.

I should be obliged to you, if you had time, to ask at Robert's,<sup>1</sup> or some place in Jermyn Street, whether I could be there about a fortnight hence. I will not give more than half-a-guinea a week, nor put up with a second floor unless it has a tolerable room to the street. Will you acquaint me of this?

### CXIII. *To Wharton.*

Stoke. Aug: 13.<sup>2</sup>

MY DEAR S<sup>r</sup>

Having been some little time absent from hence I missed of your letter, or I had answer'd it as soon as you desire me. the opportunity of a good House<sup>3</sup> I hope you will not suffer to escape you. whether the rent be too high, you alone can properly judge. there is great comfort to be sure in a good house. some appearance of œconomy I should think would give you a credit in that part of the town you are to be well with: they pride themselves in living much within their income. upon the whole I seem to have a partiality for M<sup>r</sup> Crumpe, but be sure never to repent. if you think you shall; by all means settle yourself in the great house. besides I do not know, but some great old Doctor may come & squat himself down there at your elbow (for I suppose there may be some convenience in succeeding to a house of the same Profession) & then you would be horridly out of humour. in short you see with your own eyes, you know the Quarter, & must necessarily be best qualified to decide.

<sup>1</sup> When Gray came to London he lodged in Jermyn Street, at Roberts's the hosier's, or at Frisby's the oilman's. They are towards the east end, on different sides of the street.—*Norton Nicholls*. See on letter to Wharton, March 15th, 1753.

<sup>2</sup> Wharton adds 1754.

<sup>3</sup> In town, whither Wharton was designing to come and practise.

Dr Fothergill's<sup>1</sup> invitation is very civil. as to the depth of Science, which you seem to dread, it always grows shallower, as one comes nearer, tho' it makes a great noise at a distance. the design of the Society at least is a good one. but if they are warm & profess'd Enemies of the College, I should think the same reason, that makes Heb:<sup>n</sup><sup>2</sup> withdraw himself, should prevent your admission into it: it will be easy to delay it however on various pretences without disobliging any one.

I am glad you agree with me in admiring Mr Southcote's Paradise,<sup>3</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> whenever you see it again, will improve upon you. do you know, you may have it for 20,000£, but I am afraid, the Lands are not very improveable. you do not say enough of Esher.<sup>4</sup> it is my other favourite

<sup>1</sup> John Fothergill, a Quaker and a Yorkshireman, very eminent in his time as a physician and writer on medicine; born 1712, died 1780. "In the epidemics of influenza in 1775 and 1776 he is said to have had sixty patients daily" ("Enc. Brit."). He attended Clive, and Walpole (to Countess of Ossory, November 23rd, 1774) has a curious story of the *manner* of Clive's suicide, when under his care. "Whatever had happened it had thrown him into convulsions, to which he was very subject. Dr. Fothergill gave him, as he had done on like occasions, a dose of laudanum. Clive asked for a second dose. Dr. Fothergill said, if he took another, he would be dead in an hour. The moment Fothergill was gone, he swallowed another, for another it seems stood by him, and he is dead."

<sup>2</sup> Heberden (see p. 160, n. 4). The college is, I think, the Royal College of Physicians, to which it would seem (cf. Gray to Wharton, October 10th, *infra*) that the new society was in some way antagonistic.

<sup>3</sup> Woburn Farm, "a dainty whim," as Lord Bath calls it, near Chertsey, Surrey, the beautiful seat of Philip Southcote, who died 25th of September, 1758.—*Cunningham*. Walpole, in complaining of his own sufferings as owner of a "show-place," writes that Mr. Southcote, who was a Roman Catholic, "was forced to shut up his garden, for the savages who came as connoisseurs scribbled a thousand brutalities, on the buildings, upon his religion" (To Cole, June 16th, 1781).

<sup>4</sup> "Kent is Kentissime there," says Walpole (August 11th, 1748), who prefers Esher to Southcote's Paradise.

"Esher's peaceful grove,  
Where *Kent* and Nature vye for Pelham's love."

Pope, 1738, Dial. ii.

It was bought, says Mark Pattison, by Henry Pelham in 1729. Cf. Thomson, "Summer":

place. It was a Villa of Cardinal Wolsey's,<sup>1</sup> of w<sup>ch</sup> nothing but a part of the Gateway<sup>2</sup> remained. Mr Kent<sup>3</sup> supplied the rest, but I think with you, that he had not read the Gothic Classicks with taste or attention. he introduced a mix'd Style, w<sup>ch</sup> now goes by the name of the *Batley-Langley-Manner*.<sup>4</sup> he is an Architect, that has publish'd a book of bad Designs. if you have seen Mr

"To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,  
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd  
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,  
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose."

(ll. 1429-1432.)

Henry Pelham died in 1754.

<sup>1</sup> Thither he was ordered to retire, when, in 1529, the seals were taken from him.

<sup>2</sup> The gate-tower was built by William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester.

<sup>3</sup> Died in 1748. He was painter, sculptor, architect, and landscape-gardener; more successful in the last capacity than in the others. He was patronized by the Earl of Burlington, and did much in this way for Pope's noble contemporaries; he imitated nature rather than the formal Italian or Dutch style of gardening; so much so, indeed, that he planted *dead* trees in Kensington Gardens. He worked on a smaller scale than "Capability" Brown, who succeeded to his reputation.

<sup>4</sup> "About the middle of the eighteenth century one Batty Langley endeavoured to draw the attention of the world to Pointed Architecture, by reducing it to rules, and dividing it into orders. Fortunately he was only laughed at, and both he and the book he published on the subject were soon forgotten. . . . Horace Walpole *patronized* Pointed architecture, but ineffectually. He had himself neither taste nor feeling to appreciate its beauties, as his Strawberry Hill clearly shows" (Messrs. Lewis and Street in "Enc. Brit."). The work to which Gray refers may be "Ancient Architecture restored and improved by a great variety of grand and useful designs. First Part. 1741." This was followed by the whole work, with a dissertation on the ancient buildings of this kingdom, and entitled "Gothic Architecture," 1747. In the British Museum is also a quarto of 1742, bearing the joint names of Batty and Tho<sup>s</sup> Langley (his brother, an engraver). "Ancient Architecture restored and improved by a great variety of grand and useful designs, entirely new, in the Gothic mode, for the ornamenting of buildings and gardens." This has a dissertation by *Batty* Langley. The plates are inscribed, "Batty and Tho<sup>s</sup> Langley, invent. and sculp. 1741"; some, "Batty Langley inv<sup>t</sup> 1742. T. L. sculp." This is the book in which Batty sets forth his five new orders of architecture.

W:<sup>s</sup><sup>1</sup> pray let me hear your opinion, w<sup>ch</sup> I will not anticipate by saying anything about it. to be sure its extreme littleness will be the first thing, that strikes you. by all means see L<sup>d</sup> Radnor's<sup>2</sup> again. he is a simple old Phobus, but nothing can spoil so glorious a situation, w<sup>ch</sup> surpasses everything round it. I take it ill, you should say any thing against y<sup>e</sup> Mole. it is a reflection, I see, cast at the Thames. do you think, that Rivers, w<sup>ch</sup> have lived in London & its neighbourhood all their days, will run roaring & tumbling about, like your Tramontane Torrents in the North. no, they only glide and whisper. in your next expedition you will see Claremont,<sup>3</sup> & L<sup>d</sup> Portmore's,<sup>4</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> joins my L<sup>d</sup> Lincoln's,<sup>5</sup> & above all M<sup>r</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Walpole's Strawberry Hill. See preceding note.

<sup>2</sup> This, as we learn from Wright's notes on Walpole's letters, was "the last Lord Radnor of the family of Robartes, then living at Twickenham, very near Strawberry Hill." Walpole to Conway, November 8th, 1752: "Have you any Lord Radnor [near you] that plants trees to intercept his own prospect, that he may cut them down again to make an alteration?" Walpole called the place Mabland, and told Bentley (May 18th, 1754) that the obelisk there had danced from the middle of the rabbit-warren into a neighbour's garden, and that the noble owner was paying a ground-rent for looking at it there. The grounds seem to have resembled a statuary's yard. Writing to Mann (June 12th, 1753), Walpole says, explaining a sketch inclosed: "The Chinese summer-house, which you may distinguish in the distant landscape, belongs to my Lord Radnor. We pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity and have no carvings, gildings, paintings, inlayings, or tawdry businesses." (In Gray's judgment, Walpole sometimes departed from this canon of simplicity.) Mabland came, says Mr. Austin Dobson, betwixt Strawberry Hill and Pope's Villa, and is a conspicuous object in old views of Twickenham, notably in that dated 1757, by Müntz.

<sup>3</sup> Then the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, Gray's pet aversion; now the Duchess of Albany's.

<sup>4</sup> Mitford, "Lord Portman's"; Mr. Gosse, rightly, as in text.

<sup>5</sup> I think this is Oatlands; this Lord Lincoln married a daughter of Henry Pelham, and succeeded the minister duke as Duke of Newcastle-under-Lyne. It was sold in 1788 to the then Duke of York. Walpole to Lady Ossory, July 4th of that year, from Strawberry Hill, writes: "King Charles's third son was born there and called Henry of Oatlands. I am to go there to-morrow to see the grotto, which I have neglected doing hitherto, though so much within my reach; yes, I am going to see the *speluncam* where—

'Dido dux et ——'

a piece of scandal which others may trace.

Hamilton's, at Cobham<sup>1</sup> in Surrey, w<sup>ch</sup> all the world talks of & I have seen seven years ago. The Year indeed does not behave itself well, but think, what it must be in the North. I suppose the roads are impassable with the deep snow still.

I could write abundance more, but am afraid of losing this Post. pray let me hear from you as soon as you can, & make my Compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. Mason is by this time in Town again. . . .<sup>2</sup> Brown, I believe, at Cambridge. Adieu, I am ever

Yours,  
T. G.

I am obliged to you for sending the Tea, w<sup>ch</sup> is excellent.<sup>3</sup>

#### CXIV. *To Wharton.*

Stoke, September 18, 1754.

DEAR S<sup>r</sup>

I rejoice to find you at last settled to your heart's content, & delight to hear you talk of giving your house *some Gothic ornaments* already. if you project anything, I hope it will be entirely within doors; & don't let me (when I come gaping into Coleman-street<sup>4</sup>) be directed to the Gentleman's at the ten Pinnacles, or with the Church-Porch at his door. I am glad you enter into the Spirit of Strawberry-Castle. it has a purity & propriety of Gothicism in it (with very few exceptions) that I have not seen elsewhere. the eating-room and library were not compleated, when I was there, & I want to know what effect

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hamilton formed many of the beautiful scenes in the grounds at Painseshill from the Pictures of Poussin and the Italian Masters: the Waterfall at Bow-wood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, made by Mr. Hamilton, is from a Picture of G. Poussin. —*Mitford.*

<sup>2</sup> Mitford and Mr. Gosse (independently) print "Tuthill" here, followed by dots; but if this is the name it is erased.

<sup>3</sup> Addressed "To Dr Thomas Wharton M.D in Pancras Lane near Cheapside London" and endorsed by Wharton, "Mr Gray 13 Aug. 1754."

<sup>4</sup> See address of letter, 18th October, 1755.



they have. My L<sup>d</sup> Radnor's Vagaries<sup>1</sup> (I see) did not keep you from doing justice to his situation, w<sup>ch</sup> far surpasses everything near it, and I do not know a more *laughing* Scene, than that about Twickenham & Richmond. Dr Akenside<sup>2</sup> (I perceive) is no Conjuror<sup>3</sup> in Architecture, especially when he talks of the Ruins of Persepolis, w<sup>ch</sup> are no more Gothic, than they are Chinese. the Egyptian Style (see Dr Pococke,<sup>4</sup> not his discourses, but his prints) was apparently the Mother of y<sup>e</sup> Greek; & there is such a similitude between the Egyptian, & those Persian Ruins, as gave room to Diodorus<sup>5</sup> to affirm, that the old buildings of Persia were certainly perform'd by Egyptian Artists. as to the other part of his opinion, that the Gothic manner is the Saracen or Moorish, he has a great Authority to support him, that of S<sup>r</sup> Christ: Wren, & yet (I cannot help thinking) is undoubtedly wrong. the Palaces in Spain, I never saw but in description, w<sup>ch</sup> gives us little or no idea of things; but the Doge's Palace at Venice I have seen (w<sup>ch</sup> is in the Arabesque manner) & the houses of Barbary you may see in Dr<sup>6</sup> Shaw's book, not to mention abundance of other eastern Buildings in Turkey, Persia, &c: that we have views of, & they seem plainly to be corruptions of the Greek Architecture, broke into little

<sup>1</sup> See preceding letter.

<sup>2</sup> I think that this refers to articles written by Akenside for Dodsley's "Museum" (see p. 118, n. 2). Akenside is the pedantic doctor ridiculed in Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle."

<sup>3</sup> Gray plays on this expression in the "Long Story," ll. 127, 128:

"Numbers would give their oaths upon it,  
He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

<sup>4</sup> A distant relation of the famous Orientalist whom Laud patronized. Gray's Pococke was still alive, and in 1756 became Bishop of Ossory. He had published "Observations on Egypt" in 1743.

<sup>5</sup> Lib. i., c. xlvi. Diodorus says that the royal palaces in Persepolis, in Susa, and those in Media were built by Egyptian architects, when Cambyses burnt the temples of Egypt, carried their riches into Asia, and transported their architecture there.—*Mitford*.

<sup>6</sup> Dr. T. Shaw's "Travels in Barbary and the Levant," of which the first edition was published in 1738 at Oxford. Thomas Shaw, D.D., was principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford.

parts indeed, & cover'd with little ornaments, but in a taste very distinguishable from that we call Gothic. there is one thing that runs thro' the Moorish Buildings, that an Imitator would certainly have been first struck with, & would have tried to copy, & that is the Cupola's, w<sup>ch</sup> cover everything, Baths, Apartments, & even Kitchens. yet who ever saw a Gothic Cupola? it is a thing plainly of Greek original. I do not see anything but the slender Spires, that serve for steeples, w<sup>ch</sup> may perhaps be borrowed from the Saracen Minarets on their Mosques.

I was in Northamptonshire, when I received your Letter, but am now returned hither. I have been at Warwick, w<sup>ch</sup> is a place worth seeing. the Town is on an eminence surrounded every way with a fine cultivated Valley, through w<sup>ch</sup> the Avon winds, & at the distance of 5 or 6 miles, a circle of hills well wooded, & with various objects crowning them, that close the Prospect. out of the town on one side of it, rises a rock, that might remind one of your rocks at Durham, but that it is not so savage, or so lofty, & that the river, w<sup>ch</sup> washes its foot, is perfectly clear, & so gentle, that its current is hardly visible. upon it stands the Castle, the noble old residence of the Beauchamps & Neville's, & now of Earl Brooke. he has sash'd the great Apartment that's to be sure (I can't help these things) & being since told, that square sash-windows were not Gothic, he has put certain whim-wams within side the glass, w<sup>ch</sup> appearing through are to look like fret-work. then he has scooped out a little Burrough in the massy walls of the place for his little self & his children, w<sup>ch</sup> is hung with Paper & printed Linnen, & carved chimney-pieces, in the exact manner of Berkley-square, or Argyle-buildings. what in short can a Lord do now a days, that is lost in a great old solitary Castle, but skulk about, & get into the first hole he finds, as a Rat would do in like case. a pretty long old stone-bridge leads you into the town with a Mill at the end of it, over w<sup>ch</sup> the rock rises with the Castle upon it with all its battlements & queer ruined<sup>1</sup> towers, & on your left hand the Avon strays thro' the Park, whose

<sup>1</sup> Mitford (and Mr. Gosse), *queer-ruined*; but the mark is not a hyphen, it is Gray's usual dash, noted before, at the end of a line on his page.

ancient Elms seem to remember S<sup>r</sup> Philip Sidney, (who often walk'd<sup>1</sup> under them) and talk of him to this day. the Beauchamp Earls of Warwick lie under stately Monuments in the Choir of the great Church, & in our Lady's Chappel adjoining to it. There also lie Ambrose Dudley, E: of Warwick; & his Brother, the famous L<sup>d</sup> Leicester, with Lettice,<sup>2</sup> his Countess. this Chappel is preserved entire, though the Body of the Church was burnt down 60 years ago, & rebuilt by Sir C: Wren. I had heard often of Guy-Cliff two miles from the town, so I walked to see it; & of all improvers commend me to M<sup>r</sup> Greathead, its present Owner. He shew'd it me himself, & is literally a fat young Man with a head & face much bigger than they are usually worn. it was naturally a very agreeable rock, whose Cliffs cover'd with large trees hung beetleing over the Avon, w<sup>ch</sup> twists twenty ways in sight of it. there was the Cell of Guy, Earl of Warwick, cut in the living stone, where he died a Hermit<sup>3</sup> (as you may see in

<sup>1</sup> He was the nephew of "the famous L<sup>d</sup> Leicester": who, moreover, married the Dowager Countess of Essex (see next note), mother of the Lady Penelope Devereux, Sidney's "Stella."

<sup>2</sup> Lettice Knowles, "the false wife and widow" of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, father of the more famous favourite of Elizabeth, whose Christian name was Robert. She is by some supposed to have poisoned Walter (Froude, vol. x., p. 544, 555). Her marriage with Leicester was at first a secret.

3 \* \* \* \* \*

"And there I lived a hermits life  
A mile and more out of the towne,

"Where with my hands I hewed a house  
Out of a craggy rock of stone  
And lived like a palmer poore  
Within that cave myself alone :

"And daylye came to begg my bread  
Of Phelis att my castle gate  
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,  
Who daily mourned for her mate.

"Till at the last——"

—he fell sick and sent Phelis a ring for token, and she came and closed his eyes (Ballad *ap.* Percy, "Reliques," *vid. infra*).

a penny History,<sup>1</sup> that hangs upon the rails in Moorfields)<sup>2</sup> there were his fountains bubbling out of the Cliff; there was a chantry founded to his memory in Henry the 6<sup>th</sup>'s time. but behold the Trees are cut down to make room for flowering shrubs, the rock is cut up, till it is as smooth & as sleek as sattin; the river has a gravel-walk by its side; the Cell is a Grotta<sup>3</sup> with cockle-shells and looking-glass; the fountains have an iron-gate before them, and the Chantry is a Barn, or a little House. even the poorest bits of nature, that remain, are daily threatned, for he says (& I am sure, when the Greatheads are once set upon a thing, they will do it) he is determined, it shall be *all*

<sup>1</sup> "Men spoken of romaunces of pris,  
Of Hornchild, and of Ipotis,  
Of Bevis, and *Sire Guy*."  
(Chaucer, "Rime of Sire Thopas," ll. 1326-1328.)

The authorship of the "Romance" has been attributed to Walter of Exeter, a Franciscan monk of the thirteenth century. It is known to have existed in French towards the close of that century. It is of Saxon origin. Six editions of it had been printed in England before the close of the seventeenth century, any of which might have given material for the "Penny History" of which Gray speaks.

One ballad on Guy of Warwick is given by Percy ("Reliques," vol. iii., bk. ii. 1), who remarks that it was known to Fletcher; the first stanza being quoted (approximately) in "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Act ii., Sc. 8. From the fact that Sir Guy lives in the days of Athelstan and fights the giant Dane Colbronde, some have connected his legend with the "Egilssaga" and the battle of Vin-heath there described (Green's "Egilssaga," c. 52), which again is by some identified with the victory of Brunanburh, the theme of an Anglo-Saxon lay. Guy's most famous exploit was the slaughter of "the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath," duly commemorated in the ballad *ap.* Percy.

<sup>2</sup> Pope, "Epistle to Augustus," *ad fin.*

"Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,  
Befringe the rails of *Bedlam* and *Soho*."

Old Bedlam stood in Moorfields. The vendors of catchpenny ballads, etc., used the rails of squares or public buildings on which to suspend their wares.

<sup>3</sup> So Gray always, I think; Mitford (and Mr. Gosse), *grotto*. Walpole writes to the Countess of Ossory, June 10th, 1779, "Did you go to Guy's Cliff, and see how Lady Mary Greathead has painted it straw-colour, and stuck cockle-shells in its hair?"

*new.* These were his words, & they are Fate. I have also been at Stow, at Woburn (the Du[ke] of Bedford's), and at Wroxton (L<sup>d</sup> Guilford's<sup>1</sup>) but I defer these chapt[ers] till we meet. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that the part of Northampt:<sup>re</sup>, where I have been, is in fruits, in flowers [and in] corn very near a fortnight behind this part of Buckinghamshire, that they have no nightingales, & that the other birds are almost as silent, as at Durham. it is rich land, but upon a Clay, and in a very bleak, high, exposed situation. I hope, you have had some warm weather, since you last complained of the South. I have thoughts of seeing you about Michaelmas, tho' I shall not stay long in town. I should have been at Cambridge before now, if the D: of Newc<sup>le</sup>: and his foundation-stone<sup>2</sup> would have let me, but I want them to have done before I go. I am sorry M<sup>r</sup> Brown should be the only one, that has stood upon Punctilio's with me, & would not write first. pray tell him so. Mason is (I believe) in town, or at Chiswick. [ .<sup>3</sup> ] I wrote a long letter to him in answer to one he wrote me, but no reply. Adieu, I am ever yrs,

TG:

Brown call'd here this morning, before I was up, & breakfasted with me.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mitford gives "Duke of Guilford's"; I should have supposed by an error in transcribing; but Mr. Gosse also found "Duke of Guilford's" in Gray's MS. Wroxton Abbey stands on the site of a priory of Augustine friars. Its owner, when Gray wrote, was Francis North, 3rd Baron and 1st Earl of Guilford (*circa* 1752), born 1704, died 1780. Walpole spent a delightful day there in 1753, and describes it to Chute (August 4th). George Montagu is, he says, "absolutely viceroy over it." For Gray's studies in old houses, etc., see Mitford's note on letter to Wharton, February 21st, 1758.

<sup>2</sup> From 1754 dates the present façade of the library, which took the place of the Perpendicular front built by Rotheram, Bishop of Lincoln, between 1470 and 1480. It may be conjectured that the ceremony to which Gray refers is connected with the new building.

<sup>3</sup> The words erased may be "No news of Tuthill," which Mitford and Mr. Gosse insert without notice.

<sup>4</sup> Addressed to Wharton in Pancras Lane, near Cheapside, London.



CXV. *To Wharton.*

Cambridge, October 10, 1754.

DEAR DOCTOR

I am clear, that you are in the right way & that you ought to make your excuses at the Queen's Arms<sup>1</sup> with all possible civility to Foth:<sup>11</sup>; and perhaps the civilest excuse is to tell the truth, to him at least, that it would be neither grateful, nor prudent, to hazard disobliging the Gentlemen at the Mitre, among whom you have several Friends, and besides it will be always more in your power to recommend moderate measures, while you continue connected with one Party, than if you should lose yourself with both by seeming to divide yourself between them. but how far this is to be said, and to whom, you are best able to determine.

\* \* \* \* \*

CXVI. *To Wharton.*ODE IN THE GREEK MANNER.<sup>2</sup>

. . . . .

If this be as tedious to You, as it is grown to me, I shall be sorry that I sent it you. I do not pretend to

<sup>1</sup> Clearly this stands for the new society Dr. Fothergill was interested in (see to Wharton, August 13th, 1754), but why Gray so dubs it, or why he calls the Royal College of Physicians the Mitre, I do not know. Perhaps some light may be gathered from Wharton's address as given by Gray, on letter to him, October 18th, 1755, compared with letter of December 26th, 1754.

<sup>2</sup> Gray's title here for the "Ode on the Progress of Poesy" which follows in his handwriting. The chief variations from the received text which I noted are for "rapture," l. 2, MS., "transport"; for "headlong, impetuous," l. 11, "with torrent-rapture"; for "in cadence," l. 34, "the cadence." In l. 52, MS. reads

"Till fierce Hyperion from afar

Pours on their scatter'd rear his glitt'ring shafts of war."

For "Bright-eyed," l. 103, MS. reads "Full-plum'd." But the *var. lect.* on this ode are given fully on the faith of Mitford in Pitt Press Edition of Gray's "English Poems."

*debellate*<sup>1</sup> any one's Pride: I love my own too well to attempt it. as to mortifying their Vanity it is too easy and too mean a task for me to delight in. you are very good in shewing so much sensibility on my account. but be assured, my Taste for Praise is not like that of Children for fruit. If there were nothing but Medlars and Blackberries in the world, I could be very well content to go without any at all. I dare say that M——n<sup>2</sup> (tho' some years younger than I) was as little elevated with the approbation of L<sup>d</sup> D: and L<sup>d</sup> M: as I am mortified by their silence. I desire you would by no means suffer this to be copied; nor even shew it, unless to very few, & especially not to mere Scholars, that can scan all the measures in Pindar, & say the Scholia by heart. the oftener (and in spite of poor Trollope) the *more* you write to me, the happier I shall be. I envy your Opera. Your Politicks I don't understand, but I think, matters can never continue long in the situation they now are. Barbarossa<sup>3</sup> I have read, but I did not cry: at a modern Tragedy it is sufficient

<sup>1</sup> Gray is thinking of Virgil's

“Parcere subjectis et *debellare* superbos”

Mason substituted for *debellate*, “humble,” perhaps with a prophetic instinct that Gray's word would not be understood. I should not doubt that Mitford's *deballate* is a misprint, but for the fact that Mr. Gosse has found *deballate* too.

<sup>2</sup> Mason.

<sup>3</sup> This play was written by Dr. Brown, the admirer and friend of Warburton; and author of the “Estimate” (and an) “Essay on Satire.” Garrick wrote the Epilogue, the following line of which gave the greatest offence to the Author:

“Let the poor devil eat, allow him that,” etc.

“A very indifferent new Tragedy” (says Mr. Walpole in a letter to Mr. Bentley [December 24th, 1754]), “now running; the author unknown, but believed to be Mr. Garrick himself. There is not one word of Barbarossa's real story, but almost the individual history of Merope; not one new thought, and, which is the next material want, but one line of perfect nonsense;

‘And rain down transports in the shape of sorrow.’

To complete it, the manners are so ill observed, that a Mahometan

not to laugh. I had rather the King's Arms<sup>1</sup> look'd askew upon me, than the Mitre; it is enough to be well-bred to both of them. You do not mention L<sup>d</sup> Strathmore,<sup>2</sup> so that I doubt, if you received my little Letter about him. Mas<sup>n</sup> is still here: we are all mighty glad he is in Orders: & no better than any of us. pray inform me, if Dr. Clerke<sup>3</sup> is come to Town, & where he is fix'd, that I may write to

princess royal is at full liberty to visit her lover in Newgate, like the banker's daughter in 'George Barnwell.'—*Mitford*.

Brown's chief merit is that he discovered the beauty of the Lake Country (in 1753) before Gray (see further, in Index).

<sup>1</sup> See to Wharton, October 10th, 1754, and n.

<sup>2</sup> Chesterfield (February 10th, 1753) writes to a correspondent at Edinburgh acknowledging the announcement of the death of the previous earl, a kinsman of his own. He adds, "The present Lord is seventeen, a good classical scholar, and with a turn to learning. At this age Lady Strathmore will probably think it proper to send him either to an university or to travel; and if to an university, I should much prefer an university in Scotland to either of ours here. But in either case, I would most earnestly recommend (as well to preserve his understanding from reproach as his person and estate from danger), that he be put into the hands of persons who should instil into him true and rational principles of government, and show him the natural and unalienable rights of mankind, in opposition to the absurd, monstrous, and impudent doctrines of the absolute power—the divine, indefeasible, and hereditary right of kings! Some of Lord Strathmore's family have fallen victims to those extravagant notions. May their fall prove a warning to the remains of it!" Possibly Gray or Mason was in some way the attraction that decided the young lord's destination to Cambridge. Gray's opinions, and those of Mason, were probably well known by this time. The poet visited Glamis in 1765; see his letters of that year. In 1760 Lord Strathmore went abroad with Thomas Pitt, nephew of the great commoner; on his return in 1763 Walpole describes him (to Mann, June 20th) as too *doucereux*, and *Céladonian* (i.e., too much of a swain, as he explains it). In 1767 (February 13th) Chesterfield wrote to his son, "My kinsman, Lord Strathmore, is to be married, in a fortnight, to Miss Bowes, the greatest heiress, perhaps, in Europe, and ugly in proportion." Dr. Bradshaw says she was the daughter of G. Bowes, of Streatham Castle, in Durham, and that the Earl died in 1776. Lord Dover speaks of this Lady Strathmore as a person "whose disgraceful adventures are so well known."

<sup>3</sup> So Gray; *Mitford*, *Clarke*; Mr. Gosse, *Clark*. However his name is spelt, he is the same friend to whom Gray, from Florence, sent greeting through Wharton, April 12th, 1740, and on whose wife he wrote, in 1757, the epitaph preserved among his poems.

him, angry as he is. my compliments to my friend Mrs. Wharton, to your Mother, and all the little Gentry. I am ever, dear D<sup>r</sup>, most sincerely

Yours.

Camb: Dec: 26. 1754.

CXVII. *Mason to Gray.*

Arlington Street, March 1, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

I am gathering together my *disjecta membra*, and as a specimen I send you the inclosed Ode, of which, perhaps, you may remember one stanza. It is not what I can make it at present, but I will not give myself any more trouble with it till it has had your *desperate hooks*; <sup>1</sup> but spare it as much as you can, for I do not mean to draw you into any scrape by the conclusion of it, but shall leave you quite at your liberty to write my epitaph or no, as you please. As soon as you have interlined it, send it me back again and do not let any body see it except the President <sup>2</sup> . . . <sup>3</sup> and old Cardale <sup>4</sup> and the Master; <sup>5</sup> Marcello <sup>6</sup> has set out from Newcastle, and is travelling hither as fast as a Northumberland waggon <sup>7</sup> can bring him: you must not expect him at Cambridge this fortnight.

<sup>1</sup> "Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,  
Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook."

(Pope "Imitations of Hor." Ep. ii. 1, ll. 103, 104.)—*Mitford*. It is a play upon the double-sense of hook—bill-hook and bracket. Cf. Pope, in parody of Bentley's notes, on l. 190 of *Dunciad* IV. "This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it *between hooks*."

<sup>2</sup> Brown; President is the equivalent of Vice-Master.

<sup>3</sup> No doubt Tuthill's name, erased by Mason.

<sup>4</sup> See to Wharton, October 10th, 1751. There were perhaps *two* Cardales at Pembroke.

<sup>5</sup> Long (see Index).

<sup>6</sup> Edward Delaval. See on letter to Wharton of October 10th, 1750.

<sup>7</sup> It is evidence of the bad state of the passenger traffic in the extreme north of England, that a man of means, like Delaval, should be compelled to travel in a stage-waggon. Flying coaches date from the reign of Charles II., but it may be inferred that even in 1755 there was a radius beyond which their use did not extend. Cf. on letter to Wharton, July 14th, 1753.

Pray, is the Thane of Glamis<sup>1</sup> come? I wish I could put that good creature Fraser<sup>2</sup> up in his own frank, to transcribe your Ode for me, for I want it vastly.

I have no news yet about Hanover. My Lord<sup>3</sup> did speak to Lord Hertford<sup>4</sup> to make me chaplain to his embassy, but he was pre-engaged: tell this to nobody but old Cardale and the master.

I send you also an epistle which folks say Voltaire<sup>5</sup> wrote lately to himself, but you must judge whether they

<sup>1</sup> Lord Strathmore. He entered at Pembroke College.—*Mitford*. See preceding letter.

<sup>2</sup> William Fraser held a situation in Lord Holderness's office.—*Mitford*. He could *frank* letters, and Mason would like him to frank *himself* to Cambridge, to transcribe the "Ode on the Progress of Poesy," a copy of which Gray has already made for Wharton, but apparently is not so ready to make for Mason.

<sup>3</sup> Robert D'Arcy, 4th Earl of Holderness, to whom Mason was appointed chaplain in 1754, at this time was Secretary of State. He died in 1778, when the earldom became extinct; his only daughter married the Duke of Leeds.—*Mitford*. He was a *bon vivant*, great in matters theatrical; "Impresario Holderness" Walpole calls him, and on his obtaining the foreign seals, in 1751, quotes an epigram:

"That secrecy will now prevail  
In politics is certain;  
Since Holderness, who gets the seals,  
Was bred behind the curtain."

Walpole makes merry over the circumstance that Lord Holderness imperilled his prospects at court by playing blind man's buff at Tunbridge Wells in 1752; but generally his lordship seems to have had considerable respect for rank and ceremony. He had married, however, in 1743, a Mademoiselle Doublette, described as niece of M. Van Haaren, of the province of Holland. He went on several embassies. Walpole in 1750 calls him "that formal piece of dulness at the Hague," and in 1751 "a cipher." He was at Hanover in this year 1755; Mason was with him as his chaplain.

<sup>4</sup> See n. 1, p. 18, *supra*.

<sup>5</sup> Is there any epistle answering to this title among Voltaire's poems? Is it the "Épître LXXXVI," vol. xiii., dated this year, 1755? "L'auteur arrivait [?] arrivant] dans sa terre. 'O maison d'Aristippe, O jardin d'Épicure,'" etc. This was translated under "An Epistle of M. de Voltaire upon his arrival at his estate near the Lake of Geneva, March, 1755."—"Monthly Review," 1755, vol. ii., p. 285. Mason says he does not recollect the title of the poem, but it was a small one, which Voltaire wrote when he settled at Ferney.—*Mitford*.



are right in their assertion; you must return it in a post or two. I am, as you must say, if you have any gratitude in you,

Your very obliging friend,

W. MASON.

I am disappointed of Voltaire's verses, but you shall have them very soon.

### CXVIII. *To Wharton.*

March, 9. 1755. Cambꝰ:

MY DEAR DOCTOR

According to my reckoning M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton should have been brought to bed before this time; yet you say not a syllable of it. if you are so loth to publish *your productions*, you cannot wonder at the repugnance I feel to spreading abroad mine. but in truth I am not so much against publishing, as against publishing *this*<sup>1</sup> *alone*. I have two or three ideas more in my head. what is to come of them? must they too come out in the shape of little six-penny flams, dropping one after another, till M<sup>r</sup> Dodsley thinks fit to collect them with M<sup>r</sup> this's song, and M<sup>r</sup> t'other's epigram, into a pretty Volume? I am sure Mason must be sensible of this, & therefore can never mean what he says. to be sure, Doctor, it must be owned, that Physick, and indeed all Professions, have a bad effect upon the Mind. this it is my Duty, & Interest to maintain; but I shall still be very ready to write a Satyr upon the Clergy, and an Epode against Historiographers, whenever you are hard press'd; & (if you flatter me) may throw in a few lines with somewhat handsome upon Magnesia alba, & Alicant-soap. as to Humanity you know my aversion to it; w<sup>ch</sup> is barbarous and inhuman, but I cannot help it. God forgive me.

I am not quite of your opinion with regard to Strophe & Antistrophe. setting aside the difficulties, methinks it has little or no effect upon the ear, w<sup>ch</sup> scarce perceives the

<sup>1</sup> His "Ode on the Progress of Poetry."—Mason.

regular return of Metres at so great a distance from one another. to make it succeed, I am persuaded the stanza's must not consist of above 9 lines each at the most.<sup>1</sup> Pindar has several such odes.

Lord S:<sup>2</sup> is come, & makes a tall genteel figure in our eyes. his tutors & He appear to like one another mighty well. when we know more of him than his outside, You & the Historian shall hear of it. I am going to ask a favour of you, w<sup>ch</sup> I have no better pretence for doing, than that I have long been used to give you trouble. it is, that you would go to the London Insurance office in Birchin-Lane for me, and pay two Insurances, one of my House at Wanstead (Policy, N<sup>o</sup> 9675.) the other of that in Cornhill (N<sup>o</sup> 23470.) from Lady-Day next to Lady-Day 1756. the first is 20 Shillings; the 2<sup>d</sup>, 12 Shill<sup>ns</sup>: & be pleased to enclose the two Receipts (stamp'd) in a Cover, and send them to me; the sooner the better for I am always in a little apprehension during this season of Conflagrations.<sup>3</sup> I know you will excuse me, & therefore will make no excuses. I cannot think of coming to town, till some time in April myself.

I know, you have wrote a very obliging Letter [ ,]<sup>4</sup> but as I have not seen it, & he is not in my way at present, I leave him to answer for himself. Adieu, dear S<sup>r</sup>, & make my Compliments to your Family,

I am ever

Yours

T GRAY.

<sup>1</sup> It is to be remarked, that Mr. Congreve, who first introduced the regular Pindaric form into the English language, made use of the short stanzas which Mr. Gray here recommends.—*Mason*.

<sup>2</sup> Strathmore. See p. 258, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> The destruction of the house in Cornhill had, as we have seen, given him much trouble; his personal terror of fire we shall find evidenced later on.

<sup>4</sup> Erased in MS.; Mitford and Mr. Gosse print without notice.

CXIX. *Mason to Gray.*

Hanover, June 27, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

Amongst the variety of rational entertainments that travel affords to a thinking mind, I have always ranked with the principal that fund which it presents of new ideas peculiarly proper to be thrown upon paper, in order to form that which we call a free epistolary correspondence. An easy communication of sentiments neither obscured by a cloud of reserve, which is always disagreeable to an amicable reader, nor embarrassed by a burthen of terms *recherché*,<sup>1</sup> which is always fully as unpleasing to a negligent writer,—is the very thing which I should always labour to attain in my productions of this kind, though perhaps my aim is totally chimerical, as the style I speak of may be called with the poet

“A faultless monster, which the world ne’er saw.”

Therefore, without further apology, I shall trust to the sincerity of your friendship for a plenary absolution in this case, and proceed in all the simplicity of narration.

Germany is a country—but why should I tell my friend who has seen France, who has seen Italy, what kind of a country is Germany? and yet perhaps he will not despise me for it; for though France is remarkable for its *savoir vivre* and Italy for its *virtù*, yet Germany is the reservoir of solid literature, and therefore not unworthy of the attention of a person who unites all these qualifications in his own particular, and may be called without flattery a microcosm of the talents both of his own island and the continent; but hard, very hard, is my fate, that I cannot give him any satisfactory account of the state of the Germanic learning, having only as yet had a single interview with Myn Herr —, the royal librarian of this place. Mynn Herr — is of a roundish, squab figure, and of a face corresponding, that is, as his body is cylindrical, his face is rather circular than oval; he apparels himself

<sup>1</sup> *Sic, ap. Mitford.*

generally in a decent grass-green suit, with a fair full peruke, not too full to break upon the spherical form of his cheeks, and yet full enough to add a graceful squareness on each side of them; the altitude of his square-toed shoe heels, the breadth of his milk-and-watered rollups, and the size of his amber-headed cane, are all truly symbolical, not only of his own genius, but of that of all his compatriots. When<sup>1</sup> I say that Mynheer —— is the only erudite Person whom I have yet seen, I must be understood to mean in this Place, for when I lately made a Tour to Hamburgh, I met with another, tho' of a different sex, her name Madame Belcht. Her Person I won't attempt to describe, but will endeavour to give you a Morceau of her Conversation, for I was honoured with it. She asked me who was the famous Poet that writ the *Nitt Toats*. I replied Doctor Yonge. She beg'd leave to drink his Health, in a glass of Sweet Wine adding that he was her favourite English Author. We toasted the Doctor. Upon which, having a mind to give my Parnassian toast, I askd Madame Belcht if she had ever read *La petite Elegie dans La Ciemetere Rustique*.<sup>2</sup> C'est beaucoup jolie, je vous assure! (for I had said fort jolie very often before) Oui Mons<sup>r</sup> replyd Madame Belch ja lu et elle est bien jolie et Melancholique, mais elle ne touche point la Cœur comme mes cheres Nitt toats.

The prudence you recommend<sup>3</sup> to me at parting, and which you yourself are so remarkable for, I shall strictly observe, and therefore will say nothing of the place I am in. Indeed, I have nothing to say, if I was not prudent, only that it is the noisiest place I ever was in, and that I want to get out of it, which I hope is no treason. I have sent Lord John Cavendish<sup>4</sup> a list of the noises and their

<sup>1</sup> To the end of the paragraph I transcribe from Mitford's copy of part of this letter (Add. MSS. Brit. Mus. 32,561), omitting the name Mason gives the librarian. It will be seen that Mason's mastery of the French language was not complete.

<sup>2</sup> Gray's "Elegy."

<sup>3</sup> Recommended (?).

<sup>4</sup> Fourth son of William, 3rd Duke of Devonshire. Mason was his tutor at Cambridge. To him the elegy beginning

"Ere yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire,"

times of beginning, which will give you some idea, if he shows you the letter.

Oh, Mr. Gray! I bought at Hamburgh such a pianoforte, and so cheap! It is a harpsichord too of two unisons, and the jacks serve as mutes when the pianoforte stop is played, by the cleverest mechanism imaginable,<sup>1</sup>—won't you buy my Kirkman?<sup>2</sup>

was addressed. During the Rockingham administration, in 1760, he was a Lord of the Treasury; in March, 1762, he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; and he died in 1796. He was the warm friend of Lord Rockingham, under whose second administration he filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. His fair little person, and the quaintness with which he untreasured, as by rote, the stores of his memory, occasioned George Selwyn to call him "the learned canarybird."—*From Mitford*. In 1765 Walpole, who wanted to include the Princess-Dowager in the Regency Bill, found Lord John Cavendish "the most obstinate conceited young man he ever saw."

<sup>1</sup> Such combinations were not uncommon with the earliest pianoforte makers. The jacks are upright laths with a little piece of quill projecting at right angles from the top. When the key is put down the jack rises and the quill twangs the string. The instrument here described would possess a mechanism worked by a stop, like those of an organ or like the usual harpsichord stops, whereby the keys would act upon a set of pianoforte hammers while the jacks were displaced so as not to twang the strings, but perhaps in some way, such as by the pressure of a piece of cloth at the top, to perform the function of the modern *dampers*. At least, such is one of the technical meanings of the term *mutes*. Cf. Beethoven's direction in the first movement of the C sharp minor *sonata*, commonly called "Moonlight"—"*Si deve suonare tutto questo pezzo delicatissimamente e senza sordini*." The "two unisons" are two strings in unison, specially so designated because in ordinary harpsichords there was generally an octave string; and this would not suit the exigencies of the pianoforte. On the other hand two unisons would answer perfectly, being precisely what the earlier pianofortes generally had. Mr. Hipkins, our greatest authority on the history of the pianoforte, dissents from part of the above conjectures. He does not think that the jacks of the harpsichord could be used to serve as dampers for the piano action. "The harpsichord registers or slides were off when the pianoforte action was on. But musicians did not mind an undamped piano so much then. C. P. E. Bach said it excited the imagination."

<sup>2</sup> One of the greatest harpsichord makers of the eighteenth century was Jacob Kirkman (Kirchmann), who is still represented by his family in a London pianoforte manufactory of repute. In some of his harpsichords a "swell" was obtained by raising with a pedal part of the cover of the instrument.—*From* "History of the



Pray, Mr. Gray, write soon (how strangely is my style changed since the beginning!) and tell me about Rousseau, or any thing: it is a great charity I do assure you. I would have written to you before, but Hamburg and Reviews prevented me. Whitehead<sup>1</sup> is here with his lordlings; you would delight in Lord Nuneham,<sup>2</sup> he is so peevish, and hates things so much, and has so much sense; Lord Villiers<sup>3</sup> is Plumer<sup>4</sup> exceedingly polished. Whitehead talks rather too much of Princesses of the Blood, in a way between jest and earnest, that most people must mistake and take for admiration. The rest of the English are, Earl of Peterhouse, Sutton, and just now Bagnal of Trinity, with grooms, dogs, tutors and all. Whitworth is

Piano-forte," by Mr. A. T. Hipkins, who kindly writes to me, "*circa* 1755, Kirkman's harpsichords were very fine."

<sup>1</sup> William Whitehead went abroad as travelling tutor to George Simon Harcourt, Viscount Nuneham—son of the 1st Earl of Harcourt, who was Governor to George III. when Prince of Wales, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland 1772, and died in 1777—and George Bassey, Lord Villiers, eldest son of the Earl of Jersey.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Nuneham succeeded his father in the Earldom of Harcourt (1777). He was the intimate friend of Mason and Whitehead. The entire correspondence between Mason and Lord Nuneham has been preserved, and shows him to have been a person of talent and accomplishment.—*Mitford*. From Walpole's correspondence we gather that his conversation was of the "live and let live" kind which Walpole liked; that the gardens at Nuneham were very famous, especially for roses; and that Lady Nuneham was something of a verse-writer. The Earl of Harcourt seems to have been an unkind father, and Walpole describes his death with little sympathy: "The dinner-bell had rung—where? at Nuneham. The Earl did not appear. After much search, he was found standing on his head in a well, a dear little favourite dog upon his legs, his stick, and one of his gloves lying near. My letter does not say whether he had dropped the other. In short, I know no more" (To Mason, September 18th, 1777).

<sup>3</sup> George-Bussy, afterwards 4th Earl of Jersey, born 1735, succeeded to the peerage August 28th, 1769, died in 1805. He was made a Lord of the Admiralty in 1761; Vice-Chamberlain 1765.—*Ed.* General Keppel proposes to his brother, in anticipation of the Bedfords and Rockinghams coming into office in 1767, to make examples of the Onslows, Townshends, Shelleys, *not forgetting the little Lord Villiers*.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> Plumer is, I conjecture, the same as the Plummer of whom Gray speaks to Wharton, June 28th, 1753, as to be engaged with Brown at Pembroke College the greater part of that summer.

also soon expected; so that I think we shall soon have a pretty party enough. O, the deuce take that confounded drum and fife! it plagues me past endurance; I cannot write a word more. Adieu, and believe me yours with the greatest sincerity,

W. MASON.

### CXX. *To Wharton.*

Stoke, August 6, 1755.

DEAR DOCTOR

I was just returned from my Hampshire<sup>1</sup> expedition, & going to enquire after your little family, and how they had got over the measles, when I found a letter from Stonhewer, in w<sup>ch</sup> he says nothing on that head; whence I conclude they are out of danger, & you free from anxiety about them. but he tells me, you expect me in town, for w<sup>ch</sup> I am at a loss to account, having said nothing to that purpose, at least I am sure nothing with that meaning. I said I was to go to Twickenham, & am now expecting a letter from Mr. W:<sup>2</sup> to inform me, when he shall be there. my stay will be at farthest a week with him, and at my return I shall let you know, and if the season be better than it now is, enquire, if you continue inclined to visit Windsor and its Environs. I wished for you often on the Southern Coast, where I have been, & made much the same tour, that Stonhewer did before me. take notice, that the Oaks grow quite down to the Beach, & that the Sea forms a number of Bays little & great, that appear glittering in the midst of thick Groves of them. add to this the fleet (for I was at Portsmouth two days before it sail'd<sup>3</sup>) and the number of Vessels always passing along,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gray went on the 15th of July to Mr. Chute's at the Vine, from thence he went to Portsmouth, and returned to Stoke on the 31st of July, as appears by a journal which he kept.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole.

<sup>3</sup> This was perhaps the fleet under Sir Edward Hawke, which, in the autumn of this year, operated in the Channel. This expedition, and, earlier in the same year, the defeat of Braddock and the victory of Boscawen off Newfoundland, as also the successes of Clive at Arcot, and Lawrence and Clive at Trichinopoly, were

or sailing up Southampton River (w<sup>ch</sup> is the largest of these Bays I mention), and enters about ten miles into the Land, and you will have a faint idea of the *South*. from Fareham to Southampton, where you are upon a level with the coast, you have a thousand such Peeps and delightful Openings, but would you see the whole at once, you must get upon Ports-Down, 5 Mile upon this side Portsmouth. it is the top of a ridge, that forms a natural Terrass 3 Mile long, literally not three times broader than Windsor-Terrass, with a gradual fall on both sides and covered with a turf like New-Market. to the North opens Hampshire & Berkshire covered with woods, and interspersed with numerous Gentlemen's Houses and Villages. to the South, Portsmouth, Gosport, &c., just at your foot in appearance, the Fleet, the Sea winding, and breaking in bays into the land, the deep shade of tall Oaks in the enclosures, w<sup>ch</sup> become blue, as they go off to distance, Portchester-Castle, Carshot-Castle, & all the Isle of Wight, in which you plainly distinguish the fields, hedge-rows, & woods next the shore, & a background of hills behind them. I have not seen a more magnificent or more varied Prospect. I have been also at Titchfield, at Netly-Abbey (a most beautiful ruin in as beautiful a situation) at Southampton, at Bevis-Mount, at Winchester, &c: my Gout is gone, but I am not absolutely well yet. I hear Mason was expected on Monday last, but was not to speak of it, therefore you will say nothing till you see him. I do not understand this, nor what he means by coming. It seems wrong to me. What do you think of the *Morceau*<sup>1</sup> I sent you, pray, speak your mind.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. Adieu, I am  
 Ever Yours,  
 T. G.

anterior to the declaration of *our* Seven Years' War, which was practically for empire in North America and India.

<sup>1</sup> A copy of the *first* part of "The Bard," which, I am sorry to say, is not preserved among Dr. Wharton's MSS.—*Mitford*.

CXXI. *To Chute.*

Stoke, August 14, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

I write to the Vine imagining you may be still there, to tell you, that I was to have gone to Strawberry on Monday last; but being ill was obliged to write the day before, and excuse myself. Mr. W. could not receive my letter till Monday afternoon, and had therefore sent a messenger from London, early that morning to say, that he was very ill of a fever, and rash, and unable to go himself to Twickenham. I know this is a dangerous season; and that malignant fevers are now very common, and am therefore something alarmed at his situation. If you have heard anything, you will let me know, and particularly if anything should carry you soon to town. I myself have been ill, ever since I came out of Hampshire. I have had *advice* and been bloodied,<sup>1</sup> and taken draughts of Salt of Wormwood, Lemons, Tincture of Guaiacum, Magnesia, and the Devil. You will immediately conclude, they thought me rheumatic and feverish, no such thing! they thought me gouty, and that I had no fever. All I can say, is, that my heats in the morning are abated, that my foot begins to ach again; and that my head aches, and feels light and giddy. So much for me. My compts. to the gentleman with the Moco-smelling-bottle, the Muntz's,<sup>2</sup> the Betties, and the Babies. Adieu, I am ever.

<sup>1</sup> *Sic, ap.* Mitford and Mr. Gosse. I have not compared the original.

<sup>2</sup> Müntz is the artist whom Walpole employed. He had been a Swiss engineer in the French service, but his regiment being broken at the peace, he was engaged by the reckless Bentley, who found him in Jersey, for Walpole, and sent over to him in the June of this very year, 1755 (see Walpole's scolding letter, June 10th). And on August 4 Walpole writes that Müntz is at the Vine, at which date Gray was there. Walpole describes him inconsistently (to different correspondents) as indolent, and of German industry. He quarrelled with him in 1759 because, he says, of his ingratitude, and "not because the ghost of Mrs. Leneve [the lady so long domiciled both with Sir Robert and Horace, d. that same year] has appeared to me, and ordered me to drive *Hannah* and Ishmael into the wilderness." Hannah is either Müntz's wife or mother—she, perhaps, accounts for Gray's *plural*.

CXXII. *To Stonehewer.*

August 21, 1755.

I thank you for your intelligence about *Herculaneum*, which was the first news I received of it. I have since turned over Monsignor Baiardi's<sup>1</sup> book, where I have learned how many grains of modern wheat the Roman Congius in the Capitol, holds, and how many thousandth parts of an inch the Greek foot consisted of more or less (for I forget which) than our own. He proves also by many affecting examples, that an Antiquary may be mistaken: that for anything anybody knows, this place underground might be some other place, and not *Herculaneum*; but nevertheless, that he can shew for certain that it was this place and no other place; that it is hard to say which of the several *Herculeses* was the founder; therefore (in the third volume) he promises to give us the memoirs of them all; and after that, if we do not know what to think of the matter, he will tell us. There is a great deal of wit too, and satire, and verses, in the book, which is intended chiefly for the information of the French King, who will be greatly edified without doubt.

I am much obliged to you also for Voltaire's performance; it is very unequal, as he is apt to be in all but his dramas, and looks like the work of a man that will admire his retreat and his Lemon-Lake no longer than till he finds

<sup>1</sup> Ottavo Antonio Baiardi (Monsignor, Archbishop of Tyre) was employed by the King of Naples (afterwards, 1759, Charles III. of Spain) to publish the description of the newly-discovered antiquities at *Herculaneum* (*vide supra*, p. 72 and note). He had more learning than judgment. His "*Prodromo delle Antichità d'Ercolano*," published at Naples, in five parts, 4to, in 1752, was but an introduction to the description which he had not as yet attempted. Charles, impatient of the delay, distributed the task among several savants whom he named the *Herculanean Academy*. He made Baiardi its president, and guaranteed him the stipend which had been promised him. But Baiardi was furious at being robbed of the sole honour and glory of the task, and left Naples a few months afterwards, threatening to publish two new volumes of his "*Prodromo*" at his own expense. "*Heureusement*," says the *Biographie Universelle*, "*il n'en fit rien*." He was born at Parma in 1690. The date of his death is uncertain, but it was after 1760.



an opportunity to leave it.<sup>1</sup> However, though there be many parts which I do not like, yet it is in several places excellent, and everywhere above mediocrity. As you have the politeness to pretend impatience, and desire I would communicate, and all that, I annex a piece of the *Prophecy*,<sup>2</sup> which must be true at least, as it was wrote so many hundred years after the events.

CXXIII. *To Wharton.*

Stoke, August 21, 1755.

DEAR DOCTOR

Instead of going to Twickenham I was obliged to send my excuses, & the same day Mr. W: sent a messenger to say he was confined in Town with a Fever and a Rash. He has since wrote me word, that he is well again; but for me I continue much as I was, & have been but once out of the house to walk, since I returned from Hampshire. being much inclined to bleeding myself, I yet was fearful to venture, least it should bring on a regular fit of the Gout, so I sent for advice at last, & expected Dr. Hayes should tell me presently, whether it were Gout or Rheumatism. in his talk he treated it rather as the former, but his prescription appears to me to be meant for the latter. you will judge. He took away 10 or 11 oz of blood, & order'd these draughts night & morning:—*Sal: Absinth. Succ: Limon. finitâ effervescentiâ add: Aqu: Alexit. Simpl.: Menth. Piperit, Magnes. alb., Tinct: G. Guiac. Spirituos.* the quantities I can't read; only I think there is a Dram of the Tincture, &  $\frac{1}{2}$  a Dram of Magnesia in each draught. The Blood had no sign of Inflammation, but of a bright red: the Serum of a dark yellow with little transparency, not viscid to the touch. The draughts (w<sup>ch</sup> I took over night only) made me sweat almost immediately, & open'd a little in the morning. the consequence is, that I have still many slight complaints, broken and un-

<sup>1</sup> See Mason to Gray, Mar. 1, 1755.

<sup>2</sup> The second Antistrophe and epode, with a few lines of the third Strophe of his Ode entitled "The Bard," were here inserted. —*Mason.* See to Wharton, Aug. 21, 1755.

refreshing sleeps, as before. less feverish than I was, in a morning: instead of it a sensation of weariness. a soreness in both feet, which goes off in the day, a frequent dizziness and lightness of head. easily fatigued with motion. sometimes a little pain in my breast, as I had in the winter. These symptoms are all too slight to make an illness; but they do not make perfect health. that is sure.

Tho' I allow abundance for your kindness & partiality to me, I am yet much pleased with the good opinion you seem to have of the *Bard*. You may alter that, *Robed in the sable*, &c, almost in your own words, thus,

With fury pale, and pale with woe,  
Secure of fate, the Poet stood, &c.

Though *haggard*,<sup>1</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> conveys to you the idea of a *Witch*, is indeed only a metaphor taken from an unreclaimed Hawk, which is called a *Haggard*, and looks wild and *farouche*, & jealous of its liberty. I have sent now to Stonehewer a bit more of the *prophecy*,<sup>2</sup> and desire him to shew it you immediately: it is very rough and unpolish'd at present. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever

Truly Yours  
T.G.

<sup>1</sup> Gray made a distinction between *haggèd* and *haggard*. When he wrote

“The ghostly prudes with *haggèd* face”  
 (“Long Story,” l. 129),

he meant “with the face of a witch.” Professor Skeat says that *haggard* is a corruption of *haggèd*, confused in spelling by the influence of *haggard* as a term for a hawk; though both may be from the same root.

<sup>2</sup> From Mason's note on the next letter to Stonehewer, it will be clear that much, if not all, that follows of “The Bard” in this to Wharton must have been put by him in this place at a considerably later date. Wharton had from Gray the first part, though it is not preserved, on the 6th of August, 1755; he received, through Stonehewer, perhaps towards the end of August, from “She-wolf of France” to the point where the brother bards depart (“The web is wove. The work is done,” l. 100). The ten lines, “Stay, oh, stay,” to the end of Strophe 3, were added some time before May, 1757, when Gray sent Mason from “Haughty knights and barons bold” to the end.

She-Wolf of France with unrelenting fangs  
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate  
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs  
 The Scourge of Heaven. What Terrors round him wait !  
 Amazement in his Van with Flight combined,  
 And Sorrow's faded form and Solitude behind.

## ANT. 2.

Victor  
 Mighty Conqu'ror, mighty Lord,  
     his  
 Low on the funeral couch he lies ;  
     No                      no  
 What pitying heart, what eye afford  
 A tear to grace his obsequies ?  
 Is the sable Warrior fled ?  
 Thy son is gone.   he rests among the dead.  
                             in thy noontide beam were born  
 The swarm that *hover'd in thy noontide ray* ?<sup>1</sup>  
                             morn  
 Gone to salute the rising *day*  
<sup>2</sup> Mirrors of Saxon truth and loyalty,  
 Your helpless old expiring master view,  
 They hear not. Scarce Religion dares supply  
 Her mutter'd Requiems and her holy Dew.  
 Yet thou, proud Boy, from Pomfret's walls shalt send  
 A sigh, and envy oft thy happy Grandsire's end.

## EPODE 2.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
 The rich repast prepare,  
 Reft of a crown he yet may share the feast.  
 Close by the regal chair  
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 A smile of horror on their baffled guest.  
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
 Lance to lance and horse to horse !  
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,

<sup>1</sup> Whatever Gray strikes through is printed in italics.

<sup>2</sup> On the fourth page of the MS. are given instead of these six lines :

“ Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows  
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
 Youth in the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,  
 Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway  
 That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening-prey.”

And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

Ye

*Grim* towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his Father's fame,

And spare the meek Usurper's hallow'd <sup>1</sup> head.

Above, below, the Rose of snow,

Twined with her blushing foe we spread :

The bristled boar in infant gore,

Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, Brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

### STROPHE 3.

Edward, lo ! to sudden fate,

(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun),

Half of thy heart we consecrate

(The web is wove. The work is done).

Stay, oh stay, nor <sup>thus</sup> here forlorn

me unblest'd. Unpitied here

Leave your despairing Caradoc to mourn !

In yon bright <sup>track</sup> clouds that fires the western skies

melt

They sink, they vanish from my eyes.

solemn

But ah ! what <sup>solemn</sup> scenes of Heaven on Snowdon's height

glitt'ring

Descending slow their golden skirts unroll !

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul.

<sup>2</sup> From Cambria's thousand hills a thousand strains

Triumphant tell aloud, another Arthur reigns.

### ANTIST. 3.

Girt with many a

*Youthful Knights and Barons* <sup>3</sup> bold

<sup>1</sup> *Sic*, uncorrected.

<sup>2</sup> Along the side of the MS. are written by Gray the two lines, for these—

“No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail,

All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue, hail !”

<sup>3</sup> By a printer's error the reading here is misrepresented in note in Pitt Press ed. of Gray. *Supra*, in Ant. 2, the superscribed reading in the same notes should have been given as “beam,” not “ray.” Mason, in May, 1759, received the reading *Haughty* Knights, etc., from Gray. A comparison will show that the MS.

Sublime their starry fronts they rear  
*With dazzling helm and horrent spear*  
 And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old,  
 In bearded majesty appear.  
 In the midst a Form divine,  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line ;  
 Her            her  
 A Lyon-port, *an* awe-commanding face,  
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.  
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air !  
 What strains of vocal transport round her play !  
 Hear from thy grave, great Taliessin, hear,  
 They breath a soul to animate thy clay.  
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,  
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

## EPODE 3.

The verse adorn again,  
     Fierce War, and Faithful Love,  
 And Truth severe by fairy-Fiction drest.  
     In buskin'd measures move  
 Pale Grief and pleasing Pain  
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
     A voice as of the Cherub-Quire,  
     Gales from blooming Eden bear ;  
     And distant Warblings lessen on my ear,  
 That lost in long futurity expire.  
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud  
     Rais'd by thy breath has quench'd the Orb of day ?  
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
     And warms the Nations with redoubled ray  
     Enough for me. With joy I see  
     The different doom our fates assign,  
     Be thine Despair, & scepter'd Care.  
     To triumph & to die are mine.  
 He spoke, & headlong from the mountain's height  
 Deep in the roaring tide he sunk to endless night.

---

reproduced above must be the later, and did not originally belong to the place in which it is found in the Egerton MSS. Gray's first thought was "Haughty," perhaps more appropriate to Barons than Knights; then he wrote "Youthful," but bethought him that that word was more appropriate to a Squire; discontented with both epithets, he dismounted his knights altogether.



CXXIV. *Mason*<sup>1</sup> to *Gray*.

Tunbridge, Sept. 10, 1755.

DEAR MR. GRAY,

\* \* \* \* \*

I was told yesterday by Lady H.<sup>2</sup> that it was her birthday, and she wondered I had not written her some verses ; so I did, and here they are :

Had R—d<sup>3</sup> bad my Muse essay  
To hail her on her natal day,  
I soon had ransack'd Nature's bowers  
For blushing fruits or fragrant flowers,  
And sworn, till fops believed it true,  
That all their sweetness, all their hue,  
Were nought to what her cheeks advance  
Adorned tout à-la-mode de France :  
Or had gay Lady C<sup>\*\*\*\*</sup> <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is only some of the letter, the first part of which I find in the Mitford MSS. in the British Museum. It is quite unproducible. Gray very truly said that Mason, though a parson, was "no better than the rest of us."

<sup>2</sup> Holderness (see on Mason to Gray, March 1st, 1755).

<sup>3</sup> No doubt Lady Rochford.—*Ed.* She was the daughter of Edward Young [of Dunford, in Wilts] and wife [1740] of William, Earl of Rochford. She had been maid of honour to the Princess of Wales.—*Walpole*. She died, January 9th, 1773, in the fiftieth year of her age, and was buried at St. Osyth's, in Essex.—*Cunningham*. In 1746 she is represented by Walpole as flirting with the Duke of Cumberland and his brother-in-law, the Prince of Hesse ; she is one of the court beauties, "large, but very handsome, with great delicacy and address." He played prettily upon her maiden name in 1757, when she visited his Strawberry Hill Press, and he made the Press say :

"In vain from your properest name you have flown,  
And exchanged lovely Cupid's for Hymen's dull throne :  
By my art shall your beauties be constantly sung,  
And in spite of yourself you shall always be *Young*."

He mentions her with Lady Holderness among the middle-aged beauties at the coronation of George III. ; and describes her as the only fair one he knew who could talk about nothing but the tender passion to all eternity.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Caroline [Petersham, née Fitzroy]. This appears certain from the rhyme, the gossip of Walpole, and the circumstance

Been bent on such an odd design,  
 And deigned my verses to receive  
 (For verse is all I have to give),  
 It soon had been my tuneful pray'r  
 To beg propitious Fate to spare  
 The bliss she has, and always lend  
 An easy lord and gen'rous friend :  
 But how to suit my song to you  
 Is mighty hard, for, *entre nous*,

that in the *unspeakable* part of this letter, "Lady Caroline" figures in conjunction with Miss Ashe, a young lady notorious as the associate of Lady Petersham. Lady Caroline Fitzroy was the granddaughter of Charles II. and the Duchess of Cleveland, and did not, says Walpole, *degenerate* from either ancestor. In 1746 she married Viscount Petersham, son of the first Earl of Harrington; her husband succeeded to his father's title at the close of this year, 1756. Walpole's cousin Conway had been engaged to her, and Horace prides himself on having broken off the match. (Her sister was married to Conway's brother, afterwards Lord Hertford.) The account which Walpole gives of his visit with her and Miss Ashe to Vauxhall (to Montagu, June 23rd, 1750) presents us with a scene only a little less boisterous than the humours of my Lord Smart and my Lady Sparkish, Tom Neverout and Miss Notable, in Swift's "Polite Conversation." The same pair made themselves conspicuous later in the year by paying a visit of condolence in prison to Maclean, the highwayman who robbed Horace Walpole and has a place in Gray's "Long Story." Walpole, with a happy reference to the "Beggar's Opera," called them "Polly" and "Lucy," and asked them if their hero did not sing,

"Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around."

The jest became public, and the ladies were the subject of a vile print with this motto. In 1755 Walpole describes her as still extremely handsome at the Russian masquerade, in the disguise of a Turkish slave; and in 1756 the Morocco ambassador preferred her to Lady Coventry, and pronounced her handsomer than any of his three wives. At the coronation in 1761 Walpole noted her as a splendid figure *at a distance*, all ablaze with the diamonds of which she was passionately fond. On this occasion she complained of having to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick; George Selwyn said, "You will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." Not perceiving *il velen del argomento*, she told this everywhere as a jest on Lady Portsmouth. She died a widow in 1784, suddenly, and Walpole wrote to Conway, "Have not *you* felt a little twinge in a remote corner of your heart on Lady Harrington's death?" Walpole, like Mason, affirms that her attractions owed much to paint and powder.

You're most unfashionably fair,  
 Content with your own face and hair ;  
 And, more unfashionably true,  
 A husband bounds your utmost view.  
 This then the case, my rhymes I'll close  
 And wish, in verse as plain as prose,  
 That Tunbridge from her springs may grant  
 The little added health you want ;  
 And that for many a happy year  
 You need not to her fount repair,  
 Unless to see, as now you see,  
 Each varied form of vanity,  
 And candid laugh, as now you do,  
 At all the fools her walks can shew.  
 Yet one wish more,—may Fortune kind  
 Soon briskly blow a North-east wind ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And then, some few days past and gone,  
 You'll scarce pull coifs for St. Simon.<sup>2</sup>

You must observe this is not the St. Simon mentioned in a book you have formerly read, called the Testament, but another quite of a different family, and whose name is pronounced *Sensimmong*, like a dactyle. Well, how do you like my verses ? Whether shall I call them "To Lady H—— on her birthday," or a "Lampoon on Lady R—— and Lady C—— ?" One talks of nothing but lampoons here. Pray *unde derivatur* lampoon ?<sup>3</sup> You have a pretty

<sup>1</sup> To bring Lord Holderness back from Hanover.

<sup>2</sup> In the suppressed part of the letter Mason speaks of a *liaison* between a lady unnamed and a Mons. de St. Simon. This is probably the Marquis de St. Simon who visited Walpole at Strawberry Hill (Walpole to Bentley, July 17th) in 1755 ; had seen and admired the six poems with Bentley's designs, and was pleased at meeting the man who had owned "the pensive Selima." He sent Walpole a translation he had made of Swift's "Tale of a Tub" ; a performance, it would seem, worthy of Count Smorltork (W. to Bentley, August 4th, 1755). We find him in the train of "Lady Caroline" at the theatre, on the occasion of a scandalous row described by Walpole to Conway, January 24th, 1756.

<sup>3</sup> It is derived from Fr. *lamper*, a nasalized form of *laper* (Eng. "lap"). The burden of scurrilous drinking-songs was commonly *lampons*, i.e., *buvons*. Littré gives, after Furetière, a good instance :

" Jacques fuyant de Dublin  
 Dit à Lauzun, son cousin :  
 Prenez soin de ma couronne  
 J'aurai soin de ma personne ;  
 Lampons ! Lampons ! "

knack at an old-fashioned Welsh ode,<sup>1</sup> but you are nothing like me at an impromptu. If you write to me direct "To the young man my aunt Dent had liked to have ravished." Axton wrote to me yesterday about his Fellowship; it was rather a sesquipedalian letter. However, I answered it to-day, and hoped he would behave gratefully to Mr. Brown, who I said was much his friend, and would secure him his Fellowship, and so, having concluded my paper, I am yours.

Pray give my best compliments to Dr. Wharton and his lady, and the ejected statesman;<sup>2</sup> and, if you will write to me immediately to Hull, I will tell you when I'll meet you at Cambridge. Do you know what Whitehead's place is worth?<sup>3</sup>

#### CXXV. *To Wharton.*<sup>4</sup>

##### MY DEAR DOCTOR

I ought before now to have thanked you for your kind offer, w<sup>ch</sup> I mean soon to accept for a reason, w<sup>ch</sup> to be sure can be no reason to you or M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton, and therefore I think it my duty to give you notice of it. it is a very possible thing I may be ill again in town, which I would not chuse to be in a dirty inconvenient lodgeing, where perhaps my Nurse might stifle me with a pillow, and therefore it is no wonder, if I prefer your house. but I tell you of this in time, that if either of you are frightened at the thought of a sick body, you may make a handsome excuse, & save yourselves this trouble. You are not to

<sup>1</sup> A reference to "The Bard," still unfinished.

<sup>2</sup> Lest political history should be searched in vain, I note that the ejected statesman is only one of the children (probably Robin) whose nose has been put out of joint, as the nurses say, by a new arrival, anticipated by Gray, March 9th, 1755 (to Wharton). I expect this was "Richard." The eldest child was a girl, "the little Doctress," as Gray calls her.

<sup>3</sup> In 1755 Whitehead, through the interest of Lady Jersey, was made secretary and registrar of the Right Honourable Order of the Bath. See Mason's "Life of Whitehead," p. 86.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> Endorsed by Wharton, "Mr. Gray, 18 Oct. 1755." Address on cover, "To Thomas Wharton M:D: in King's Arms Yard Coleman Street London."

imagine my illness is in *Esse*; no, it is only in *Posse*, otherwise I should myself be scrupulous of bringing it home to you. I shall be in town in about a fortnight. you will be sorry (as I am) at the destruction of poor . . . 's<sup>1</sup> views, w<sup>ch</sup> promised so fair; but both he & I have known it this long time, so, I believe, he was prepared, and his old Patron is no bad ressource.<sup>2</sup> I am told, it is the fashion to be totally silent with regard to the ministry.<sup>3</sup> nothing is to be talked of, or even suspected, till the Parliament meets.<sup>4</sup> in the meantime the new *Manager*<sup>5</sup> has taken what appears to me a very odd step. if you do not hear of a thing, which is in it's nature no secret, I cannot well inform you by the Post.<sup>6</sup> to me it is utterly unaccountable.

<sup>1</sup> Name erased. Mitford and Mr. Gosse print Stonehewer, and this seems to be the name, as far as can be discovered. Else we might conjecture that the disappointed man was *Mason*, whose name Wharton perhaps erased before he sent him these letters, unless Mason himself erased it. He had tried to be chaplain to Lord Hertford's embassy (see to Gray, March 1st, 1755, *supra*) and it is clear that he wished to keep this, and perhaps other like efforts, a secret. Gray's "both he and I have known it a long time" may be explained by turning to letter of March 1st. The "old Patron" might be Lord Holderness, with whom Mason did in fact go to Hanover in this year. If the word could be discovered to be "Scroddles" it might solve this mystery; but that nickname cannot be traced, I am told, under the obliteration.

<sup>2</sup> So Gray, in French fashion.

<sup>3</sup> There was a political crisis. The king had sent home from Hanover a treaty which he had made with the Elector of Hesse, without the approval of the English ministers, involving a contract for a large annual payment, with an additional stipulation for paying levy money for each Hessian soldier (cf. p. 109 and n.). Legge, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer, refused his signature to the Treasury warrants for these objects; he was supported by Pitt, then Paymaster to the Forces. After Parliament met, Pitt and Legge were dismissed (November 20th); that coalition having been made between Fox and Newcastle, which was the subject of Pitt's famous simile of the Rhone and Saône (see p. 36, n. 1). In the same debate Hamilton made his "single speech." See Mason to Gray, December 25th, *infra*, and n.

<sup>4</sup> It met on the 13th of November.

<sup>5</sup> I suppose this means the Duke of Newcastle. Henry Pelham had been Prime Minister, but died March 6th, 1754. The "odd step" is probably the coalition with Fox.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. Walpole to Bentley, June 11th, 1755. "Tell me if you



Pray what is the reason I do not read your name among the Censors of the College? did they not offer it you, or have you refused it? I have not done a word more of *Bard*, having been in a very listless, unpleasant, and inutile state of Mind for this long while, for which I shall beg you to prescribe me somewhat strengthening & agglutinant, lest it turn to a confirmed Pthisis.<sup>1</sup> to shew you how epidemical Self-Murder is this year, Lady M. Capel<sup>2</sup> (L<sup>d</sup> Essex's Sister) a young person, has just cut the veins of both arms across, but (they say) will not die of it, she was well & in her senses, though of a family that are apt to be otherwise. Adieu, dear Doct<sup>r</sup>, I should be glad of a line from you, before I come. believe me ever

Most sincerely Yours,  
TG:

CXXVI. *Mason to Gray.*

Wadworth, Nov 26, 1755.

DEAR MR. GRAY,

It is not true that I again make interest to be transported into Ireland, and yet I believe too it will be my fate; I am totally passive in the whole affair, and shall remain so. The only step I ever took which could be called active, was to write a letter to M<sup>r</sup> Bonfoy,<sup>3</sup> simply to inquire whether it was true that the Marquis<sup>4</sup> intended to receive this; for in these gunpowder times, to be sure, the clerks of the post-office are peculiarly alert."

<sup>1</sup> So Gray wrote, meaning, I expect, Phthisis. Mitford, *Pythisis*, which I should have taken for a clerical error, but that Mr. Gosse prints *Pythisis* too. What this disease is I cannot discover. To derive it from πύθω would be rather *à propos* than exact; to derive it from πυνθάνομαι would be neither.

<sup>2</sup> She was descended from the Earl of Essex, who was accused with Lord Wm. Russell and Sydney of complicity in the Rye House Plot, and cut his throat, or some say, was thus murdered, in the Tower. Her brother, a young man at this time, was 4th Earl. I have not met with this story about her elsewhere.

<sup>3</sup> Of Abbot's Ripton, Huntingdonshire. He was in Paris, April, 1739, when Walpole and Gray were there (and there, perhaps, Gray made his first acquaintance). His wife, the "Mrs. Bonfoy who taught Gray to pray," was one of a family of ten sons and four daughters, children of William Hall, of King's Walden.—*From Mitford.*

<sup>4</sup> The Marquis of Hartington, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, May,

take me next, which he has now answered in the affirmative ; but, as Lowth<sup>1</sup> is still to continue first chaplain, the time when is uncertain, and cannot be these two years, in which space, you know, a man may die or do a hundred pretty things. But I hear, since I came into these parts, that Seward<sup>2</sup> the critic is very anxious about taking my place, and has made offers of making over to me a great living in the Peak,<sup>3</sup> if he may go in my stead (here too I preserve my passivity), it being totally indifferent to me whether they thrust me into the Devil's A—— or an Irish bog. Yet, though I say I am indifferent to both these, I will in my present circumstances embrace either. The world has nothing to give me that I really care for ; therefore whatever she gives me, or however she gives it, does not matter a rush, and yet I own I would have something more of her too, merely because I have not philosophy, or a better thing, economy, to make what I have a competency.

Whitehead<sup>4</sup> has sent me some verses from Vienna,

1755, afterwards Duke of Devonshire.—*Mitford*. Bonfoy seems to have been in some official way in the confidence of the house of Cavendish. Walpole found him at Chatsworth in 1760 (to Montagu, September 1st).

<sup>1</sup> Robert Lowth (1710-1787), the famous theologian ; a Wykehamist ; professor of poetry at Oxford, in which capacity, says his last successor (1896), Professor Courthope, he "enlarged the range of taste by his lectures on Hebrew poetry." The characteristic of his famous "*Prælectiones*" was the *literary* treatment of Scripture ; their permanent result the better understanding of what is called *Hebrew parallelism*. In his controversy with Warburton (on the Book of Job, etc.), 1765, he was, according to Gibbon, victorious. He was successively Bishop of S. David's, Oxford, and London.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. p. 186, n. 4.

<sup>3</sup> Mitford says this was Eyam, of which Seward was rector. Eyam was a place very famous in the annals of the great plague of 1665, because thither the plague was conveyed in a parcel of goods, and destroyed two hundred and sixty-seven out of three hundred and fifty persons ; the villagers, at the persuasion of the incumbent, Wm. Mompesson, nobly isolating themselves from the neighbourhood. In 1755, the year of this letter, the shock of the earthquake of Lisbon was distinctly felt in the lead mines of Eyam Edge, and many explosions took place, one of which was extremely violent.

<sup>4</sup> I do not see these verses in Whitehead's collected works. I possess a copy of the tragedy of "*Œdipus*," left unfinished by

treating of my indolence and other weighty matters, and exhorting me not to detach myself too much from the world. The verses are really very easy and natural, and I would transcribe them for you, if it was not too much trouble; and yet you would not like them if I did, because of some words which I know would not digest upon your stomach, neither do they on mine. For I do not know how it is, but the slops you have given me have made my digestive faculties so weak, that several things of that sort, which were once as easy to me as hasty pudding, never get through the first concoction, and lay as heavy in the *prima via* as toasted cheese, all which I impute to your nursery, where you would never let one eat anything that was solid, as I did at St. John's.<sup>1</sup> Write (you say) something stately at Aston;<sup>2</sup> I write nothing there but sermons, and those I only transcribe. Write yourself, if you please; at least finish your Welsh ode,<sup>3</sup> and send it me to Hull; for there is an alderman there that I want to give his opinion about it.

But pray why, M<sup>r</sup> Gray, must I write, and you not? Upon my word, Sir, I really do not mean it as a flattery or any thing of that sort; no, Sir, I detest the insinuation; but, *blast* my laurels, Sir, if I do not think you write vastly better than I do. I swear by Apollo, my dear Sir, that I would give all my Elfrida (Odes included) to be the author of that pretty Elegy that Miss Plumtree can say off book. And I protest to you that my Ode on Memory,<sup>4</sup> after it has

Whitehead, and finished by Mason, privately printed at York, alluded to in the "Garrick Correspondence," vol. ii., p. 90.—*Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 187, n. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Mason was instituted to the rectory of Aston, and appointed chaplain to the Earl of Holderness, November, 1754. This living he held to his death in 1797, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Christopher Alderson, who was followed by his son, the Rev. William Alderson, who died in the autumn of 1852.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> "The Bard."

<sup>4</sup> This ranks first of his Odes in his works, vol. i., p. 19:

"Mother of Wisdom, thou whose sway  
The throng'd ideal hosts obey," etc.

See on the opening lines of it, Hurd's "Dissertation on the Marks of Imitation," addressed to Mr. Mason, p. 190, which lines he traced to a passage in the "Prolusiones" of Strada.—*Mitford*.

gone through all the *limæ labor* that our friend Horace prescribes, nay, Sir, *prematur nonum in annum* (above half which times it has already, I assure you, been concealed *malgré* my partiality to it),—I say that that very Ode is not, nor ever will be, half so terse and complete as the fragment of your Welsh Ode, which is, as one may say, now just warm from your brain, and one would expect as callow as a new-hatched chicken (pardon the barn-door simile). But all your productions are of a different sort; they come from you armed *cap-a-piè*, at all points, as Minerva is said to have issued from the head of Jupiter. I have thus said enough to show you, that however I may have laid aside the practical part of poetry, I retain all that internal force, that *igneæ vis* which inspires every true son of Parnassus; with all which I am fervently yours,

W. MASON.

### CXXVII. *Mason to Gray.*

Chiswick, Dec. 25, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

You desired me to write you news; but, though there are a great many promotions, they seem to me, as far as I can judge, all such dirty ones, that you may spare me the trouble of naming them, and pick them out of a newspaper, if you think it worth while. There is a *bon mot* of M<sup>r</sup> Pitt's handed about, out of the late debate about the treaties.<sup>1</sup> Somebody had compared the Russians<sup>2</sup> to a star rising out of the north, &c. Pitt replied, he was glad the place of the star was thus fixed, for he was certain it was not that star which once appeared in the east, and which the wise men worshipped; though it was like it in one particular, for it made its worshippers bring gifts. Charles Townshend, in the same debate, called Lord

<sup>1</sup> Cf. to Wharton, October 18th, 1755, and n. Walpole, fresh from this debate, gives a graphic account of it to Conway (November 15th) and to Bentley (November 16th).

<sup>2</sup> The king had promised Russia a subsidy, as well as the Elector of Hesse, in order to counteract the growing power of Frederick the Great. See to Wharton, *u. s.*

Holland<sup>1</sup> an unthinking, unparliamentary minister, for which he was severely mumbled by Mr. Fox; which I am glad of, because he is certainly a most unprincipled patriot.<sup>2</sup> But perhaps all this is old to you? I am tired of the subject, and will drop it.

There is a sweet song in Demofonte,<sup>3</sup> called "Ogni amante" sung by Ricciarelli.<sup>4</sup> Pray look at it; it is almost verbatim the air in Ariadne;<sup>5</sup> but I think better. I am

<sup>1</sup> I much question whether this is the name. I believe that Mason wrote Lord H., or Lord Hold., and that Mitford, as was his hazardous practice, conjectured the name, forgetting that the Fox who defended the peer was himself the first Lord Holland, and that, too, eight years after this date. H., or Hold., probably stood, not for Holland, but for Holderness, who was one of the Secretaries of State from 1751 to 1761. See n. on Mason to Gray, March 1st, 1755.

<sup>2</sup> Should perhaps be spelt with a capital. The "Patriots" were the faction to which Townshend at this time belonged. See p. 108, n. 1; on which observe that their declamation about the Hessians belongs to this year, 1755. Charles Townshend died (in his forty-second or forty-third year) in 1767. Burke paid a kindly tribute to his memory in his speech on American Taxation (1774). Smollett gives a sketch of him in "Humphrey Clinker." His famous "Champagne" speech was delivered in the last year of his life. In the course of it, gibing at himself and everybody, he said, "Government had become, what he himself had often been called, a Weather-Cock."

<sup>3</sup> Written by Metastasio about 1734. The music, at the date of this letter, was evidently a *pasticcio*. And we may search Demofonte in vain for "Ogni Amante." As "Vernon Lee" says, "Very early, as soon as the public had grown fairly acquainted with his plays, the recitatives had begun to be curtailed; later, the words of airs were changed to suit composer or singer; little by little his plays became mutilated patchworks" ("Studies of the Sixteenth Century in Italy," p. 225). The Saxon Hasse, husband of the beautiful singer, Faustina, set most of Metastasio's plays to music; but already, in 1755, the poet's work, as it appeared on the stage, was mere wreckage; and he died, *magni nominis umbra*, in 1782, at Vienna, where he had been court poet for fifty-two years.

<sup>4</sup> "Ricciarelli was a neat and pleasing performer, with a clear, flexible, and silver-toned voice, but so much inferior to Mingotti, both in singing and acting, that he never was in very high favour. It was in the admirable drama of Demofonte that Mingotti augmented her theatrical consequence, and acquired much applause, beyond any period of her performance in England" (Dr. Burney's "Hist. of Music," vol. iv., pp. 464-468).

<sup>5</sup> "May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the



told it is a very old one of Scarlatti's, which if true, Handel is almost a musical Lauder.<sup>1</sup>

Voltaire's mock poem, called "*La Pucelle*"<sup>2</sup> is to be met with, though not sold publicly in town; I had a short sight of it the other day. If you have any curiosity to see it, I can send it you with Fraser's<sup>3</sup> assistance, in a couple of covers. I have been here ever since I left Cambridge, except one opera night. My absence from my piano-forte almost makes me peevish enough to write a Bolingbrokian

very gentealest of tunes: 'Water parted' or the minuet in '*Ariadne*'; 3rd Fellow in "*She Stoops to Conquer*," Act I, Sc. 2 (1773). A testimony to the long popularity of the music of this opera of Handel's, composed about 1734. Handel is said to have known both Alessandro and Domenico Scarlatti, father and son, in Italy; indeed he had a trial of skill on the harpsichord and organ with Domenico at Cardinal Ottoboni's in 1708 or 1709. It is, perhaps, from Alessandro that Mason suspects Handel of stealing; though both the Scarlattis wrote operatic music; and the younger was in England in 1719. Alessandro died in 1725; Domenico was still alive at the date of this letter (died 1757). Dr. Hueffer (in "*Enc. Brit.*") says of Handel, "The system of wholesale plagiarism carried on by him is perhaps unprecedented in the history of music. He pilfered not only single melodies, but frequently entire movements from the works of other masters, with few or no alterations, and without a word of acknowledgment."

<sup>1</sup> William Lauder was only a plagiarist in this sense, that he wished to accuse Milton of plagiarism, and had to plagiarize from Milton in order to do so. He foisted into passages from modern Latinists lines which he first himself translated from the English of Milton, as well as lines from the Latin translation of "*Paradise Lost*" made by William Hog in 1690. After he was detected by Douglas he confessed to much more than Douglas had exposed; but he afterwards retracted his confession, and as late as 1754, the year before this letter, had made a fresh attack on Milton. He was, indeed, "frantic," though not, as Johnson at first supposed, "too frantic to be fraudulent."

<sup>2</sup> This vile book is said to have been written, off and on, during Voltaire's residence at Cirey with Madame du Châtelet, 1734-1739. Boaden ("*Life of Kemble*," vol. i., p. 137), cited by Mitford, says, "Voltaire was alarmed almost to insanity by the escape of his '*Pucelle d'Orleans*,' indiscreetly trusted to a female friend, which a person of the name of Grasset had grossly interpolated, and offered even to himself for sale." The Elizabethan dramatist had at least the apology of patriotism for calumniating the heroic maid; but no excuse is possible for Voltaire's bestial cynicism. On Gray's opinion of Voltaire see Norton Nicholls's "*Reminiscences*," to be printed in this collection.

<sup>3</sup> See n. on Mason to Gray, March 1st, 1755.

Essay upon Exile.<sup>1</sup> Why will you not send me my Inscription? and with it be sure add a dissertation upon Sigmas; and tell me, with all Dr. Taylor's<sup>2</sup> accuracy whether a Σ, or a C, or an Ε, is the most classical. You can write Dissertations upon the Pelasgi,<sup>3</sup> and why not upon this, when it is for the use of a learned friend? Always twitting you (you say) with the Pelasgi. Why, it is all I can twit you with. I wish you good success at brag as well as sweet temper. May the latter be ΠΟΛΥ ΠΑΚΤΙΔΟΣ ΑΔΥΜΕΛΕΣΤΕΡΑ and the former make your purse ΧΡΥΣΩ ΧΡΥΣΟΤΕΡΑ.<sup>4</sup> I see in the papers Dodsley has published an Ode on the Earthquake at Lisbon, with some Thoughts on a Churchyard. I suppose you are the author, and that you have tagged your Elegy to the tail of it; however, if I do not suppose so, I hope the world will, in order that people may lay out their sixpences on that rather than on Duncombe's<sup>5</sup> flattery to

<sup>1</sup> Bolingbroke's works had been published in 1753-4 by Mallet; their author died in 1751. His "Reflections on Exile" were written after his dismissal from the Pretender's service, and belong to the same interval (1716-1723) as his famous letter to Sir William Wyndham. "The character of the man is, as M. de Rémusat aptly remarks, well illustrated by the fact, that at the very moment when the relenting of the King and Whigs promised his restoration, he drew up, in the manner of Seneca, reflections on the consolations of exile." (W. Stebbing, "Verdicts of History Reviewed.")

<sup>2</sup> Dr. John Taylor, the very learned editor of Demosthenes, Lysias, and of the "Marmor Sandvicense," which latter work is more immediately alluded to in this letter. See "Memoirs of Taylor," collected and edited by J. Nicholls, 1819, and Bp. Monk's "Life of Bentley," vol. ii., p. 294.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> The origin of this jest is mysterious: but Gray refers to it upon July 25th, 1756.

<sup>4</sup> Πόλυ πᾶκτιδος ἀδυμελεστέρα, χρύσῳ χρυσοτέρα ("far more melodious than the lyre, more golden than gold") is a fragment of Sappho, 122 (96) in Bergk's "Poet. Lyr. Græc.," 4th ed., vol. iii., p. 129. Demetrius ("De Elocutione," 162) cites it as an instance of hyperbole.

<sup>5</sup> See Bell's "Fugitive Poetry," vol. xviii., p. 91, for the "Ode (by J. Duncombe, M.A.) to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle." A life of him may be found in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," vol. viii., pp. 271-278. He died at his living of Herne, near Canterbury, in January, 1786, aged fifty-six. Fobus is the name by which the Duke of Newcastle is usually designated by Gray;

Fobus, and the old horse. What a scribbling humour am I in! I will relieve you, however, by adding only my love to Mr Brown, Tuthill, and all friends, and assuring you that I am yours with the greatest sincerity,

SCRODDLES.

Shall I trouble you, dear Sir, to wish Dr. Long and old Cardale<sup>1</sup> a merry Christmas in my name? Lady Rochford<sup>2</sup> assures me that Lady Coventry<sup>3</sup> "has a mole on *one* of her ladyship's necks, \* \* \* \* \*"

### CXXVIII. To Wharton.

Jan: 9. Cambridge. 1756.

DEAR DOCTOR

I am quite of Mr Alderman's<sup>4</sup> opinion; provided you have a very fair prospect of success (for I do not love repulses, tho' I believe in such cases they are not attended with any disgrace) such an employment must necessarily

and the *old horse* is George the Second, who is also praised in this ode.—*Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> See on Mason to Gray, March 1st, 1755.

<sup>2</sup> See on Mason to Gray, September 10th, 1755.

<sup>3</sup> Maria Gunning. She and her sister Elizabeth, the famous beauties, were the daughters of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote, in Ireland, by Bridget, daughter of Theobald Bourke, 6th Viscount Mayo. Maria married, March 5th, 1752, the 6th Earl of Coventry, and died October 1st, 1760, many years before her husband; Elizabeth married, February 14th, 1752, the 6th Duke of Hamilton, and secondly, March 3rd, 1759, Colonel John Campbell, afterwards 5th Duke of Argyll, for whom she had refused the Duke of Bridgewater, the father of British Inland Navigation. She died March 20th, 1790, and was the mother of two Dukes of Hamilton and two Dukes of Argyll.—*From Cunningham*. Walpole has given an ample record of poor Lady Coventry's silly speeches and her husband's jealousies. (She told George II. that there was one sight only she wanted to see—and that was—a coronation!) The king gave her a guard to prevent her being mobbed in the park, an anecdote over which Walpole does *not* make merry, perhaps because his own niece, Lady Waldegrave, had been subject to the same mob licence (to Montagu, June 23rd, 1759). Lady Coventry died of consumption at twenty-seven. Walpole in his old age stated that "the two beautiful sisters were going on the stage when they were Countessed and double-Duchessed."

<sup>4</sup> Alderman Wharton of Durham, Wharton's father.

give countenance and name to one in your profession, not to mention the use it must be of in refreshing and keeping alive the Ideas of Practise you have already got, & improving them by new observation. it cannot but lead to other business too in a more natural way, than perhaps any other; for whatever lucky chance may have introduced into the world here & there a Physician of great vogue, the same chance may hardly befall another in an age; & the indirect & by-ways, that doubtless have succeeded with many, are rather too dirty for you to tread. as to the time it would take up, so much the better. whenever it interferes with more advantageous practise, it is in your power to quit it. in the meantime it will prepare you for that trouble & constant attendance, w<sup>ch</sup> much business requires a much greater degree of. for you are not to dream of being your own master, till Old-age & a satiety of gain shall set you free. I tell you my notions of the matter, as I see it at a distance, which you, who stand nearer, may rectify at your pleasure.

I have continued the Soap every other day from the time I left you, except an interval or two of a week or ten days at a time, w<sup>ch</sup> I allow'd in order to satisfy myself, whether the good effects of it were lasting, or only temporary. I think, I may say it has absolutely cured that complaint I used to mention to you, & (what is more) the ill-habit, w<sup>ch</sup> perhaps was the cause of that, and of the flying pains I have every now and then felt in my joints. whenever I use it, it much increases my appetite, and the Heartburn is quite vanish'd. so I may venture to say, it does good to my Stomach. when I shall speak of its bad effects, you are no longer to treat me as a whimsical body, for I am certain now, that it disorders the head, & much disturbs one's sleep. this I now avoid by taking it immediately before dinner; & besides these things are trifles compared with the good it has done me. in short, I am so well, it would be folly to take any other medicine: therefore I reserve Lime-water for some more pressing occasion. I should be glad to know the particulars of L<sup>d</sup> Northumb:<sup>d</sup> and the Archbish:<sup>ps</sup> illnesses, & how far it has eased them in the Gout.

I am glad you admire Machiavel, & are entertained with

Buffon, & edified with the divine Ashton.<sup>1</sup> the first (they say) was a good Man, as much as he has been abused;<sup>2</sup> and we will hope the best of the two latter. Mr. Beding-

<sup>1</sup> Ashton was at one time Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and Preacher at Lincoln's Inn; perhaps it was in one of these capacities that he "edified" Wharton, who seems to have struck up an acquaintance with him at this date. (See Gray's letter of March 25th, 1756, *ad fin.*)

<sup>2</sup> It is obvious to quote Butler ("Hudibras," Part III. Canto 1):

"Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick," etc.

The supporters of absolute power generally spoke well of Machiavelli; its opponents, *e.g.*, Milton, used his name as significant of bad faith, political intrigue, and priestcraft. In this last association they were not happy; to the policies of churchmen Machiavelli exhibits a very marked antipathy. The first to attack the doctrines of "The Prince" was our Cardinal Pole; and Machiavelli's writings, though they were patronised by Clement VII., have been proscribed by several succeeding popes. His next important assailant was Innocent Gentiletto, a Protestant, author of the "Anti-Machiavel." A second "Anti-Machiavel" was written by Frederick the Great in 1739, when he was Crown Prince, but was not published till he had ascended the throne in 1740. People remembered this afterwards when his conduct seemed based on the principles which he had assailed. He should have had some sympathy with Machiavelli, for they both had for mankind in general a deep-rooted scorn comparable to Swift's; and this is the secret of much that is sinister in "The Prince." (The very short fifteenth chapter will make this clear to all who think, with Carlyle, that much questioning about Machiavelli is unprofitable.) His own ideal was republican; but he thought that the times in Italy needed a prince who should compound "the fox with the lion." That he sought a patron for his work among the Medici is evidence that this was his sincere opinion; to play with the lion who had already given him an ugly scratch would be dangerous; but the most cruel irony is that which is not ironical, and of this "The Prince" is a splendid example. He does really dissemble when he speaks of the popes as the only princes who can possess states and subjects without governing or defending them, and as persons whose dealings it would be presumptuous to discuss because they are under the superintendence and direction of an Almighty Being ("Prince," c. xi.). He may be suspected in all his references to religion and Scripture; and there is both irony and indignation in the description of the effects of persecution in the Arian conflict, "the greater part of men being *uncertain what divinity they ought to address*, died miserably, without help and without hope" ("Hist. of Florence," Bk. I. c. 2). His tone in treating of human action is generally cold-blooded and passionless,



field, who (as Lord Orford<sup>1</sup> sent me word) desired to be acquainted with me, call'd here (before I came down), & would pay a visit to my rooms. he made Dr Long conduct him thither, left me a present of a Book (not of his own writing) & a Note with a very civil Compliment. I wrote to him to thank him, & have received an answer, that fifteen years ago might have turned my head. I know . . . .<sup>2</sup> will abuse him to you, but I insist he is a Slanderer, & shall write a Satire upon him, if he does not do Justice to my new Admirer. I have not added a line more to old Caradoc;<sup>3</sup> when I do, you will be sure to see it. you who give yourself the trouble to think of my health, will not think me very troublesome if I beg you to bespeak me a Rope-Ladder (for my Neighbours every day make a great progress in drunkenness, w<sup>ch</sup> gives me reason to look about me) it must be full 36 Foot long, or a little more, but as light and manageable as may be, easy

the tone of a man of science describing natural phenomena. In this he has had more than one imitator. Bacon's manner is sometimes his; for example, in the Essay on Cunning. The reconstruction of Italy has, in some respects, been achieved on lines which Machiavelli prophetically indicated. His private character, as revealed in his intimate correspondence, can scarcely be called good, judged even by the lax standard of his own time; but patriotism is held to cover a multitude of sins, and Gray's words are not a deliberate judgment. Interest in Machiavelli had been widely revived in 1740 by the publication of Frederick's work, loudly puffed by Voltaire.

<sup>1</sup> These names are erased. Mr. Gosse gives them as Mr. Bedingfield and Lord Orford. It is probable that these are the names, and that Mason erased them, and his own, as that of the person likely to abuse Bedingfield. See Gray to Mason, 1763: "When you speak of Mr. Bedingfield you have always a dash of gall," etc., and for Bedingfield see references in index. It will be noted that Gray's Lady Swinburne was a Bedingfield; a Sir Harry Bedingfield is mentioned in connection with the strange story of Bower (*supra*, p. 173, note 4); the Bedingfields were a Roman Catholic family.

<sup>2</sup> Mason's name erased.

<sup>3</sup> The central figure in "The Bard" Gray originally called by this name. Line 102 (as will have been noticed in Wharton MS.) originally ran—

"Leave your despairing Caradoc to mourn."

Gray altered it, believing the pronunciation to be Carādōc. See note in Pitt Press ed., *ad loc.*, and to Walpole, July 11th, 1757.

to unroll, and not likely to entangle. I never saw one, but I suppose it must have strong hooks, or something equivalent, a-top, to throw over an iron bar <sup>1</sup> to be fix'd within-side of my window. however, you will chuse the properest form, & instruct me in the use of it. I see an Ephraim Hadden near Hermitage Stairs Wapping, that advertises them, but perhaps you may find a better Artisan near you. This with a Canister of Tea & another of Snuff, w<sup>ch</sup> I left at your house, and a Pound of Soap from Mr. Field (for mine is not so good here) will fill a Box, w<sup>ch</sup> I beg the favour of you to send, when you can conveniently. my best Compliments to Mrs. Wharton.—I am ever

Yours  
TG:<sup>2</sup>

CXXIX. *To Wharton.*

March 25. Pemb. Hall. 1756.

DEAR DOCTOR

Tho' I had no reasonable excuse for myself before I received your last letter, yet since that time I have had a pretty good one, having been taken up in quarrelling with Peter-house, and in removing myself from thence to Pembroke.<sup>3</sup> This may be look'd upon as a sort of *Æra* in

<sup>1</sup> Two iron bars may still be seen at the window of the chambers at Peter-House occupied by Gray, which are said to be of his placing there for the purpose he mentions.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> On cover, "To Dr Thomas Wharton M:D: in King's Arms Yard Colēman Street London."

<sup>3</sup> The reason of Mr. Gray's changing his College, which is here only glanced at, was in few words this: Two or three young men of fortune, who lived in the same staircase, had for some time intentionally disturbed him with their riots, and carried their ill behaviour so far as frequently to awaken him at midnight. After having borne with their insults longer than might reasonably have been expected, even from a man of less warmth of temper, Mr. Gray complained to the governing part of the Society; and not thinking that his remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, quitted the College. The slight manner in which he mentions this affair, when writing to one of his most intimate friends, certainly does honour to the placability of his disposition.—*Mason*. This note was thus expressed at Walpole's suggestion, who writes to Mason, April 17th, 1774: "I would omit every passage that hints at the cause of his removal from Peterhouse. Don't you, or do you know that that and other idle stories were printed in an absurd book

a life so barren of events as mine, yet I shall treat it in Voltaire's manner, & only tell you, that I left my lodgings,

called 'Lexiphanes'? [Not in "Lexiphanes," but in the "Sale of Authors."] I would be as wary as the Church of Rome is before they canonize a saint." In the Percy MSS. in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 32,329) is a tantalizing fragment by Percy about the reason "assigned me by my Cambridge friends" for Gray's leaving Peterhouse, in which the anecdote breaks off in the middle. It is undated, but probably contemporaneous with the "Short Minutes of my Conversation with Mr. Gray, the Poet," which ought to follow this heading, but do not (see "Gray and His Friends," p. 189). Therefore Percy heard something like the current tale probably in Gray's lifetime, and before the publication of the "Reliques" in 1765, for it was almost certainly when he was compiling these that he saw the poet ("Gray and His Friends," p. 190). But Percy did not hear it from Gray. Nor, I believe, did Mason. None of Gray's friends but Stonehewer knew the story at first hand. It is thus that Mr. Gosse relates it: "One night in February, 1756, when Gray was asleep in bed, they [the fellow-commoners] suddenly alarmed him with a cry of fire on his staircase, having previously placed a tub of water under his window. The ruse succeeded only too well; Gray, without staying to put on his clothes, hooked his rope-ladder to the iron bar, and descended nimbly into the tub of water, from which he was rescued with shouts of laughter by the unmannerly youths. But the jest might easily have proved fatal; as it was, he shivered in the February air so excessively that he had to be wrapped in the coat of a passing watchman, and to be carried into the college by the friendly Stonehewer, who now appeared on the scene." I have not found the story told elsewhere with this exactitude of detail, though Mitford heard on the authority of Dr. Gretton, Master of Magdalene, who was formerly of Peterhouse, that the delinquents "were the late Lord Egmont, then Mr. Perceval, a Mr. Forrester, a Mr. Williams, and others; that Gray complained to the Master, Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle; and he offended Gray by the little regard he paid to the complaint, and by his calling it a boyish frolic." Dr. Gretton was Master of Magdalene from 1797 to 1813. He names the offenders, but not the offence, and this forty-one years at least after the offence was committed. Law only succeeded to the Mastership of Peterhouse in this very year, 1756, and was not Bishop of Carlisle until 1769. It is probable that Keene (Bishop of Chester) was still acting as Master early in 1756. Mitford's "late Lord Egmont" died February 25th, 1822, at the age of eighty, having had sixty-six years in which to repent of the outrage which he (perhaps) perpetrated when just eighteen. (I think that in 1756 he was by courtesy not Mr., but Viscount Perceval.) I strongly suspect that his name and the other two are really only quoted because they were fellow-commoners at the time. It is strange that the

because the rooms were noisy, and the People of the house dirty.<sup>1</sup> this is all I would chuse to have said about it;

only record in the eighteenth century which at all approaches the minute particularity of Mr. Gosse's narrative, should come from a miserable Scotch purser, Archibald Campbell, who in "Lexiphanes" attempted a silly burlesque of the style of Johnson, and whose "Sale of Authors," published in 1767, is mere dirt and rubbish. Even in his pages the story is rather adapted than told, and it is expressly stated that its truth is not vouched for. Indeed, how could such a creature vouch for it? What connection had he with the life of Peterhouse? But, *valeat quantum*, here is the passage as far as it is necessary to quote it:

"MERCURY.

"You, waiter, bring out the poet in the watchman's coat, and set him on the table.\* \* \*

"APOLLO.

"I see this good company are not a little surprised that so eminent a poet is wrapped up in a watchman's coat. Pray, Mercury, inform them how it happened.\* \* \*

"MERCURY.

"You must know, having made many unsuccessful attempts to catch this great poet, I was at last obliged to have recourse to stratagem. Though he has a great deal of poetical fire, nobody indeed more, yet is he extremely afraid of culinary fire, and keeps constantly by him a ladder of ropes to guard against all accidents of that sort. Knowing this, I hired some watchmen to raise the alarm of fire below his windows. Immediately the windows were seen to open, and the poet descending in his shirt by the ladder. Thus we caught him at last, and one of the watchmen, to prevent his nerves being totally benumbed by frigorific torpor, lent him his great coat."

Campbell adds a note, "The stories of the fire and ladder are reported, though perhaps they have no other foundation than what may justify a harmless pleasantry, in a work of this sort," etc. Nothing here, it will be noticed, about the tub: but this might be because that detail would not bear upon the feigned "capture" of the poet. What is clear is that Walpole never heard the story till 1767, and then without the circumstance which makes the outrage so cruel and perilous; that he never believed what he *did* hear; and that he writes to Mason as if certain that Mason also had nothing but idle rumour to go upon. About four years before the poet's death part of the fact or fiction appeared in a vulgar pasquinade; Stonehewer, the one trustworthy witness, offers us no evidence; and Gray himself maintained to the last about this matter a contemptuous reserve, upon which his most intimate friends did not dare to intrude.

<sup>1</sup> For this word Mason substitutes *uncivil*, perhaps through fear of giving offence.

but if you in private should be curious enough to enter into a particular detail of facts and minute circumstances, Stonhewer who was witness to them will probably satisfy you. all, I shall say more, is, that I am for the present extremely well lodged here, and as quiet as in the Grande Chartreuse; & that everybody (even the D<sup>r</sup> Longs and D<sup>r</sup> Mays) are as civil, as they could be to Mary de Valence<sup>1</sup> in person. with regard to any advice I can give as to the Hospital, I freely own it ought to give way to Dr. H<sup>s</sup><sup>2</sup> counsels, who is a much better judge, & (I should think) disinterested. I love refusals no more than you do; but as to your Effluvia, I maintain, that one sick *rich* has more of pestilence and putrefaction about him, than a whole ward of sick Poor.

You should have received Mason's present<sup>3</sup> as last Saturday. I desire you to tell me your critical opinion of the new Ode: & also whether you have found out two lines, w<sup>ch</sup> he has inserted in another of them, that are superlative.<sup>4</sup> we do not expect, that the world, w<sup>ch</sup> is just going to be *invaded*, will bestow much attention on them. if you hear any thing, you will tell us.

The similitude between the Italian republicks & those of<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The

“ . . . sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn  
That wept her bleeding Love ”—

of Gray's Installation Ode. She was Marie de Castillon, daughter of Guy IV., Count of St. Pol, and third wife of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, whom she married July 5th, 1521. The legend was that the earl was slain at a tournament on the day of his marriage with her; the fact is that he died suddenly (it was suspected that he was murdered), near Paris, June 23rd, 1524. The Cambridge Calendar says that his widow founded Pembroke Hall in 1347.

<sup>2</sup> Heberden's. See p. 247 and n.

<sup>3</sup> The four Odes which I had just published separately.—*Mason*.

<sup>4</sup> Mason says the lines are:

“ While thro' the west, where sinks the crimson Day,  
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray,” etc.

<sup>5</sup> “and ancient Greece.”—*Mitford* and (independently) *Mr. Gosse*. Wharton has been reading Machiavelli (see Gray's letter of January 9th). The “similarity” has been illustrated at length by Macaulay in his Essay on Machiavelli, a study which, in spite of its rhetorical form (it was written at the age of twenty-seven), is full of insight.



ancient Greece has often struck me, as it does you. I do not wonder, that Sully's *Memoirs*<sup>1</sup> have highly entertain'd you, but can not agree with you in thinking him or his Master two of the *best Men* in the world. The King was indeed one of the best-natur'd Men, that ever lived. but it is owing only to chance, that his intended Marriage with Mad. d'Estrées,<sup>2</sup> or with the Marq:<sup>se</sup> de Verneuil, did not involve him and the kingdom in the most inextricable confusion; & his design upon the Princess of Condé (in his old age<sup>3</sup>) was worse still. as to the Minister, his base

<sup>1</sup> Maximilian de Béthune (1560—1641), known during the greater part of his life as Rosny, from the château at which he was born, created Duke of Sully in 1606. He fought with distinguished bravery at Ivry, 1590. He retired from public life after the assassination of Henry IV., whose minister he had been. "Two folio volumes of his memoirs were splendidly printed, nominally at Amsterdam, but really under Sully's own eye at his château in 1634; the other two did not appear till twenty years after his death" (*Enc. Brit.*). The title was "*Mémoires des Sages et Royales Économies d'Etat, domestiques, politiques, et militaires de Henry le Grand, l'Exemplaire des Roys, le Prince des Vertus, des Armes, et des Loix, et le Père en effet de ses Peuples François. Et des servitudes utiles, obéissances convenables, et administrations loyales de Maximilian de Béthune, l'un des plus confidans, familiers, et utiles soldats et serviteurs du grand Mars des François. Dediées à la France, à tous les bons soldats, et tous peuples François.*" The style was as eccentric as the title. "He instructed his secretaries to draw the book up in the form of an elaborate address to himself: 'you then did this'; 'you said as follows'; 'as you have been good enough to inform us, the event went on this wise'; and so forth." But in 1745 the Abbé de l'Ecluse re-wrote the memoirs in the ordinary form of narrative (this is probably the edition which was in Wharton's hands).

<sup>2</sup> Gabrielle d'Estrées, Duchesse de Beaufort, had so captivated him that he meant to make her his queen. He had long lived separated from Marguerite de Valois, whose own conduct was not irreproachable. They tried to get a divorce from Rome. Gabrielle died suddenly, then Henry fell in love with Henriette d'Entragues, daughter of one of the ministers of Charles IX. She exacted a promise of marriage from him, which, fortunately, Henry showed to Sully, who, for all answer, tore it to pieces. "You are mad," cried the king in high wrath. "Yes," said Sully, "I am mad; would I were the only madman in France." Henry made this woman Marquise de Verneuil, and after his marriage with Marie de Médicis she tried to use his imprudent promise against him.

<sup>3</sup> Henry was between fifty-five and fifty-six in 1609, when his

application to Concini<sup>1</sup> after the murder<sup>2</sup> of Henry has quite ruin'd him in my esteem, and destroy'd all the merit of that honest surly Pride, for which I honour'd him before. Yet I own, that as Kings and Ministers go, they were both extraordinary Men. Pray look at the end of Birch's State Papers of Sir T. Edmonde's, for the character of the French Court at that time, written by S<sup>r</sup> George Carew.<sup>3</sup>

Pray don't suspect me of any such *suspicious*, as you mention. I would hardly believe you were tired of me though you told me so yourself, sensible as I am nevertheless, that you might have reason enough to be so. to prove what I say, I have thoughts of coming to you for three days in April. There is to be a Concerto Spirituale, in w<sup>ch</sup> the Mingotti<sup>4</sup> (who has just lain in) & Ricciarelli

design upon the princess, recently married to the Prince de Condé, caused her husband to fly with her to Flanders, whence he did not return till after the death of the king.

<sup>1</sup> Concino Concini was a Florentine; he came with his wife Eleanore Galigai, daughter of a carpenter and a washerwoman, and foster-sister to Marie de Medici, in the train of that princess to France. Concini had been made Marquis d'Ancre and Maréchal de France. His power and that of his wife were great in the minority of Louis XIII.; he was assassinated in 1617 with the connivance of the young king. His wife, accused of sorcery, cruelly perished on the scaffold the same year.

<sup>2</sup> Sully sent the young Arnaud to Concini to say that he bore him no grudge on the prospect of his elevation; that this was but the proper recompense for the loyal service he and his wife had rendered the queen-regent; that Concini was likely to prove a capable and faithful minister; that Sully placed his long experience at his disposal, etc. To which Concini returned a verbal answer at once contemptuous and menacing. Sully prefaces his account of this humiliation with an apology; the haughtiest courtiers, he says, were making advances to Concini, and even employing mean artifices to that end; it would have been difficult for him, whilst he was, at least in appearance, on the same good footing with the court as before, to abstain from giving some indication of his good will.

<sup>3</sup> See to Wharton, April 25th, 1749 (p. 200).

<sup>4</sup> Walpole heard her first in 1754 (to Bentley, November 20th.) He talks about her caprices to Mann (October 19th, 1755). "She never sung above one night in three; and never would act at all when Ricciarelli, the first man, was to be in dialogue with her. Her fevers grew so high that the audience caught them, and hissed her more than once: she herself once turned and hissed again." Burney's account is that she was really ill, and that

will sing the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi.<sup>1</sup> You and Mason and I are to be at it together, so pray make no excuses, nor put-offs. saving to you however the liberty of saying whether you have a bed to spare (I mean for me, not for him) in your house. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever faithfully

Yours  
T G:

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. I give you joy of the Divine Ashton.<sup>2</sup> it is indeed a Conquest you have made.

CXXX. *To Mason.*

Pembroke Hall, Tuesday, 1756.

DEAR SKRODDLES,<sup>3</sup>

If all the Greek you transcribe for me were poetry already, I would bestir myself to oblige you and Mr. Rivett;<sup>4</sup> but as it is no more than measured prose,

Fraasi played her part in Jomelli's "Andromaca"; that she was suspected of shamming, but that on her appearance in Metastasio's "Demofoonte" she more than recovered her favour. It appears from Walpole to Mann, May 27th, that there was a fresh feud between Mingotti and Ricciarelli in the spring of this year (1756) about the time that Gray was expecting to hear them sing together. (See note on Ricciarelli, Mason to Gray, December 25th, 1755.)

<sup>1</sup> See p. 106, note 2. His *Stabat Mater* was the last of his works, completed just before his death. He got ten ducats (£1 15s.) for it and thought himself well paid. It was for two female voices. Ricciarelli, therefore, was a *soprano*.

<sup>2</sup> See preceding letter to Wharton. After this, in Egerton MSS., there is the outside of a letter addressed to "Thomas Wharton, M.D., in King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, London," endorsed "Mr. Gray, June 14th, 1756," but no contents.

<sup>3</sup> The letter to which this is a reply is not extant.

<sup>4</sup> The name is also spelt Revett. He was the companion of "Athenian" Stuart (whose acquaintance he made in Rome) in somewhat adventurous travels, from 1751 to 1755, in Greece and the Grecian Archipelago. The first volume of their famous work, "The Antiquities of Athens, measured and delineated by James Stuart, F.R.S. and F.S.A., and Nicholas Revett, Painters and Architects," appeared in 1762, and was dedicated to the king. Among the names of the subscribers I find Thomas Gray, Esq., Rev. Mr. William Mason, and Mrs. Mason. The work had many vicissitudes. Stuart died in 1788, before the publication of the

and as unfortunately (in English verse) a tripod with two ears or more has no more dignity than a chamber-pot with one, I do not see why you would have me dress it up with any florid additions, which it must have, if it would appear in rhyme; nor why it will not prove its point as well in a plain prose translation as in the best numbers of Dryden. If you think otherwise, why do not you do it yourself, and consult me if you think fit?

I rejoice to hear the prints succeed so well, and am impatient for the work, but do not approve the fine lady<sup>1</sup> part of it; what business have such people with Athens? I applaud your scheme for Gaskarth,<sup>2</sup> and wish it could have succeeded. He bears his disappointment like a philosopher, but his health is very bad. I have had the honour myself of some little grumblings of the gout for this fortnight, and yesterday it would not let me put on a shoe to hear the Frasi in,<sup>3</sup> so you may imagine I am in a sweet amiable humour; nevertheless, I think of being in town (perhaps I may not be able to stir) the middle of next week, with Montagu. You are so cross-grained as to go to Tunbridge just before I come, but I will give you the trouble to enquire about my old quarters at Roberts's,<sup>4</sup> if I can probably

second volume in 1789; Revett in 1804, before the publication of vol. iv. in 1816. The whole editorship of the work passed into other hands after the first volume, but the wealth of material collected by the two artists furnished forth the feast until the end. Stuart and Revett were the fathers of classical archæology in England. It is sad to remember that Revett himself died a disappointed and impoverished man at the age of eighty-four. He was of good family, the second son of John Revett of Brandeston Hall, Framlingham. He is buried at his native place. His fine expressive features form the frontispiece to the fourth volume of "The Antiquities." It is probable that Mason was a member of the Dilettanti Society, which much furthered the publication.

<sup>1</sup> He probably refers to the many people of fashion whose patronage was sought for the work, and whose names are found among the subscribers, 1762.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Gaskarth was treasurer of the College of Pembroke.—*Mitford*. He was seventh wrangler in 1747-8 according to the Cambridge Calendar.

<sup>3</sup> An opera-singer, not of the first rank. See Burney's "History of Music," vol. iv., p. 252. She was pupil to Signor Brivio.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 246, n. 1. Perhaps the Oven is Frisby's the oilman's.

have a lodging at that time; if not there, may be I can be in the Oven, which will do well enough for a sinner: be so good to give me notice, and the sooner the better. I shall not stay above a week, and then go to Stoke. I rejoice to know that the genial influences of the spring, which produce nothing but the gout in me, have hatched high and unimaginable fantasies in you. I see, methinks (as I sit on Snowdon<sup>1</sup>), some glimpse of Mona and her haunted shades, and hope we shall be very good neighbours. Any Druidical anecdotes that I can meet with I will be sure to send you. I am of your opinion, that the ghosts will spoil the picture, unless they are thrown at a huge distance, and extremely kept down.

The British Flag,<sup>2</sup> I fear, has behaved itself like a trained-band pair of colours in Bunhill Fields.<sup>3</sup> I think every day of going to Switzerland; will you be of the party, or stay and sing mass at Aston? Adieu! I am stupid, and in some pain; but ever very sincerely yours,  
T. G.

### CXXXI. *To Mason.*

Stoke, July 25, 1756.

DEAR MASON,

I feel a contrition for my long silence, and yet perhaps it is the last thing you trouble your head about; nevertheless, I will be as sorry as if you took it ill. I am sorry too to see you so punctilious as to stand upon answers,

<sup>1</sup> Gray here refers to his own "Bard," and to Mason's "Caractacus," the scene of which is Mona (Anglesey). The advice about the ghosts concerns "Caractacus," not "The Bard." Mason was questioning how far he should employ the spirits from Snowdon in the ode in "Caractacus" beginning "Mona on Snowdon calls," line 49.

<sup>2</sup> Allusion to the loss of Minorca and Admiral Byng's conduct. See Mr. Pitt's letter to Mr. Grenville, June 5th, 1756, on this subject: "Byng is gone to Gibraltar, and if his own account does not differ widely from that of the French, *where he ought to go next is pretty evident*," etc., vol. i., p. 164.—*Mitford*. Pitt writes, of course, after the unfortunate action of May 21st, 1756.

<sup>3</sup> A pair of colours is, I suppose, a regiment. The neighbourhood is classical; in Artillery Walk was the last residence of Milton. The Artillery Ground, Bunhill Fields, was the exercising place of the trained bands.



and never to come near me till I have regularly left my name at your door, like a mercer's wife that imitates people who go a visiting. I would forgive you this, if you could possibly suspect I were doing anything that I liked better, for then your formality might look like being piqued at my negligence, which has somewhat in it like kindness; but you know I am at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing, absolutely nothing, not such a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered and diversified with a succession of fleeting colours, but heavy, lifeless, without form and void; sometimes almost as black as the moral of Voltaire's "Lisbon,"<sup>1</sup> which angers you so. I have had no more pores and muscular inflations, and am only troubled with this depression of mind; you will not expect therefore I should give you any account of my verve, which is at best, you know, of so delicate a constitution, and has such weak nerves, as not to stir out of its chamber above three days in a year, but I shall enquire after yours, and why it is off again; it has certainly worse nerves than mine, if your reviewers have frightened it. Sure I (not to mention a score of your uncles and aunts) am something a better judge

<sup>1</sup> "Poème sur le Désastre de Lisbonne, 1755; ou, Examen de cet axiome Tout est bien." Voltaire in his preface has endeavoured to defend his moral: "L'Auteur du Poème sur le désastre de Lisbonne ne combat pas l'illustre Pope (Essai sur l'Homme), qu'il a toujours admiré et aimé; il pense comme lui sur presque tous les points; mais pénétré du malheur des hommes, il s'élève contre les abus qu'on peut faire de cet ancien axiome '*Tout est bien.*' Il adopte cette triste et plus ancienne vérité, reconnue de tous les hommes, *qu'il y a du mal sur la terre.*"—*From Mitford.* Voltaire's ridicule of optimism was further developed in "Candide" (1759). In ch. v. is described the earthquake of Lisbon, and Pangloss the optimist consoles some of the sufferers "en les assurant que les choses ne pouvaient être autrement; car, dit-il, tout ceci est ce qu'il y a de mieux; car s'il y a un volcan à Lisbonne, il ne pouvait être ailleurs; car il est impossible que les choses ne soient pas où elles sont, car tout est bien." It is probable that the mocking vein of Voltaire on this subject revolted Gray; his general aversion to Voltaire is emphatically recorded by Norton Nicholls. It is at the same time characteristic of Gray that this tremendous event called from him no reflection whatever, and found no place in his correspondence. Contrast the record which Goethe gives of the impression it made on his mind at the age of six ("Aus Meinem Leben," bk. i.).

than all the man midwives and presbyterian parsons<sup>1</sup> that ever were born. Pray give me leave to ask you, do you find yourself tickled with the commendations of such people? for you have your share of these too. I dare say not; your vanity has certainly a better taste; and can, then, the censure of such critics move you? I own it is an impertinence in these gentry to talk of one at all either in good or in bad, but this we must all swallow; I mean not only we that write, but all the we's that ever did anything to be talked of. I cannot pretend to be learned without books, nor to know the Druids from the Pelasgi<sup>2</sup> at this distance from Cambridge. I can only tell you not to go and take the Mona for the Isle of Man;<sup>3</sup> it is Anglesey, a tract of plain country, very fertile, but picturesque only from the view it has of Caernarvonshire, from which it is separated by the Menai, a narrow arm of the sea. Forgive me for supposing in you such a want of erudition.

I congratulate you on our glorious successes in the Mediterranean. Shall we go in time, and hire a house together in Switzerland? it is a fine poetical country to look at, and nobody there will understand a word we say or write. Pray let me know what you are about; what new acquaintances you have made at Tunbridge; how you do in body and in mind; believe me ever sincerely yours,

T. G.

Have you read Madame Maintenon's *Letters*?<sup>4</sup> When I

<sup>1</sup> The reviewers of the period were recruited in a measure from physicians and the more learned of the dissenting clergy.

<sup>2</sup> See Mason to Gray, December 25th, 1755. For this Mason printed *modern bishops*.

<sup>3</sup> It is probable, nevertheless, that this *was* Mason's blunder. He did not, we may conjecture, understand how Gray, "as he sat on Snowdon," could "see some glimpse of Mona"; or how he in Mona and Gray on Snowdon could be neighbours. "Caractacus," as he published it, bears no trace of this mistake, except that the local colouring is certainly that of the Isle of Man rather than of Anglesey; but it is significant that Mason has garbled these two letters of Gray, and made them into one, suppressing the fact that there was a reply to the first, to which the above caution in the second refers.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 225, n. 2.

saw Lord John<sup>1</sup> in town, he said, if his brother<sup>2</sup> went to Ireland you were to go second chaplain, but it seemed to me not at all certain that the Duke would return thither; you probably know by this time.

CXXXII. *To Mason.*

Stoke, Friday, July 30, 1756.

DEAR MASON,

I received your letters both at once yesterday, which was Thursday, such is the irregularity of our post. The affair of Southwell, at this time, is exceedingly unlucky; if it is committed to you by all means defer it. It is even worth while to stop Mrs. Southwell, who will enter into the reason of it. Another thing is, you have very honestly and generously renounced your own interest (I mention it not as a compliment, but *pour la rareté du fait*) to serve Mr. Brown. But what if you might serve him still better by seemingly making interest for yourself? Addison must certainly be a competitor; he will have the old (new) Lord Walpole, of Wolterton,<sup>3</sup> his patron, to back him, the Bishop of Chester,<sup>4</sup> the heads, who know him for a staunch man, and consequently the Duke of Newcastle.<sup>5</sup> If you can divide or carry this interest, and by it gain the dirty part of the college, so as to throw it into Mr. Brown's scale at pleasure, perhaps it may produce an unanimous election. This struck me last night as a practicable thing, but I see some danger in it, for you may disoblige your own friends, and Lord Holderness must, I doubt, be acquainted with your true design, who very likely will not come into it. T.<sup>6</sup> and also Mr. B. himself should be ac-

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Cavendish. See p. 284, n. 4.

<sup>2</sup> The Marquis of Hartington (see p. 281, n. 4), who had now become Duke of Devonshire, by the death of his father on December 5th, 1755.

<sup>3</sup> Horatio, brother of the famous Sir Robert Walpole, and uncle of Gray's Horace, had recently, June 4th, 1756, been made Baron Walpole of Wolterton. He was, at the date of this letter, about seventy-eight years of age.

<sup>4</sup> Keene. See pp. 194, n. 3; 224, n. 2.

<sup>5</sup> Chancellor of the University.

<sup>6</sup> T. is, I suppose, Tuthill.

quainted with it immediately; consider therefore well whether this or the plain open way (which, I own, is commonly the best) be most likely to succeed; the former, if it be found impracticable for Mr. B., at least may make it sure for yourself, which is to be wished. In the next place (it is odd to talk thus to a man about himself, but I think I know to whom I am talking), I have puzzled my head about a list of the college, and can make out only these, pray supply it for me: Brown, Gaskarth,<sup>1</sup> May,<sup>2</sup> Cardale,<sup>3</sup> Bedford, Milbourne, Tuthill,<sup>4</sup> Spencer,<sup>5</sup> Forrester, Mapletoft,<sup>6</sup> Delaval, Axton.<sup>7</sup> I do not know if Spencer's Fellowship be vacant or not, or whether a majority only of the whole or two-thirds be required to choose a Master.<sup>8</sup>

I should hope nine of these, and perhaps Mapletoft too, if Gaskarth pleases, might be got for Mr. Brown, but I can answer only for T[uthill]. Bedford has always professed a friendship for Mr. B. but he is a queer man; his patron is a Mr. Buller of Cornwall, a tory; Delaval, Gaskarth, Milbourne, and Axton, you may soon enquire into yourself; Spencer (if he is one) has promised Dr. Wharton.

I write to Mr. W.<sup>9</sup> (your neighbour over the way) to desire him to speak to Mr. F.<sup>10</sup> or the Duke of Bedford, if

<sup>1</sup> See note on letter to Mason, Tuesday, 1756.

<sup>2</sup> See pp. 150, 151, *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 217, n. 1; p. 259, n. 4. He was sixth wrangler, 1750-1, in the same year with Delaval, for whom see p. 217, n. 2.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 130, n.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 220, n. 1. The date of his B.A. degree should be 1749-50, *i.e.*, early in 1750.

<sup>6</sup> Mapletoft was eleventh wrangler in 1752, graduating from Pembroke. He founded, I think, a scholarship at his college.

<sup>7</sup> Axton was last senior optime in 1755; seems to have graduated from Pembroke, and must still have been a B.A. Fellow at this date.

<sup>8</sup> It is clear that Gray's aim is to secure the mastership of Pembroke for his friend Brown, in the event of Dr. Long's death.

<sup>9</sup> Horace Walpole, who lived in the same street as Mason, *viz.*, Arlington Street.—*Mitford*.

<sup>10</sup> So Mitford. Mr. Gosse explains *F[raser]*. This may be the name, yet if the person meant is William Fraser (see p. 260, n. 2), he was only in a subordinate position and can scarcely be the man. I incline to think that Gray wrote Mr. T. and meant Charles

it may be of use, and add that if he will let you know he is at home you will come and give him any information necessary. Whether this will signify I cannot say, but I do not see any hurt it can do.

I wish like you I were at Cambridge, but to hurry down on this occasion would be worse than useless, according to my conception. I am glad you think of going, if they approve it. Dr. Long, if he is not dead, will recover,<sup>1</sup>—mind if he don't. I leave my answer to your first letter to another opportunity, and am always yours,

T. G.

### CXXXIII. *To Wharton.*

Stoke, Oct: 15. 1756.

DEAR DOCTOR

I have not been dead, but only gone to . . .<sup>2</sup> seized with a cruel fit of the Gout, w<sup>ch</sup> held him five weeks, & as he had no other company in the house it was impossible to leave him in that condition. since my return I have made a visit of four days at Twickenham. I shall probably stay here till the middle of next month & then transplant myself to London, if M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton and You *de bon cœur* have no objection to me. If any thing has happened, since I saw you, to make it inconvenient I insist upon being told so. I have heard the story of the *Lyon*, & its consequences, tho' you say not a word about it. pray, inform me how Miss Peggy got over her operation. Leicester House<sup>3</sup> is (as I suppose you know) settling upon

Townshend. He is obviously concerned to bring all the great influence he can to bear upon this prospective election to the mastership. Mitford more than once mistook T for F.

<sup>1</sup> He did recover, and lived till December 16th, 1770, when he was in his ninety-second year. In his eighty-eighth year he was put in nomination for the office of Vice-Chancellor. He appears in Churchill's "Candidate":

"Comes Summer, wise and chaste as chaste can be,  
With *Long* as wise, and not less chaste than he."

—*Mitford*.

See also p. 123, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> The MS. is imperfect in this place.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> The residence of the Princess Dowager of Wales. "On the



its own terms. 40,000£ a year for the P:<sup>1</sup>; 5000 for P. E<sup>d</sup>, no removing to St. J's;<sup>2</sup> Earl of Bute<sup>3</sup> Groom of the Stole (there is for you) M<sup>r</sup> Stone<sup>4</sup> Controller of the . . .<sup>5</sup> a concession by way of thanks Lords of the Bedchamber I have forgot. Miss Shepherd's M<sup>r</sup> Ingram, and M<sup>r</sup> Onslow, the Speaker's Son, Grooms of the Bedchamber. are you upon the list?

Shew me such another king, as the K: of Prussia.<sup>6</sup> Every-

4th of June, 1756, George, Prince of Wales, completed his eighteenth year, the period determined by the Regency Act as that of his majority in case his grandfather had been dead."—*Knight*.

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.

<sup>2</sup> St. James's Palace. The king wished to separate the prince from his mother.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Waldegrave relates that he was present at a Cabinet Council for the consideration of this appointment (which both the prince and his mother desired), when the Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, said "he would not give credit to some very extraordinary reports: but that many sober and respectable persons would think it indecent."—*Knight*. The scandal about the earl and the Princess Dowager was for a long time a popular topic.

<sup>4</sup> Andrew Stone had been private secretary to the Duke of Newcastle. He was afterwards sub-governor to the Prince of Wales. Speaking of the college verses on the death of Prince Frederick, Walpole writes: "You may imagine what incense is offered to Stone by the people of Christchurch," from which I infer that he was a member of that house. The young prince was very much be-tutored: Lord Harcourt was governor, Stone his sub-governor, Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, his preceptor, and Scott his sub-preceptor, with the inevitable result that there were factions and quarrels. Other offices held from time to time by Stone were Under-Secretaryship of State and Keeper of the State-Paper Office, and on the marriage of George III. he became Treasurer to the Queen. He died in 1772.

<sup>5</sup> To all appearance the last word before "a concession" was "seems."

<sup>6</sup> Frederick had entered upon his Seven Years War. The declaration of ours with France (see p. 267, n. 3) had been announced in the king's speech of May 27th of this year. The King of Prussia had discovered the designs which Maria Theresa had fomented for the recovery of Silesia and the partition of his dominions, and, resolving to strike the first blow, had made a convention with England, and had not only insisted on the passage of his forces through Saxony into Bohemia, but also on the dispersion of the Saxon army. To this the king (Augustus III. of Poland) would not consent, and was in consequence blockaded with his army in Pirna; the army capitulated, October 16th, 1756, the day after this letter of Gray's; his Polish majesty retired to Warsaw,

body used to call him Coxcomb, and to be sure he is one; but a Coxcomb (it is plain) may make a figure far superior to the ordinary run of Kings. I delight in his treatment of the K: of Poland. when he first informed him of the necessity he was under to make use of Saxony in his way to Bohemia, he added that if his Majesty chose to retire into his Polish Dominions he had order'd Relais<sup>1</sup> on the road, and that all the respect in the world should be shewn him. & his last memorial to the Empress-Queen ended with *point de réponse en stile d'Oracle*.<sup>2</sup>

I recommend two little French Books to you, one called *Memoires de M<sup>r</sup>: de la Porte*.<sup>3</sup> it has all the air of simplicity & truth, and contains some few very extraordinary

whence he never returned. Field-marshal Browne, with an Austrian army coming to the relief of the Saxons, was encountered and defeated by Frederick at Lobositz (October 1st, 1756); whether Gray had on the 15th heard of this victory, I cannot say.

<sup>1</sup> See Duclos's "*Mémoires*," vol. ii., p. 432.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Mitford and Mr. Gosse found a comma after *réponse*; it seems to me to spoil the sense. On July 18th Frederick, at the suggestion of Sir Andrew Mitchell, our Resident at Berlin, told his Resident at Vienna, Graf von Klinggräf, to ask Maria Theresa the meaning of her camps and armaments in Bohemia and elsewhere. On July 26th she read to Klinggräf the reply (as translated by Carlyle): "The questionable circumstances of the Time have made me to consider as indispensably necessary those measures which for my own security and for defence of my Allies, I am taking, and which otherwise do not tend the least towards injury of anybody whatever." On August 2nd Frederick instructed Klinggräf to request a less oracular response, and, specially, Austria and Russia being, as is understood, in active league against him, a guarantee that Austria will not attack him this year or the next. The empress confined herself to denying the existence of the league.

<sup>3</sup> A duodecimo printed at Geneva in 1755 without the printer's name. The original MS. was, in 1759, in the possession of a lady whose first husband was a descendant of de la Porte, and who declared that it must have been furtively copied, since she had never communicated it to anyone. Pierre de la Porte was first a page to Anne of Austria, for whose sake he was sent to the Bastille. When she became Regent she took him still more into her confidence, but he was jealous of Mazarin, and whatever he says on this subject must be received with caution. His are the reminiscences of an old man, and his memory has demonstrably played him false here and there. He is probably veracious, and certainly amusing, touching some incidents in the early life of the Grand Monarque.

facts relating to Anne of Austria & Card<sup>l</sup>: Mazarin. the other is two small Volumes, *Mem:<sup>es</sup> de Madame Staal*.<sup>1</sup> the facts are no great matter, but the manner & vivacity of it make it interesting. she was a sort of Confidante to the late Dutchess of Maine, & imprison'd a long time in the Bastille on her account during the Regency. The first you

<sup>1</sup> So, I believe, Gray wrote. Mitford (and Mr. Gosse), *Staël*. Of course, the person meant is the Baroness de Staal-Delaunay, as she is often called, to distinguish her from the more famous Baroness de Stael-Holstein, who was born nearly ten years after this letter was written. She was sent to the Bastille as implicated with her mistress, the Duchesse de Maine, in the conspiracy of the Prince de Cellamare, Spanish Ambassador, instigated by the Cardinal Albéroni, to depose the Regent, the Duke of Orléans. She was imprisoned for two years. She is said to have refused the famous Dacier, who had lost (1720) his still more famous wife, and in 1735, being then over forty, she was made to marry the Baron de Staal, that she might be qualified for her place in the duchess's household. She died in 1750. Madame de Staal represses details about her family, but appears to have been well cared for in her youth—till circumstances forced her to take service at Des Sceaux. Her gift in autobiography resembles Fanny Burney's, and her sufferings at Des Sceaux were not unlike those of the poor little keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte. She was lodged in a room without window or fireplace. Almost a woman of genius, she was a very unskilful lady's maid; she was, she tells us, short-sighted, and spilt the water or the powder over her mistress. She rose in the estimation of the house when she avowed herself the writer of a clever anonymous letter to the sceptical Fontenelle, who was half a convert to the prodigies connected with Mdlle. Tétar. Here, as always, she wrote with point, but she is seldom ill-natured, spite of her keen eye for absurdity. Nothing could be better in its way than her description of the silly Duchesse de la Ferté, who patronized her, and wished to show her to advantage: "*Allons, mademoiselle, parlez. Madame, vous allez voir comme elle parle. Parlez un peu de religion, me dit-elle; vous direz ensuite autre chose.*" From the letter to Fontenelle, and from stray touches elsewhere, we discover that she was learned, yet without pedantry. One of her admirers used to escort her across a square to the convent where she was a *pensionnaire*; she observed that at first he took her the longest, and afterwards the shortest way, and she measures the diminution in his affection by the difference between the two sides and the diagonal. She has discovered that in morals as in geometry, the whole is greater than its parts, and, with the pathetic philosophy of experience, affirms that in prison perhaps one is really more at liberty than elsewhere: "*Il est vrai qu'en prison l'on ne fait pas sa volonté; mais aussi l'on ne fait pas celle d'autrui: c'est au moins la moitié de gagné.*"

may buy, & the latter borrow. I desire my Compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton, and am,

Ever yours,  
TG:

CXXXIV. *To Wharton.*

Thursday—Camb:<sup>e</sup><sup>1</sup>

DEAR DOCTOR

I accept with pleasure your kind invitation, and have agreed to accompany M<sup>r</sup> Balguy<sup>2</sup> and M<sup>r</sup> Hurd<sup>3</sup> to Town on Saturday. What I have farther to say, I defer to that time: I need not tell you how much I wish for it, or that I am ever

Sincerely Yours  
TG:

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton.

<sup>1</sup> This letter, misplaced in Egerton MSS., is omitted by Mitford, and was first printed by Mr. Gosse. The postmark here seems to be November 4th. The address, as on November 12th, is to Wharton, in King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street. (Letters between Cambridge and London bear stamp Saffron Walden.)

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Balguy was of St. John's. He became prebendary and archdeacon of Winchester, and was a friend of Warburton. Hurd (in his "Life of Warburton") speaks of him as a person of extraordinary parts and universal knowledge. He is panegyricized also by Joseph Warton and by Parr. He was regarded by Gray as a bishop *in posse* (see to Mason, January 8th, 1768), yet in 1781 he refused the bishopric of Gloucester. He died in 1794.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Hurd, the well-known critic and Warburtonian, was at this time Fellow of Emmanuel; next year he accepted the college living of Thurcaston. He died in 1808. Even in Gray's lifetime he seems to have become a piece of ancient history to the Cambridge world. "I asked Mr. Gray," says Norton Nicholls, "what sort of a man Dr. Hurd was." He answered, "The last person who left off stiff-topped gloves." Truly a *réponse en style d'oracle*.

CXXXV. *To Wharton.*

November 12, 1756.

DEAR DOCTOR

I grow impatient to be in Town, & hope for the pleasure of seeing you on Tuesday next. I must confess, the present revolution of affairs, w<sup>ch</sup> are settling so slowly, is some spur to my curiosity, tho' my own interests have no more concern in it, than those of any Cottager in the nation. I flatter myself, that necessity will at last throw the management of affairs into more capable, if not more honest hands, than usual. my Gazette says, that Mr. P:<sup>1</sup> will be Sec: of State, & has accepted it (though ill of the Gout in the country). That the D: of Devonshire has consented (w<sup>ch</sup> was one of the conditions of acceptance) to be at the head of the Treasury. L<sup>d</sup> Temple, of the Admiralty. G: Grenville, Paymaster. M<sup>r</sup> Legge, Chanc:<sup>r</sup> of the Exchequer. S<sup>r</sup> G: Lee,<sup>2</sup> Sec: at War. M<sup>r</sup>. T:<sup>3</sup> nothing. how far all this is fact, you know by this time. I do not forget your letter, when I say this, & to whom it was wrote;<sup>4</sup> but I much doubt, whether you would have received more benefit from his good-offices, while he continued in, than now he is in effect out. I am concerned too for another person,<sup>5</sup> who surely can never continue, where he is (if he should, it is a wonderful proof of the force of insignificancy) & if he does not, a good Friend of ours must feel it a little in a part very tender to most people, his hopes; but he very wisely has been arming it for some time, I believe, with a reasonable insensibility, & taking, by way of precaution a dose of my sovereign anodyne Fastidium.

<sup>1</sup> Pitt.<sup>2</sup> He was not appointed. See next note.<sup>3</sup> Mr. T. is (I suppose) Mr. C. Townshend, who wished for the place of Secretary of War in this administration, which was, however, possessed by Lord Barrington. Mr. Townshend unwillingly accepted the place of Treasurer to the Chambers.—*Mitford*.<sup>4</sup> I do not think this could be Townshend, for he had been dismissed at the close of 1755. It might be either Fox or Bubb Dodington, of whom Walpole writes to Mann, November 13th, 1756, "Your friend Mr. Dodington is out again for about the hundred-and-fiftieth time."<sup>5</sup> This, I doubt not, is Lord Holderness, Mason's patron.



Don't fancy to yourself, that I have been doing anything here. I am as stupid as a Post, and have not added a syllable,<sup>1</sup> but in plain prose am still

Ever Yours

TG:<sup>2</sup>

CXXXVI. *To Mason.*

December 19, 1756.

DEAR SKRODDLES,<sup>3</sup>

... The man's name is Joannes Georgius Frickius, *Commentatio de Druidis*: accedunt Opuscula quædam rariora, historiam et antiquitates Druidarum illustrantia itemque Scriptorum de iisdem Catalogus.<sup>4</sup> It was published at Ulm, 1744, 4to., and in the *Nova Acta Eruditorum* (printed at Leipsic for 1745), there is some account of it. The rare little works which make the second part of it, are, Peter L'Escalopier's *Theologia Vett<sup>m</sup> Gallorum*; Cæsar. Bulacus, in *Historiâ Vett<sup>m</sup>. Academiæ Galliæ Druidicarum*; and two or three more old flams. I do not know what satisfaction you will find in all this, having never seen the book itself. I find a French book commended and cited by Jaques Martin upon the Religion of the Ancient Gauls.

Over leaf you will find a specimen of my Lord Duke of Norfolk's housekeeping. I desire you would enquire of Mr. Noble, or somebody, what the same provisions would cost now-a-days.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, to "The Bard."

<sup>2</sup> Addressed to "Dr. Thomas Wharton M:D: in King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, London."

<sup>3</sup> Mitford has decorously suppressed, though he has recorded in MS., the exact wording that follows.

<sup>4</sup> Joannis Georgii Frickii, Joan. pl. τοῦ μακαρίου, A. M. ad æd. S.S. Trinit. Ulm. Pastoris et Gymnas. Visitoris, itemque Societ. Teutonicæ Leipsicis [?] Sodal. *Commentatio de Druidis Occidentaliæ Populorum Philosophis*, multo quàm antea auctior et emendatior. Accedunt Opuscula quædam rariora Hist. et Antiq. Druidum illustrantia, itemque Scriptorum de eisdem Catalogus. Recensuit, singula digessit, ac in lucem edidit frater germanus, Albertus Frickius, A. M. V. D. M. Prof. P. P. et Biblioth. Adj. Ulm. itemque M. Prof. P. P. etc. Ulmæ, 1744, 4to. See Nov. Act. Eruditorum, vol. lxi., p. 237; Mens. Junii, 1745, p. 1.—*Mitford*.

I send you a modern curiosity inclosed, a specimen of sturdy begging, which cost me half-a-guinea; if he writes so to strangers, what must he do to particular friends like you. Pray learn a style and manner against you publish your Proposals.

Odikle<sup>1</sup> is not a bit grown, though it is fine mild open weather. Bell Selby has dreamed that you are a Dean or Prebendary; I write you word of it, because they say a w——'s dreams are lucky, especially with regard to church preferment.

You forget Mr. Senhouse's acoustic warming-pan: we are in a hurry, for I cannot speak to him till it comes. God bless you, come and bring it with you, for we are as merry as the day is short. The squire is gone; he gave us a goose and a turkey, and two puddings of a moderate size. Adieu, dove, I am ever yours.

Gaskyn,<sup>2</sup> and the Viper, &c. desire their civilities.

What prevys, marlings, and oxbirds are I cannot tell, no more than I can tell how to make Stoke fritters; leche is blanc-manger; wardyns are baking-pears; doys are does. Do not think they lived thus every day. If you would know how they eat on meagre days and in ordinary I will send you word. I shall only add that Lord Surrey loved buttered lyng and targets of mutton for breakfast; and my Lady's Grace used to piddle with a chine of beef upon brewess.

You will wonder what I mean by the half-guinea I talked of above; it was a card from Mr. Frankling, which I meant to inclose, but cannot find it high or low.

#### CHRYSTMAS DAY.

	s.	d.
Empt:—Item, 35 malards, $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a-pece . . . . .	7	3
Item, 55 wigyns, $2d.$ a-pece . . . . .	10	2
Item, 38 teles, $1d.$ a-pece . . . . .	4	9
Item, 2 corlewys . . . . .	1	0

<sup>1</sup> "The Bard."

<sup>2</sup> Gaskyn, I conjecture, is a nickname for Gaskarth, Seventh Wrangler, 1749, and Fellow of Pembroke (to Mason, Tuesday, 1756).

	s.	d.
Item, 2 prevys, <sup>1</sup> 2d. a-pece . . . . .	0	4
Item, 2 plovers, 2d. a-pece . . . . .	0	4
Item, 8 woodcocks, 3d. a-pece . . . . .	2	0
Item, 42 marlyngs, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a-pece . . . . .	1	9
Item, 42 rede-shanks, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a-pece . . . . .	1	9
Item, 17 doz. and $\frac{1}{2}$ oxbyrdys, 3d. a doz. . . . .	4	4
Item, 40 grete byrdys, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a-pece . . . . .	1	8
Item, 40 small byrdys, 4d. a doz. . . . .	0	10
Item, 11 pyggs . . . . .	3	8
Item, 200 eggs, 8d. . . . .	2	8
Item, 31 cople conyse, fett at bery <sup>2</sup> . . . . .	10	4

Presents:—10 cople teles, 3 cople wegyngs, 4 cople se-pyse, 8 malards, 3 doz. snytts, 5 doz. oxbyrdys, 6 se-mewys, 2 swanys, 2 pecocks, 14 partridges, 4 woodcocks, 15 doyse, 4 gallons creme, 6 gall. cord, a hundred  $\frac{1}{2}$  of wardyns, a bushell apples. Breakfast, to my Ladyse Grace: Braune, and a capon stuyd. To my Lord's Grace, a Crystmas-day dyner: First course (the Duke and Duchess and 24 persons to the same), the borys hede, brawne, pottage, a stuyd capon, a bake-mett with twelve birdys, rostyd vele, a swane, two rostyd capons, a custerde, Stoke-fritter, leech. (Second course): Gely, three conyse, five teles, a pekoke, twelve rede-shanks, 12 small byrdys, 2 pastyse veneson, a tarte, gyngerebrede. (To the Bordys end): Brawne, a stuyd capon, a bakyd cony, rostyd vele, half a swane, custerde, leche. (Rewarde): Gely, 2 conyse, 4 teles, 12 small byrdys, a pasty venison, a tarte.

There was also a table for the gentlewomen, and 12 persons to the same, and the servants table or tables, at

<sup>1</sup> "Prevys" may be the "pivier," or golden plover; "marlyngs," the "morinellus," or dotterel. The "purre," *Tringa cinclus*, is called *provincially* the oxbird, a species of sand-piper.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Thirty-one couple of conies, taken at the burrow; Bery, or berrie, means burrow. Thus Dryden:

"The theatres are *berries* for the fair.  
[Like ants on molehills thither they repair.]"

—*Mitford*. It is in Dryden's translation of Ovid, "Ars Am.," i., ll. 89-100. "Fett" is the old past participle of "fetch." Cf. Shakespeare, "Henry V." iii. 1. 18:

"Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof."

which sate 28 gentlemen, 60 yeomen, 44 gromes, and gentlemen's servants; the meats were much the same with the former. One day this Christmas I see there were 347 people dined at the lower tables. The whole expense of the week (exclusive of wines, spices, salt, and sauce, etc.) amounted to 31£. 9s. 6½d.

ODE, p. 32.<sup>1</sup>—"Whom Camber bore." I suppose you say "whom" because the harp is treated as a person; but there is an ambiguity in it; and I should read "that Camber bore." There is a specimen of nice criticism for you!

I much approve the six last lines<sup>2</sup> of this stanza: it is a noble image, and well expressed to the fancy and to the ear.

I. 2.—A rill has no tide of waters to "tumble down amain."<sup>3</sup> I am sorry to observe this just in a place where

<sup>1</sup> Gray now begins a criticism on the Ode in Mason's "Caractacus":

"Hail, thou harp of Phrygian fire!  
In years of yore *that* Camber bore," &c.

See Mason's "Works," vol. ii., p. 110. In a note in his "Ode on the Hon. William Pitt," 4to, 1782, Mason says: "The poem of 'Caractacus' was read in MS. by the late Earl of Chatham, who honoured it with an approbation which the author is proud to record."—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Mason, addressing the harp, says of the minstrel Camber:

"Sublime upon the burnish'd prow,  
He bad thy manly notes to flow;  
Britain heard the descant bold,  
She flung her white arms o'er the sea:  
Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold  
The freight of harmony."

<sup>3</sup> We now read in the place criticized:

"Save where the *flood* o'er mountains rude  
Tumbled his tide amain."

Mason already knew Gray's

"Now rolling down the steep amain  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour,"—

of the "rich stream of music," in "The Progress of Poesy" (still unpublished). Gray had also said:

I see the difficulty of rhyming. I object nothing to the "Symphony of ringdoves and poplars," but that it is an idea borrowed from yourself; and I would not have you seem to repeat your own inventions.

I conceive the four last lines<sup>1</sup> to be allegorical, alluding to the brutal ferocity of the natives, which by the power of music was softened into civility. It should not, therefore, be the "wolf-dog," but the "wolf" itself, that bays the trembling moon; it is the wolf that thins the flocks, and not the dog, who is their guardian.

I. 3.—I read "The Fairy Fancy."<sup>2</sup> I like all this extremely, and particularly the ample plumes of Inspiration, that

"Beat on the breathless bosom of the air."

"From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take."

It is amusing to note how quietly Gray ignores the fact that Mason is offering to his criticism his own imagery, stolen and marred in the stealing. In the same stanza of Mason's we have:

"And Echo from th' impending wood  
Resounded the hoarse strain:"

corresponding to Gray's

"The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar."

And we may suspect some secret irony when Mason is reminded that in the "Symphony of ringdoves and poplars" he is repeating *his own* inventions. The "Symphony" has, I think, disappeared—but its counterpart is found in the second stanza of Mason's "Ode to a Friend"—a piece which contains a tribute to Gray, and the couplet, "While thro' the West," &c., which he admired.

<sup>1</sup> Which now read thus:

"Dismal notes, and answer'd soon  
By savage howl the heaths among,  
What time the *wolf* doth bay the trembling moon,  
And thin the bleating throng."

<sup>2</sup> "Fancy, the fairy, with thee came," as the text now stands; a little further we read:

"For lo! the sound of distant plumes  
*Pants through the pathless desert* of the air."

And

"'Tis not *the flight* of her,"

the "*flight*" having been introduced no doubt to obviate Gray's objection.



Yet, if I were foolish, I could find fault with this verse, as others will do. But what I do not conceive is, how such wings as those of Inspiration should be mistaken for the wings of Sleep, who (as you yourself tell me presently) "sinks softly down the skies;" besides, is not "her" false English? the nominative case is "she."

II. 3.—This belongs to the second epode. Does the swart-star (that is, Sirius) shine from the north? I believe not. But Dr. Long<sup>1</sup> will tell you.

II. 2.—These are my favourite stanzas. I am satisfied, both mind and ear, and dare not murmur. If Mador<sup>2</sup> would sing as well in the first chorus, I should cease to plague you. Only,—

"Rise at her art's command"

is harsh, and says no more than

"Arise at her command,"<sup>3</sup>

or

"Are born at her command."

II. 3.—I told you of the swart-star before. At the end I read,

"Till Destiny prepare a shrine of purer clay."

Afterwards read, "Resume no more thy strain."<sup>4</sup> You will say I have no notion of *tout-ensembles*, if I do not tell you that I like the scheme of this ode at least as well as the execution.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Long, Master of Pembroke, was a great authority on astronomy. Mason's text now is:

"Save from the *sultry south* alone  
The swart star flings his pestilential fire."

<sup>2</sup> The chorus which Gray is emending is introduced thus:

"Mador, thou  
Alone shalt lift thy voice; no choral peal  
Shall drown thy solemn warblings:" &c.

<sup>3</sup> Adopted by Mason.

<sup>4</sup> Both these emendations are accepted by Mason, except that he reads "*the strain*."

And now I rejoice with you in the recovery of your eyes; pray learn their value, and be sparing of them.<sup>1</sup> I shall leave this place in about a fortnight, and within that time hope to despatch you a packet with my criticalities entire. I send this bit first, because you desire it. Dr. Wharton<sup>2</sup> is in great hopes that Mr. Hurd will not treat Dr. Akenside so hardly as he intended, and desires you would tell him so, as his request is founded on mere humanity (for he pretends no friendship, and has but a slight acquaintance with the doctor). I present it to you, and wish you would acquaint Mr. Hurd with it, the sooner the better.

I am well and stupid, but ever unalterably yours,

T. G.

I do not understand if Fraser is recovered; I wish he was. Do you know anything of Stonehewer?

P. 2.—I liked the opening as it was originally better than I do now, though I never thoroughly understood “how blank he frowns.” And as to “black stream,” it gives me the idea of a river of mud.<sup>3</sup> I should read “dark stream,” imagining it takes its hue only from the rocks and trees that overhang it. “These cliffs, these yawning,” etc., comes in very well where it stood at first, and you have only removed it to another place, where, by being somewhat more diffused, it appears weaker. You have introduced no new image in your new beginning but one, “utters

<sup>1</sup> Mason’s eyes were weak, a complaint that lasted more or less through his life. The place in his library was pointed out to me by Mr. Alderson, where he usually sat and wrote, and which was the most distant from the light. His poetical chair—*sedes beata*—was kindly bequeathed to me; and I have left it by will to the Poet Laureate of the day, that it may rest among the sacred brotherhood:

——— “*lætumque choro Pæana canentes,  
Inter odoratum Lauri nemus.*”—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> For Wharton’s interest in Akenside see p. 118 *ad fin.* and note. Gray’s reference is to Hurd’s forthcoming book—the “Dissertations” (1757), including “Poetical Imitation” and “The Marks of Imitation.”

<sup>3</sup> Mason has, in accordance with Gray’s criticism, given “How stern he frowns,” and the “dark stream.” The “trickling runlet” has entirely disappeared.—*Mitford*.

deep wailings," which is very well: but as to a "trickling runlet," I never heard of such a thing, unless it were a runlet of brandy.

Yet I have no objection at all to the reflection Didius makes on the power objects of the sight have over the soul; it is in its place, and might even be longer, but then it should be more choicely and more feelingly expressed. He must not talk of dells and streams only, but of something more striking, and more corresponding to the scene before him. Intellect is a word of science, and therefore is inferior to any more common word.

P. 3.—For the same reason I reject "philosophy," and read<sup>1</sup> "studious they measure, save when contemplation," etc., and here you omit two lines, relating to astronomy, for no cause that I discern.

P. 4.—What is your quarrel to "shallops?"<sup>2</sup> I like "Go bid thine eagles soar," perhaps from obstinacy, for I know you have met with some wise gentleman who says it is a false thought, and informs you that these were not real eagles, but made of metal or wood painted. The word "seers," comes over too often: here, besides, it sounds ill. Elidurus need not be so fierce. "Dost thou insult us, Roman?"<sup>3</sup> was better before. Sure "plan'd" is a nasty stiff word.

P. 6.—It must be Cæsar<sup>4</sup> and Fate; the name of Claudius carries contempt with it.

<sup>1</sup> The passage stands:

"The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,  
Studious they measure, save when meditation  
Gives place to holy rites."

<sup>2</sup>

"Prince, I did not moor  
My light-arm'd *shallops* on this dangerous strand  
To sooth a fruitless curiosity."

"Go bid thine eagles soar" has disappeared.

<sup>3</sup> The line runs now:

"And dost thou taunt us, Roman, with our fate?"

"Plan'd"—wherever it came—has disappeared.

<sup>4</sup> So it is printed:

"Cæsar and Fate demand him at your hand."—*Mitford*.

P. 7.—“Brother, I spurn it”—better than “I scorn it.” “Misjudging Boy!”<sup>1</sup> is weakly. He calls him coward because such a reproach was most likely to sting him. “I’ll do the deed myself,” is bolder, more resolute, more hearty, than the alteration. “Lead forth the saintly,”<sup>2</sup> etc., better, shorter, and more lively at first. What have I to do with “purple robes” and “arraignments”?<sup>3</sup>—like a trial at York assizes.

P. 8.—“Try, if ’twill bring her deluging”<sup>4</sup> etc., better so, only I do not like “strait justice:” “modest mounds” is far worse.

P. 9.<sup>5</sup>—“Do this and prosper, but pray thee,” etc. Oh! how much superior to the cold lines for which you would omit them. It is not you but somebody else that has been busy here and elsewhere. “Come from their caves.” I read, “Are issuing from their caves. Hearest thou yon signal?” and put “awful” where it was before. “I’ll wait the closing,” etc. Leave it as it was. “Do thou as likes

<sup>1</sup> “Better than I scorn it,” hitherto printed here as part of Mason’s text (!), is obviously *Gray’s* suggestion that “spurn” is a better word than “scorn” in this place. The whole passage now runs:

“(Vellinus.)

Will Elidurus scorn the proffer’d boon  
Of freedom?

(Elidurus.)

Yes! when such its guilty price,  
Brother, *I spurn* it.

(Vellinus.)

Go then, foolish boy!  
I’ll do the deed myself.”

<sup>2</sup> Not in the present text of “Caractacus.”

<sup>3</sup> Hitherto wrongly printed. Gray is speaking in his own person. The words to which he objects are not in the present text.

<sup>4</sup> “Try if ’twill bring her deluging ambition  
Into the level course of right and justice”

is Mason’s present text. “Modest mounds,” wherever they were, he seems to have discarded. Is it not a misreading for “modest bounds”?

<sup>5</sup> Mason has adopted all the suggestions in this paragraph.

thee best, betray, or aid me : " it is shorter and more sulky. Elidurus too must not go off in silence ; and what can he say better ?

P. 10.—I do not dislike the idea of this ceremony,<sup>1</sup> but the execution of it is careless and hasty. The reply of the Semi-chorus is stolen from Dryden's *Œdipus*,<sup>2</sup> which, perhaps, you never saw, nor I since I was a boy, at which time it left an impression on my fancy. Pray look at it. "This dread ground" breaks my teeth. "Be it worm, or aske, or toad:" these are things for fairies to make war upon but not Druids, at least they must not name them. An *aske*<sup>3</sup> is something I never heard of. "Full five fathom under ground."<sup>4</sup> Consider, five fathom is but thirty feet ; many a cellar lies deeper. I read, "Gender'd by the autumnal moon ;"<sup>5</sup> by its light I mean. "Conjoined" is

<sup>1</sup> "Circle close, in triple row,  
And, if mask'd in vapours drear,  
Any earth-born spirit dare  
To hover round this sacred space,  
Haste with thy spells the murky foe to chase.  
Lift your boughs of vervain blue,  
Dipt in cold September dew ;  
And dash the moisture chaste, and clear,  
O'er the ground, and through the air."

<sup>2</sup> Simply the response, " 'Tis done " in the Incantation Scene in that play, corresponding to

"Druid, these in order meet  
Are all prepar'd,"

thrice repeated in Mason's chorus. There are other resemblances between the two scenes.

<sup>3</sup> "Asker," in old language. was a *water-newt*, which Mason probably meant.—*Mitford*. Halliwell gives *ask* as Northumbrian for the water-newt, and adds that Florio has the word under *magrasio*.

"Cadwall ! did thy step profound  
Dive into the cavern deep,  
Twice twelve fathom underground,"

—(Present text.) Mason had simply adopted without adapting Ariel's

"Full fathom five thy father lies."

<sup>5</sup> "Gender'd 'fore the autumnal moon." The succeeding passage now runs :



a bad word. "Supernal art profound" is negligent. Indeed I do not understand the image, how the snakes in copulation should heave their egg to the sky; you will say it is an old British fancy.<sup>1</sup> I know it of old; but then it must be made picturesque, and look almost as if it were true.

P. 13.—"Befit such station."<sup>2</sup> The verse wants a syllable. "Even in the breast of Mona," read "the heart of Mona."<sup>3</sup> "Catches fresh grace;" the simile is good, but not this expression. The Tower is more majestic, more venerable, not more graceful. I read,

"He looks as doth the Tower  
After the conflict of Heaven's angry bolts;  
Its nodding walls, its shatter'd battlements,  
Frown with a dignity unmark'd before,  
Ev'n in its prime of strength."<sup>4</sup>

P. 13.—I do not desire he should return the Druid's salute so politely.<sup>5</sup> Let him enter with that reflection,

"When, in undulating twine,  
The foaming snakes prolific *join*;  
When they hiss, and when they bear  
Their wond'rous egg aloof in air."

"Supernal art profound" has vanished.

<sup>1</sup> "The most remarkable of all the Druidical charms was the anguineum, or snake's egg. It was said to be produced from the saliva and frothy sweat of a number of serpents writhing in an entangled mass, and to be tossed up into the air as soon as formed. The fortunate Druid who managed, as it fell, to catch it in his cloak, rode off at full speed on a horse that had been in waiting for him, pursued by the serpents till they were stopped by the intervention of a running stream. A genuine specimen of this egg when thrown into the water would float against the current, even if encased in gold. Pliny declares that he had seen one. 'It is,' he says, 'about the size of a moderately large round apple, and has a cartilaginous rind studded with cavities like those on the arms of a polypus.'"—DR. MACDONALD in *Encycl. Brit.*

<sup>2</sup> These words are not in present text.

<sup>3</sup> Correction adopted.

<sup>4</sup> The text of Mason now is:

"He looks, as doth the Tower, whose nodding walls,  
After the conflict of Heaven's angry bolts,  
Frown with a dignity unmark'd before,  
Ev'n in its prime of strength."

<sup>5</sup> Caractacus now enters as Gray suggested, without "ceremony."

"This holy place," etc., and not stand upon ceremony. It required no alteration, only I hate the word "vegetate," and would read,

"Tel me, Druid,  
Is it not better to be such as these  
Than be the thing I am?"<sup>1</sup>

I read, too, "Nor show a Prætor's edict,"<sup>2</sup> etc., and "pestilent glare," as they were before. Add, too, "See to the altar's base the victims led," etc. And then, whether they were bulls or men, it is all one. I must repeat again, that the word "Seers" is repeated for ever.

P. 15.—"I know it, rev'rend Fathers," etc. This speech is sacred with me, and an example of dramatic poetry. Touch not a hair of its head, as you love your honour.

P. 16.—I had rather some of these personages, "Resignation, Peace, Revenge, Slaughter, Ambition," were stript of their allegorical garb.<sup>3</sup> A little simplicity here in the expression would better prepare the high and fantastic strain, and all the unimaginable harpings that follow. I admire all from "Eager to snatch thee,"<sup>4</sup> etc., down to

<sup>1</sup> Suggestion adopted—"vegetate" has disappeared.

<sup>2</sup> Caractacus, addressing the oaks, says:

"Happy foresters,  
Ye wave your bold heads in the liberal air,  
Nor ask, for privilege, *a prætor's edict.*"

And again:

"Heav'n, who bade these warrior oaks  
Lift their green shields against the fiery sun,  
To fence their subject plain, did mean that I  
Should, with as firm an arm, protect my people  
Against *the pestilent glare* of Rome's ambition."

<sup>3</sup> *Chorus.* —"that Resignation meek,  
That dove-ey'd Peace, handmaid of Sanctity,  
Approach'd the altar with thee; 'stead of these  
See I not gaunt Revenge, ensanguined Slaughter,  
And mad Ambition," etc.—

—*Mitford.*

<sup>4</sup> Mad Ambition (and the rest of them):

"Eager to snatch thee back to their domain,  
Back to a vain and miserable world."

Mason, in consequence of Gray's criticism, postpones, in the following fashion, the place of Mador's song:

the first epode of the chorus. You give these Miltonic stanzas up so easily that I begin to waver about Mador's song. If you have written it, and it turn out the finest thing in the world, I rejoice, and say no more. Let it come though it were in the middle of a sermon; but if not, I do confess, at last, that the chorus may break off, and do very well without a word more. Do not be angry at the trouble I have given you; and now I have found the reason why I could not be pleased with Mador's philosophic song. The true lyric style, with all its flights of fancy, ornaments, and heightening of expression, and harmony of sound, is in its nature superior to every other style; which is just the cause why it could not be borne in a work of great length,<sup>1</sup> no more than the eye could bear to see all this scene that we constantly gaze upon,—the verdure of the fields and woods, the azure of the sea and skies, turned into one dazzling expanse of gems. The epic, therefore, assumed a style of graver colours, and only stuck on a diamond (borrowed from her sister) here and there, where it best became her. When we pass from the diction that suits this kind of writing to that which belongs to the former, it appears natural, and delights us;

“For lo, with more than mortal fire,  
Mighty Mador smites the lyre;  
Hark, he sweeps the master-strings;  
Listen all——

*Chorus.*

Break off, a sullen smoke invades the altar,” etc.

And when Mador's turn does come, he sings, “Hail, thou harp,” etc., the ode already criticized by Gray, instead of the “philosophic” ditty which was in making for him.

<sup>1</sup> “I asked him why he had not continued that beautiful fragment beginning ‘As sickly plants betray a niggard earth’; he said, *because he could not*; when I expressed surprise at this, he explained himself as follows, that he had been used to write only lyric poetry, in which, the poems being short, he had accustomed himself, and was able to polish every part; that this, having become habit, he could not write otherwise; and that the labour of this method in a long poem would be intolerable; *besides which the poem would lose its effect for want of chiaroscuro*; for that to produce effect it was absolutely necessary to have weak parts. He instanced in Homer, and particularly in Milton, who, he said, in parts of his poem rolls on in sounding words that have but little meaning.”—NORTON NICHOLLS, *Rem. of Gray*.

but to pass on a sudden from the lyric glare to the epic solemnity (if I may be allowed to talk nonsense) has a very different effect. We seem to drop from verse into mere prose, from light into darkness. Another thing is, the pauses proper to one and the other are not at all the same; the ear therefore loses by the change. Do you think if Mingotti stopped in the middle of her best air, and only repeated the remaining verses (though the best Metastasio ever wrote), that they would not appear very cold to you, and very heavy?

P. 24.—“Boldly dare” is tautology.<sup>1</sup>

P. 27.—“Brigantum:” there was no such place.

P. 28.—“The sacred hares.” You might as well say “the sacred hogs.”<sup>2</sup>

P. 29.—There is an affectation in so often using the old phrase of “or ere” for “before.”

P. 30.—“Rack” is the course of the clouds,<sup>3</sup> “wreck”

<sup>1</sup> We now find:

“Rome herself  
Would not have dared so *rashly*.”

And further on:

“The sons of her whose Heaven-intrusted sway  
Blesses the bold *Brigantes*.”

Previously also:

“Britons do they seem,  
And of *Brigantian* race.”

<sup>2</sup> “The sacred hares,” whatever they may have been, have vanished from their forms. But I cannot help suspecting Gray here of a vile and familiar pun, seeing that the Chorus now says of Caractacus:

“*each sacred hair*  
Of his selected head,” etc.

This would be, at any rate, quite in keeping with the uncere-  
monious character of these criticisms.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. “Hamlet,” II. ii. 506:

“But as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, *the rack stand still*.”

And “Antony and Cleopatra,” IV. xiv. 10:

“That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
*The rack dislimns*.”

Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress” (the Interpreter’s House): “I

is ruin and destruction. Which do you mean? I am not yet entirely satisfied with the conclusion of this fine allegory. "That blest prize redeem'd" is flatly expressed: and her sticking the pages over the arch of her bower is an idea a little burlesque; besides, are we sure the whole is not rather too long for the place it is in, where all the interests of the scene stand still for it? and this is still drawn out further by the lines you have here put into the mouth of Caractacus. Do not mistake me; I admire part of it, and approve almost all; but consider the time and place.

P. 31.—"Pensive Pilgrim."<sup>1</sup> Why not? there is an impropriety in "wakeful wanderer." I have told you my thoughts of this chorus<sup>2</sup> already; the whole scheme is excellent, the 2d strophe and antistrophe divine. Money (I know) is your motive,<sup>3</sup> and of that I wash my hands. Fame is your second consideration; of that I am not the dispenser, but if your own approbation (for every one is a little conscious of his own talents) and mine have any weight with you, you will write an ode or two every year, till you are turned of fifty, not for the world, but for us two only; we will now and then give a little glimpse of them, but no copies.

P. 37.—I do not like "maidenhood."

P. 38.—Why not "smoke in vain" as before? the word "meek" is too often repeated.

P. 42.—The only reason why you have altered my favourite speech is, that "surging and plunging," "main

looked up in my dream and saw the clouds *rack* at an unusual rate."

I cannot trace in Mason's present text the passages to which the criticisms on this p. 30 apply. I suppose that he discarded them.

<sup>1</sup> "Thou hast the key, great Bard! that best can ope  
The portal of the soul: unlock it straight,  
And lead the *pensive pilgrim* on her way  
Through the vast regions of futurity."

<sup>2</sup> "Hail, thou harp," etc.

<sup>3</sup> Long before this Gray wrote to Wharton of Mason: "He reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make his fortune by it."



and domain," come too near each other; but could not you correct these without spoiling all? I read

"Cast<sup>1</sup> his broad eye upon the wild of ocean,  
And calm'd it with a glance; then, plunging deep  
His mighty arm, pluck'd from its dark domain," etc.

Pray have done with your "piled stores and coral<sup>2</sup> floors."

P. 43.—"The dies of Fate," that is, "the dice of Fate." Find out another word.<sup>3</sup>

P. 44.—I cannot say I think this scene improved: I had no objection before, but to "harm a poor wretch like me;" and what you have inserted is to me inferior to what it was meant to replace, except p. 47, "And why this silence," which is very well; the end of the scene is one of my favourite passages.

P. 49.—Why scratch out, "Thou, gallant boy"?<sup>4</sup> I

<sup>1</sup> Caractacus confides in

"That all-healing and all-forming Power,  
Who on the radiant day when Time was born  
Cast his broad eye," etc.

<sup>2</sup> "Corals," and "shells," and "pebbled floors," and all the ornaments of the grotto, were by this time painfully familiar to Gray as part of Mason's stock-in-trade. Mason began with them in his monody (Musæus) on the death of Pope, which abounds in allusions to the poet's "widow'd grot" at Twickenham; *e.g.*, Milton is made to say:

"Various this peaceful cave; this mineral roof:  
This 'semblage meet of coral, ore, and shell,  
These pointed crystals," etc.

Pope's whim had encouraged this taste. See what Gray writes about the improvements on the cell of Guy of Warwick made by Mr. Greathead (To Wharton, September 18th, 1754). There is humorous and very disrespectful, if quite friendly, banter on Gray's part when he writes to Mason (1765) of the Scotch mountains: "A lig for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen"—Mason was all four—"that have not seen them; their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering shrubs, shell gardens, and Chinese rails."

<sup>3</sup> Accordingly we now find:

"Ye Priests, involve the lots, and to the younger,  
As is our wont, tender the *choice* of Fate."

<sup>4</sup> Not to be found, at least in the part of the play with which Gray here deals.

do not know to what other scene you have transferred these rites of lustration, but methinks they did very well here. Arviragus's account of himself I always was highly pleased with.

P. 51.—“Fervid” is a bad word.<sup>1</sup>

## CXXXVII. *To Wharton.*<sup>2</sup>

DEAR DOCTOR

I can not help thanking you for your kind letter, tho' I have nothing essential to inform you of in return. L<sup>d</sup> S:<sup>3</sup> & his brother are come back, and in some measure rid me of my apprehensions for the College. S!<sup>4</sup> is gone to town, but (as he assures me) not to stay above a week. you advise me to be happy, & would to God it depended upon your wishes. A part of what I imagined, has already happen'd here, though not in the way I expected. in a way indeed, that confutes itself, & therefore (as I am told) makes no impression on the hearers. but I will not answer for the truth of this: at least such, as are strangers to me, may be influenced by it. however, tho' I know the quarter, whence it comes, I cannot interpose at present, lest I make the matter worse. judge you of my happiness, may yours

<sup>1</sup> I do not find it, at any rate in this part of the play. Perhaps Gray only condemned Mason's particular use of it. Shakespeare does not know the word, but Milton has it twice—of the sun's rays, and of the wheels of the Creator's car.

<sup>2</sup> This letter will show the pain and suffering which were the consequence of Tuthill's unhappy history.—*From Mitford.*

<sup>3</sup> Strathmore; see Index. The brother at this time was James-Philip Lyon, the second son of the 8th Earl. He was admitted to Pembroke in 1756 as a fellow-commoner, in the same year that Gray migrated thither from Peterhouse (in the same capacity, according to Mitford). James-Philip's fate was tragic; he entered the service of the East India Company, and perished in the massacre at Patna in 1763.

<sup>4</sup> This is what I found, though both Mitford and Mr. Gosse interpret it to stand for Stonehewer. I have no doubt the person meant is Southwell, whose “affair,” whatever it may have been, is mentioned by Gray to Mason, July 30th, 1756. See Letter CXLIII., n. 3.

never meet with any cloud or interruption. Adieu! I beg you to write to me.

February 17. 1757.<sup>1</sup>

### CXXXVIII. To Wharton.<sup>2</sup>

April 17. Sunday. 1757.

DEAR DOCTOR

If I did not immediately answer your kind enquiry, you will attribute it to the visit, w<sup>ch</sup> I was obliged to do the honours of for two or three days, & w<sup>ch</sup> is now over. I find nothing new to add to my uneasiness here; on the contrary it is considerably abated, and quiet, I hope,<sup>3</sup> is gradually returning. I am extremely glad to hear your country residence promises so well, & has been so serviceable to Mrs. Wharton already.

You desire to know how I like my visit. Lord N:<sup>4</sup> is a sensible well-bred young Man, a little too fine even for me, who love a little finery: he never will be popular, & it is well, if he be not very much hated. his party were Lord Villers,<sup>5</sup> and M<sup>r</sup> Spencer,<sup>6</sup> but I did not see a great deal of them. L<sup>d</sup> John<sup>7</sup> has been with me all this morning. the Duke of Bedford is now here to settle his son<sup>8</sup> at Trinity, and M<sup>r</sup> Rigby<sup>9</sup> is come to assist him with his advice.

<sup>1</sup> To Wharton's London address.

<sup>2</sup> Addressed: "To Dr. Thomas Wharton MD in King's Arms Yard Fenchurch Street London."

<sup>3</sup> "Quiet, and hope," *Mitford* and (independently) *Mr. Gosse*.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Nuneham; see p. 266, n. 2.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 266, n. 3.

<sup>6</sup> Probably John Spencer, who married (1755) Miss Poyntz, was created Baron Spencer of Althorp in 1761, and 1st Earl Spencer in 1765.

<sup>7</sup> Lord John Cavendish. See p. 264, n. 4.

<sup>8</sup> Francis, Marquess of Tavistock, of Trinity College, M.A., 1759; he died before his father in 1767.—*Mitford*. He died by a fall from his horse. His widow died, it is said, of grief, in the course of the following year. "Junius," in 1769, made cruel and probably calumnious comment upon the alleged heartlessness of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford on both occasions.

<sup>9</sup> Richard Rigby. In his bitter "Impromptu" Gray makes Lord Holland say regretfully:

Adieu, I am interrupted, but will write again soon. believe  
me ever Yours,

TG:

CXXXIX. *To Mason.*

April 23, 1757.

DEAR MASON—

I too am set down here with something greater hopes of quiet than I could entertain when I saw you last; at least nothing new has happened to give me any disturbance, and the assurances you gave me in your letter from hence are pretty well confirmed by experience. I shall be very ready to take as much of Mr. Delap's<sup>1</sup> dulness as he chooses to part with at any price he pleases, even with his want of sleep and weak bowels into the bargain; and I will be your curate, and he shall live here with all my wit and power of learning. Dr. Brown's book<sup>2</sup> (I hear) is much

“had Bute been true

Nor Shelburne's, *Rigby's*, Calcraft's friendship vain.”

Rigby was the creature and more than the right-hand man of the Duke of Bedford, and destined to be bitterly attacked, with his patron, by Junius. See more about him in notes to “Gray's Poems,” in the Pitt Press Series, pp. 266, 267. Disraeli in “Coningsby,” describes under the name Rigby, John Wilson Croker, whom he regarded as a politician of the same type.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. or Dr. Delap was curate in his earlier life to Mason at Aston in 1756. The first entry of his name appears in a marriage, November 14th, 1756, his last signature in May, 1758. In 1759 he was succeeded by Mr. John Wood. His portrait I have seen in the dining-room at Aston rectory, and it is now in Mrs. Alderson's possession. He was the author of a tragedy, “Hecuba,” acted with very indifferent success at Drury Lane Theatre in 1762, and “The Captives,” which “was endured for three nights and then, like the spirit of Ossian, which pervaded it, was gathered to its fathers” (Boaden's “Memoirs of Kemble,” vol. i., p. 325). Baker mentions him and his tragedy in the “Biographia Dramatica,” vol. i., p. 121; vol. ii., p. 147; but he only knew that he was a clergyman. Some account of Dr. Delap's person and conversation may be found in Madame d'Arblay's “Memoirs,” vol. i., pp. 201-229, during a visit he paid to Mrs. Thrale, at Brighthelmston. See also vol. ii., pp. 421-422, etc.—*Mitford* (corrected). Delap was Rector of Lewes; he knew Johnson, who, in one of his attacks of melancholy, pathetically entreated his prayers.

<sup>2</sup> This is the well-known “Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times,” by Dr. John Brown, a book which occupied for a time a very large share of public attention and applause; several

admired in town, which I do not understand. I expected it would be admired here; but they affect not to like it, though I know they ought. What would you have me do? There is one thing in it I applaud, which is the dissertation against trade, for I have always said it was the ruin of the nation. I have read the little wicked book about Evil,<sup>1</sup> that settled Mr. Dodsley's conscience in that point, and find nothing in it but absurdity: we call it Soame Jenyns's, but I have a notion you mentioned some other name to me, though I have forgotten it. Stonhewer has done me the honour to send me your friend Lord Nuneham<sup>2</sup> hither, with a fine recommendatory letter written by his own desire, in Newmarket-week. Do not think he was going to Newmarket; no, he came in a solitaire, great sleeves, jessamine-powder, and a large bouquet of jonquils, within twelve miles of that place, on purpose not to go thither. We had three days' intercourse, talked about the beaux arts, and Rome, and Hanover, and Mason,—whose praises we celebrate à *qui mieux mieux*,—vowed eternal friendship, embraced, and parted. I promised to write you a thousand compliments in his name. I saw also Lord Villiers<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Spencer, who carried him back with them; *en passant*, they did not like me at all. Here has been too the best of all Johns<sup>4</sup> (I hardly except the Evangelist and the Divine<sup>5</sup>), who is not, to be sure, a bit like my Lord

editions were called for in the course of the year, and a second volume followed the first.—*Mitford*. See p. 186, n. 3; p. 257, n. 3.

“The inestimable Estimate of Brown  
Rose like a paper kite, and charmed the town,  
But measures plann'd and executed well  
Shifted the wind that rais'd it, and it fell.”

—COWPER, *Table Talk*.

“The author,” writes Macaulay, “fully convinced his readers that they were a race of cowards and scoundrels; that nothing could save them; that they were on the point of being enslaved by their enemies, and that they richly deserved their fate. Such were the speculations to which ready credence was given at the outset of the most glorious war in which England had ever been engaged.”

<sup>1</sup> By Soame Jenyns. See p. 187, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> See n. on preceding letter.

<sup>3</sup> For most of these names, see preceding letter.

<sup>4</sup> *I.e.*, Lord John Cavendish.

<sup>5</sup> Surely a slip, either of Gray or his transcriber, for “the Baptist.”



Nuneham, but full as well, in my mind. The Duke of Bedford has brought his son, aye, and Mr. Rigby too; they were at church on Sunday morning, and Mr. Sturgeon<sup>1</sup> preached to them and the heads, for nobody else was present. Mr. F——n is not his tutor.<sup>2</sup> These are the most remarkable events at Cambridge.

Mr. Bonfoy has been here; he had not done what you recommended to him before he came out of town, and he is returned thither only the beginning of this week, when he assured me he certainly would do it. Alas! what may this delay occasion; it is best not to think. Oh happy Mr. Delap! Adieu, my best Mason; I am pleased to think how much I am obliged to you, and that, while I live, I must be ever yours

### CXL. *To Mason.*

Cambridge, Tuesday, May . . , 1757.

DEAR MASON,

You are so forgetful of me, that I should not forgive it, but that I suppose Caractacus may be the better for it, yet I hear nothing from him neither, in spite of his promises. There is no faith in man, no, not in a Welchman, and yet Mr. Parry<sup>3</sup> has been here and scratched out such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choke you, as have set all this learned body a-dancing, and inspired them with due reverence for Odikle, whenever it shall appear. Mr. Parry (you must know) it was that has put Odikle in motion again, and with much exercise it has got a tender tail grown, like Scroddles, and here it is; if you do not like it, you may kiss it.

You remember the "Visions of Glory," that descended

<sup>1</sup> Roger Sturgeon, M.A., Fellow of Caius.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Probably, as *Mitford* suggests, T. Francklyn of Trinity, Professor of Greek. He is, I think, the "Frankling" who got the half-guinea from Gray by sturdy begging. (Gray to Mason, December 19th, 1756.)

<sup>3</sup> "A Welsh harper," says Mr. Gosse, "who had been blind from his infancy. He died in 1782. He was the father of John Parry, A.R.A."

on the heights of Snowdon, and unrolled their glittering skirts so slowly.<sup>1</sup>

### ANTIST. 3.

"Haughty knights and barons bold,  
With dazzling helm and horrent spear,  
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old,  
Of bearded majesty, appear;  
In the midst a form divine:  
Her eye proclaims her born of Arthur's line  
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,  
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.  
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,  
What strains of vocal transport round her play!  
Hear, from the grave, great Taliesin, hear!  
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
Bright Rapture wakes, and, soaring as she sings,  
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

### EPODE 3.

"The verse adorn again  
Fierce War and faithful Love,  
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.  
In mystic measures move  
Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,  
With Horror<sup>2</sup> wild that chills the throbbing breast.  
A voice, as of the Cherub choir,  
Gales from blooming Eden bear,  
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
That lost in long futurity expire.  
Fond, impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,  
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?

---

<sup>1</sup> The concluding portion of "The Bard" which follows Gray's letter to Wharton of August 21st, 1755, is, at least from "Girt with many a Baron bold," of a later date than that letter. It is, indeed, from that point, a later recension than the lines which Gray here sends to Mason. See n. 3, pp. 274, 275. There are instances of lines of the printed text of 1757 which appear in the Egerton MS., but are only found here in another form. Compare for example the first lines here with the Wharton MS.; and we have here "born of Arthur's line" for which the Wharton MS. has "of the Briton-line," doubtless because Arthur has been named already. But the point is clear from the next letter, where, for the first time, is suggested the received text:

"With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast,"

which is also that of the Wharton MS.

<sup>2</sup> "Tyrant of the" in Mason's writing.—*Mitford*.

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
 Enough for me, with joy I see  
 The diff'rent doom our Fates assign:  
 Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;  
 To triumph and to die are mine!  
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,  
 Deep in the roaring tide he sunk to endless night."<sup>1</sup>

I am well aware of many weakly things here, but I hope the end will do. Pray give me your full and true opinion, and, that not upon deliberation, but forthwith. Mr. Hurd<sup>2</sup> himself allows that "lion-port" is not too bold for Queen Elizabeth. All here are well, and desire their respects to you. I read yesterday of a canonry of Worcester vacant in the newspaper. Adieu, dear Mason, and believe me most truly yours.

It will not be long before I shall go to London.

<sup>1</sup> The Moses of Parmegiano, and Raphael's figure of God in the "Vision of Ezekiel," are said by Mr. Mason to have furnished Gray with the head and action of his "Bard"; if that was the case, he would have done well to acquaint us with the poet's method of making *Placidis coire immitia*.—FUSELI'S *Lectures*, vol. ii.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> I am not aware of Hurd, in any passage of his various works, having praised Gray, except once, when he is, I presume, alluded to, in Hurd's usual manner, without mentioning the name, in his "Essay on the Marks of Imitation," p. 218, "a certain friend of ours, not to be named without honour, and therefore not at all on so slight an occasion"; which was, that this friend conjectured that Milton's expression of "Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile" was taken from Spenser's "Grinning griesly." Hurd speaks also of some "late odes" in terms of praise. In Dr. Wooll's "Life of J. Warton," there is a letter from Hurd to Mr. Thomas Warton, in which he thus mentions the Installation Ode: "It is much above the common rate of such things, and will preserve the memory of the Chancellor, when the minister is forgotten."—*Mitford*. Gray himself had Spenser and Milton more or less in mind when he wrote in "The Bard":

"Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest"—

especially with that reading, "a smile of horror," which we find in Wharton MS.

CXLI. *To Mason.*

Cambridge, Saturday, June.

DEAR MASON,

I send you inclosed the breast and merry-thought and guts and garbage of the chicken,<sup>1</sup> which I have been chewing so long that I would give the world for neck-beef or cow-heel. I thought, in spite of *ennui*, that thesten last lines would have escaped untouched; for all the rest that I send you I know is weakly, and you think so too. But you want them to be printed and done with; not only Mr. Hurd, but Mr. Bonfoy too and Neville<sup>2</sup> have seen them. Both these like the first Ode (that has no *tout-ensemble*), the best of the two, and both somehow dislike the conclusion of the "Bard," and mutter something about antithesis and conceit in "to triumph, to die," which I do not comprehend, and am sure it is altered for the better. It was before—

"Lo! to be free<sup>3</sup> to die, are mine."

If you like it better so, so let it be. It is more abrupt, and perhaps may mark the action better; or it may be—

"Lo! liberty and death are mine."

whichever you please. But as to breaking the measure, it

<sup>1</sup> I think this must be the other parts of "The Bard," exclusive of the "tender tail" sent with the preceding letter.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Neville, of Jesus College, published "Imitations of Horace," 1758, and of Juvenal and Persius in 1769. In the "Horace," p. 93, *Mason* is mentioned with praise:

"Can *Mason* days of Gothic darkness trace  
And not to railings rouse the snarling race?  
*Mason* who writes not with low sons of rhyme  
But on Pindaric pinions soars sublime."

Hurd, in his "Notes on Horace," vol. i., p. 177, praises Neville's elegant translation of Aristotle's Moral Song, 'Ἀρέτα πολύμοχθε. Neville also translated the Georgics of Virgil, printed 1767.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> Surely if Gray wrote "*are* mine" he placed a comma after *to be free*; "to be free" and "to die" are *two* subjects to "*are*," corresponding to the alternative "*liberty and death*."

is not to be thought of; it is an inviolable law of the Medes and Persians. Pray think a little about this conclusion, for all depends upon it; the rest is of little consequence. "In bearded majesty," was altered to "of" only because the next line begins with "In the midst," etc. I understand what you mean about "The verse adorn again." You may read—

"Fierce War and faithful Love  
Resume their," etc.

But I do not think it signifies much, for there is no mistaking the sense, when one attends to it. "That chills the throbbing," etc. I dislike as much as you can do. "Horror wild," I am forced to strike out, because of "wild dismay" in the first stanza. What if we read

"With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast."

Why you would alter "lost in long futurity" I do not see, unless because you think "lost" and "expire" are tautologies, or because it looks as if the end of the prophecy were disappointed by it, and that people may think that poetry in Britain was some time or other really to expire, whereas the meaning is only that it was lost to his ear from the immense distance. I cannot give up "lost," for it begins with an *l*.

I wish you were here, for I am tired of writing such stuff; and besides, I have got the old Scotch ballad<sup>1</sup> on which Douglas<sup>2</sup> was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence to Aston. Have you never seen it?<sup>3</sup> Aristotle's

<sup>1</sup> "Gil Morrice" or "Child Maurice."

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, Home's "Douglas." Mason quotes from a letter of Gray to "another friend," dated August 10th of this year: "I am greatly struck with 'The Tragedy of Douglas,' though it has infinite faults: The Author seems to me to have retrieved the true Language of the stage, which had been lost for these hundred years: and there is one scene (between Matilda and the old Peasant) so masterly, that it strikes me blind to all the defects in the world." I have no other trace of this letter.

<sup>3</sup> Percy says that the second edition of "Gil Morrice" was printed at Glasgow in 1755. Both this and the first edition were prefaced by an advertisement that the preservation of this poem was due to "a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses,"



best rules are observed in it in a manner that shews the author never had heard of Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play. You may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story. I send you the two first verses—

“ Gil Maurice was an Earle's son,  
His fame it wexed wide.  
It was nae for his grete riches,  
Nae for his mickle pride;  
But it was for a ladie gay <sup>1</sup>  
That lived on Carron's side.  
' Where shall I get a bonny boy  
That will win hose and shoon,  
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',  
And bid his ladie come?  
Ye maun rin this errand, Willie,

and “any reader that can render it more correct or complete” is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. It is not surprising that this invitation led to the appearance of sixteen additional verses, which Percy has inserted in what, *faute de mieux*, he considered their proper place. They are obviously modern, *e.g.* :

“ His hair was like the threeds of gold,  
Drawne frae Minerva's loome.”

“ Some other copies,” says Percy, “ read,

“ “ Shot frae the golden sun,” ”

clearly an attempt at greater simplicity. Unfortunately the word that rhymes with “ loome ” is “ perfume.” Percy is justified in suspecting that the whole poem, as he gives it, has received “ very considerable modern improvements.” He thinks “ Gil ” is a corruption of “ child,” pronounced “ chiel.”

<sup>1</sup> The natural art which Gray admired in the ballad begins here. We, of course, suppose the “ ladie ” to be Gil Morrice's lady-love; and so does the boy Willie, who, when forced to go on this errand, spitefully delivers his message in the presence of Lord Barnard. A “ wylie ” nurse (“ the bairn upon hir knee ”) in vain declares that the tryst is for her, the boy gives her the lie, the bold baron hies forth to wreak vengeance, and Gil Morrice, “ kameing his yellow hair,” says, seeing him approach with his escort:

“ O, what mean a' the folk coming,  
My mother tarries long.”

Poor “ Gil ” is, of course, slain, under a misconception. He is the lady's son, born before her marriage with the baron.

And ye maun rin with pride ;  
 When other boys gae on their feet,  
 On horseback ye sal ride,  
 ' Ah na, ah na, my master dear, ' etc., etc.

You will observe in the beginning of this thing<sup>1</sup> I send you some alterations of a few words, partly for improvement, and partly to avoid repetitions of like words and rhymes ; I have not got rid of them all. The six last lines of the fifth stanza are new ;<sup>2</sup> tell me if they will do.

I have seen your friend the Dean of S——y<sup>3</sup> here to-day in the theatre, and thought I should have sp-w-d. I am very glad you are to be a court chaplain nevertheless ; for I do not think you need be such a one,—I defy you ever to be.

I have now seen your first Chorus, new-modelled, and am charmed with it. Now I am coming with my hoe.<sup>4</sup> Of all things I like your idea of " the sober sisters, as they meet and whisper with their ebon and golden rods on the top of Snowdon ; " the more because it seems like a new mythology peculiar to the Druid superstition, and not borrowed of the Greeks, who have another quite different moon. But yet I cannot allow of the word " nod, " though it pictures the action more lively than another word would do.<sup>5</sup> Yet, at the first blush, " See the sober sisters nod, "

<sup>1</sup> " The Bard. "

<sup>2</sup> These are the lines, " Fair laughs the morn, " etc., substituted for " Mirrors of Saxon truth, " etc. See p. 273, *supra*. Another evidence that the MS. there placed is later than 1755.

<sup>3</sup> Mitford tells us that this was Thomas Green, D.D., who had been appointed in this year, 1757, to the Deanery of Salisbury, and who died in 1780.

<sup>4</sup> In October of this year Gray writes to Mason in reference to his " Elegy in the Garden of a Friend, " " Send me elegy—my hoe is sharp. " It is possible that this poem was already on the stocks, and suggested to Gray the figure of speech which he here applies to " Caractacus. " But Mason's *hortus poeticus* always wanted weeding. If the play was in its present form, Gray here passes from the first chorus to the ode beginning, " Mona on Snowdon calls. "

<sup>5</sup> Invocation to Snowdon :

" Send thy spirits, send them soon,  
 Now, when midnight and the moon  
 Meet upon thy front of snow :  
 See, their gold and ebon rod,  
 Where the sober sisters nod,  
 And greet in whispers sage and slow. "

taken alone without regard to the sense, presents a ridiculous image, and you must leave no room for such ideas; besides, a word that is not quite familiar to us in the sense it is used should never form a rhyme; it may stand in any other part of a line. The rest is much to my palate, except a verse (I have it not now before me) towards the end. I think it is "Float your saffron vestments here,"<sup>1</sup> because one does not at once conceive that "float" is "let them float;"<sup>2</sup> and besides, it is a repetition of the idea, as you speak of the "rustling of their silken draperies"<sup>3</sup> before, and I would have every image varied as the rest are. I do not absolutely like "Hist ye all,"<sup>4</sup> only because it is the last line. These are all the faults I have to find; the rest is perfect. I have written a long letter of poetry, which is tiresome, but I could not help it. My service to Mr. Delap.<sup>5</sup> Adieu! Do write soon; love and compliments. R. For:<sup>78</sup><sup>6</sup> sister Dolly is dead, and he has got £1400, a man, and two horses. I go to town next week. If you could write directly, it would be clever; but, however, direct hither, it will be sent me, if you cannot write so soon.

<sup>1</sup> The couplet now is :

"Here, arrang'd in order due,  
Spread your robes of saffron hue."

<sup>2</sup> Probably, however, Mason used "float" transitively, and the fact that Gray did not see this, perhaps shows that this usage is modern in verse. There is no instance of it in Shakespeare or Milton.

<sup>3</sup> We now read "Rustling vestments brush the ground."

<sup>4</sup> We now have "Listen all." Mason had in mind—

"And the mute Silence *hist* along"

of "Il Penseroso," explained by Masson to mean, "Move through the mute Silence hushingly."

<sup>5</sup> See to Mason, April 23rd, 1757.

<sup>6</sup> Richard Forester, a fellow of Pembroke College, son of Poulter Forester, of Broadfield, Herts, took senior optime degree in 1747-8, afterwards rector of Papenham, Northamptonshire. He died in April, 1759.—*Mitford*. See Index.

CXLII. *To Walpole.*

Stoke, July 11, 1757.

I will not give you the trouble of sending your chaise for me. I intend to be with you on Wednesday in the evening. If the press<sup>1</sup> stands still all this time for me, to be sure it is dead in child-bed. I do not love notes, though you see I had resolved to put two or three.<sup>2</sup> They are signs of weakness and obscurity. If a thing cannot be understood without them, it had better be not understood at all. If you will be vulgar, and pronounce it *Lunnun*,<sup>3</sup> instead of London, I can't help it. Caradoc<sup>4</sup> I have private

<sup>1</sup> At Strawberry Hill, where "The Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard" were first printed.

<sup>2</sup> There were originally four notes to "The Bard," none to "The Progress of Poesy."

<sup>3</sup> "Ye towers of Julius, *London's* lasting shame."  
—"BARD," v. 87.

—*Mitford*. A fashionable vulgarism in pronunciation shared by Walpole at this date. He probably objected to the sequence in the line of so many liquid sounds, which the proper pronunciation of *London* breaks with a *d*. Gray has the poets with him, *e.g.*, Wither in his "Christmas":

"Good farmers in the country nurse  
The poor that else were *undone*,  
Some landlords spend their money worse  
On lust and pride in *London*."

And Gay in his "Polly" (1729):

"The more in debt run in debt the more,  
Careless who is *undone*:  
Morals and honesty leave to the poor,  
As they do at *London*."

Hood makes his London Prig, keeping sheep at Botany Bay, exclaim:

"If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag  
And find a Fence to turn it into swag,  
I'd give it all in *Lonnon* streets to stand,  
And if I had my pick, I'd say the Strand."

<sup>4</sup> Gray alludes to the line, "Leave your despairing *Caradoc* to mourn," which he afterwards altered to "Leave me unblessed, unpitied here to mourn."—*Mitford*. Gray's "private reasons" have, I think, to do with Mason's *Caractacus*. He wrote to Wharton,

reasons against; and besides it is in reality Carādoc,<sup>1</sup> and will not stand in the verse.

I rejoice you can fill all your *vuides*; the Maintenon could not, and that was her great misfortune. Seriously though, I congratulate you on your happiness, and seem to understand it. The receipt is obvious; it is only, Have something to do;<sup>2</sup> but how few can apply it. Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

CXLIII. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Stoke, July 25, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for the second little letter, for your Cambridge Anecdotes, and, suffer me to say too, for the trouble you have had on my account. I am going to add to it, by sending you my poetical cargo to distribute; though, whatever the advertisement says, it will not be this fortnight yet, for you must know (what you will like no more than I do, yet it was not in my power anyhow to avoid it), Mr. Walpole, who has set up a printing-press in his own house at Twickenham, earnestly desired that he might print it for Dodsley, and, as there is but one hand employed, you must think it will take up some time to despatch 2000 copies. As soon as may be you will have a parcel sent you, which you will dispose of as follows:

January 9th, 1756, "I have not added a line more to old Caradoc," which seems to show that this was at least an alternative title at that date for "The Bard"; and perhaps the final abandonment of the name altogether was due to a little secret apprehension that his work might be connected in some way with the tragedy upon which his "hoe" was at this very time engaged.

<sup>1</sup> Accordingly, when at a later date he translated the Welsh Fragments, he wrote:

"Have ye seen the tusky boar,  
Or the bull, with sullen roar,  
On surrounding foes advance?  
So *Carādoc* bore his lance."

<sup>2</sup> "To be employed is to be happy," he writes to Hurd (p. 347, *infra*).



Mrs. Bonfoy, Mr. Bonfoy, Dr. Long, Gaskarth,<sup>1</sup> and all the Fellows resident; Mr. Montagu<sup>2</sup> and Southwell,<sup>3</sup> if they happen to be there; Master of St. John's<sup>4</sup> (I know he is at Rochester, but it suffices to send it to his lodge); Master of Bennet,<sup>5</sup> Mr. Hurd, Mr. Balguy, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Nourse,<sup>6</sup> Mr. Neville of Jesus, Mr. Bickham,<sup>7</sup> Mr. Hadley,<sup>8</sup> Mr. Newcome. If you think I forget anybody, pray send it them in my name; what remain upon your hands you will hide in a corner. I am sorry to say I know no more of Mason than you do. It is my own fault, I am afraid, for I have not yet answered that letter.

His Prussian Majesty wrote a letter to the King owning himself in a bad situation, from which, he said, nothing but a *coup-de-maître* would extricate him.<sup>9</sup> We have a

<sup>1</sup> For these four names see Index.

<sup>2</sup> Is, I think, Frederick Montagu. See on Gray to Mason, September 28th of this year, *ad fin.*

<sup>3</sup> I cannot, with any certainty, identify this Southwell. I think, from what has been noticed already, that he was of Pembroke College. I conjecture that both Montagu and Southwell were fellow-commoners of Pembroke, that Southwell, at any rate, was an undergraduate at this date, and that the Mrs. Southwell of whom Gray speaks to Mason, July 30th, 1756, is his mother. See further a letter to Mason, December 10th, 1760.

<sup>4</sup> John Newcome, Master of St. John's, 1734 to 1765. See a life of him in Nichols's "Anecdotes," vol. i., p. 553-565, and viii. p. 379.—*Mitford*. "He was known," says Mr. Gosse, "by the nickname of Belshazzar."

<sup>5</sup> John Green, Master of Bennet [Corpus Christi], 1750 to 1764. Dr. Farmer succeeded to his preferments at Lichfield at Green's death in 1790—a prebend, with the chancellorship annexed; and see anecdote of him in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," vol. i., p. 662.—*Mitford*.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Gosse says this was Peter Nourse of St. John's.

<sup>7</sup> He was tutor at Emmanuel College. See Nichols's "Anecdotes," vol. viii., p. 420.—*Mitford*. "He had been," says Mr. Gosse, "a bruiser in his youth, and was now a brawling Tory." He is "Jemmy" Bickham (to Mason, March 1st, 1759).

<sup>8</sup> J. Hadley, M.A., of Queen's, was appointed chemistry professor in 1756.

<sup>9</sup> He had been defeated at Kolin by Marshal Daun (June 18th, 1757), and compelled to raise the siege of Prague. On July 4th Chesterfield wrote to Solomon Dayrolles, "The King of Prussia, the only ally we had in the world, is now, I fear, *hors de combat*. Hanover I look upon to be, by this time, in the same situation with Saxony; the fatal consequence of which is but too obvious. The

secret expedition<sup>1</sup> going forward; all I know is, that Lord Ancram, Sir John Mordaunt, and General Conway are to bear a part in it. The Duke<sup>2</sup> has been very ill, with his leg; Ranby<sup>3</sup> was sent for, but countermanded, the Marshall d'Etrées<sup>4</sup> having sent him his own surgeons. I would wish to be like Mr. Bonfoy, and think that everything turns out the best in the world, but it won't do, I am stupid and low-spirited, but ever yours,

T. G.

#### CXLIV. *To Mason.*

Stoke, Monday, August 1.

DEAR MASON—

If I did not send you a political Letter forthwith, it was because Lord Holderness came in again so soon

French are masters to do what they please in America. We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect." With such auspices began the most glorious epoch in Pitt's career.

<sup>1</sup> This was the abortive expedition against the arsenal at Rochefort, which did not sail until September. It was commanded by Sir Edward Hawke, Sir John Mordaunt, and Walpole's cousin, General Conway. Captain Howe succeeded in silencing the batteries on the fortified island of Aix (at the mouth of the Charente), and Conway took possession of the citadel; but Mordaunt and Hawke disagreed, and the expedition returned home. At Aix, as Gray tells us, Sir William Peere Williams, whose epitaph he wrote, served as a volunteer.

<sup>2</sup> Duke of Cumberland.—*Mitford*. Chesterfield wrote prophetically to Dayrolles, February 28th, 1757, "The Duke of Cumberland wants extremely to go with his own regiment of Guards, to be beaten at the head of the Army of Observation, in Lower Saxony; for that will infallibly be the case of that army as soon as the Comte d'Etrées, at the head of one hundred thousand men, shall arrive there." The Duke capitulated at Closter-Seven on September 9th in this year.

<sup>3</sup> John Ranby, principal serjeant-surgeon to the king. He attended Sir Robert Walpole in his last illness, and published an account of his case. He died in 1773, and was buried in Chelsea Hospital.—*Cunningham*. Ranby was at the battle of Dettingen in 1743, and after it, had 150 officers of distinction desperately wounded under his care. At the same battle the Duke of Cumberland was wounded in the calf of the leg.

<sup>4</sup> Louis-César, Duc d'Estrées, was born in 1695; served with distinction in Flanders under Marshal Saxe, and appointed to the command against the English in 1756. Before Closter-Seven he had resigned it to the Duc de Richelieu. He died in 1771.

that it was the same thing as if he had never gone out, excepting one little circumstance, indeed, the anger of old Priam;<sup>1</sup> which, I am told, is the reason, that he has not the blue riband,<sup>2</sup> though promised him before. I have been here this month or more, low-spirited and full of disagreeablenesses, and, to add to them, am at this present very ill, not with the gout, nor stone (thank God), nor with blotches, nor blains, nor with frogs nor with lice, but with a painful infirmity, that has to me the charms of novelty, but would not amuse you much in the description.

I hope you divert yourself much better than I do. You may be sure Dodsley had orders to send you some Odes<sup>3</sup> the instant they were off the spit; indeed I forgot Mr. Fraser,<sup>4</sup> so I fear they will come to Sheffield in the shape of a small parcel by some coach or waggon; but if there is time I will prevent it. They had been out three weeks ago, but Mr. Walpole having taken it into his head to set up a press of his own at Twickenham, was so earnest to handsel it with this new pamphlet that it was impossible to find a pretence for refusing such a trifle. You will dislike this as much as I do, but there is no help; you understand, it is he that prints them, not for me, but for Dodsley. I charge you send me some *Caractacus* before I die; it is impossible this weather should not bring him to maturity.

If you knew how bad I was you would not wonder I could write no more. Adieu, dear Mason; I am ever most truly yours,

T. G.

<sup>1</sup> George the Second. See an account of the dismissal and resignation of Ministers, April, 1757, in Walpole's "History of George II.," vol. iii., p. 27: "The next day Lord Holderness went to the King and resigned the seals, as a declaration of the Newcastle squadron against Fox. *The King received him with the cool scorn he deserved.*"—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> "The first mortification to Lord Holderness has been, that, having been promised a garter as well as Lord Waldegrave, and but one being vacant, that one, contrary to custom, has been given to the latter, with peculiar marks of grace."—*Walpole to Mann*, July 3rd, 1757.

<sup>3</sup> "The Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard," printed at the Strawberry Hill Press and published by Dodsley.

<sup>4</sup> William Fraser (see p. 260, n. 2) could perhaps expedite the delivery of the parcel, or, more probably, was going to Aston, where was not only Mason's living, but also the estate of Lord Holderness.

CXLV. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

August 14, 1757.

DEAR SIR—

Excuse me if I begin to wonder a little that I have heard no news of you in so long a time. I conclude you received Dodsley's packet at least a week ago, and made my presents. You will not wonder therefore at my curiosity, if I enquire of you what you hear said; for, though in the rest of the world I do not expect to hear that anybody says much, or thinks about the matter, yet among *mes confrères*, the learned, I know there is always leisure, at least to find fault, if not to commend.

I have been lately much out of order, and confined at home, but now I go abroad again. Mr. Garrick and his wife,<sup>1</sup> have passed some days at my Lady Cobham's,<sup>2</sup> and are shortly to return again; they, and a few other people that I see there, have been my only entertainment till this week, but now I have purchased some volumes of the great *French Encyclopedie*,<sup>3</sup> and am trying to amuse myself within doors. Pray tell me a great deal, and believe me ever most faithfully yours,

T. G.

<sup>1</sup> Eva Maria Violette, a famous dancer whom Garrick married in 1749. It was perhaps at this visit to Stoke that she first heard "The Progress of Poesy;" her remark on it, at any rate, is recorded by Walpole on August 25th, to Lyttelton: "As Greek as the expression ['many-twinkling feet'] is, it struck Mrs. Garrick, and she says, on that whole picture, that Mr. Gray is the only poet who ever understood dancing." Mrs. Garrick may be said to have belonged to Johnson's circle. She survived her husband forty-three years.

<sup>2</sup> The mansion-house at Stoke-Poges, pulled down by Mr. Penn in 1789. It was the scene of Gray's "Long Story." I believe that Lady Cobham had retired to this house, after the death of Viscount Cobham in 1749; it was her own, her father, Edmund Halsey, the predecessor of Thrale's father in the brewery now known by the name of Barclay and Perkins, having purchased it in 1720.

<sup>3</sup> *Two* volumes, as we learn from the next letter. Volume vii., completing it to the end of G, appeared in November of this year, 1757. The story of its vicissitudes (it was alternately stopped and encouraged by authority,) is concisely but graphically told by Carlyle in his account of Diderot ("Misc. Essays," vol. v.) its editor. A complete copy of the first edition consists of thirty-five volumes.

CXLVI. *To Wharton.*

Aug: 17. 1757.

DEAR DOCTOR

It feels to me as if it were a long while, since I heard from you. not a word to flatter or to abash the vanity of an Author! suffer me then to tell you, that I hear, we are not at all popular. the great objection is obscurity, no body knows what we would be at. one Man (a Peer) I have been told of, that thinks the last stanza of the 2<sup>d</sup> Ode relates to Charles the first, and Oliver Cromwell. in short the *Συγγοί*<sup>1</sup> appear to be still fewer, than even I expected.

You will imagine all this does not go very deep; but I have been almost eversince I was here exceedingly dispirited, besides being really ill in body. no gout, but something feverish, that seems to come almost every morning, & disperses soon after I am up. the Cobhams are here, and as civil as usual. Garrick and his Wife have been down with them some days, and are soon to come again. except the little amusement they give me, & two volumes of the *Encyclopedie* now almost exhausted, I have nothing but my own thoughts to feed upon, & you know they are of the gloomy cast. write to me then for *sweet*

folio, printed between the years 1751 and 1780. Gray possibly knew its English predecessor, the work of Ephraim Chambers (1728) to which a supplement by J. L. Scott and Dr. Hill appeared as late as 1753; but his interest in the French Encyclopædists was probably not merely scientific; he liked reading French, and *perhaps* had some prescience that their work was in another sense *epoch-making*.

<sup>1</sup> The motto to the two odes was originally simply :

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ.

—Pind. Olymp., ii. 4.

The “Critical Review” having remarked that “the author might, with great propriety, have added :

ἔς  
δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνεύων  
χαρίζει.”

in the edition of 1768, to which Gray added more explanatory notes, the reviewer’s suggestion was actually adopted.



*S<sup>t</sup> Charity*,<sup>1</sup> and remember, that while I am my own, I am most faithfully

Yours

TG.

My best services to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton.<sup>2</sup>

### CXLVII. *To Richard Hurd*

Stoke, August 25, 1757.

DEAR SIR—

I do not know why you should thank me for what you had a right and title to; but attribute it to the excess of your politeness, and the more so because almost no one else has made me the same compliment. As your acquaintance in the University (you say) do me the honour to admire, it would be ungenerous in me not to give them notice that they are doing a very unfashionable thing, for all people of condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to understand: one very great man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times, and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above thirty questions to ask. Another, a peer, believes that the last stanza of the Second Ode relates to King Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell.<sup>3</sup> Even my friends tell me they do not succeed, and write me moving topics of consolation on that head; in short, I have heard of nobody but a player and a doctor of divinity<sup>4</sup> that profess their esteem for them. Oh yes! a lady of quality, a friend of Mason's, who is a great reader. She knew there was a compliment to Dryden,<sup>5</sup> but never suspected there was any-

<sup>1</sup> "By Gis [Jesus] and by Saint Charity" is one of poor Ophelia's songs ("Hamlet," iv. 5). Gray employs the same adjuration in the whimsical lines addressed by William Shakespeare to Mason's cook:

"A moment's patience, gentle Mistress Anne  
(But stint your clack for sweet St Charitie)," etc.

<sup>2</sup> To Wharton at his London address in Coleman Street.

<sup>3</sup> From Gray's letter to Wharton, September 7th, *infra*, it may be conjectured that this learned peer was Lord Barrington.

<sup>4</sup> Garrick and Dr. Warburton.—*Mitford*.

<sup>5</sup> Because Dryden is expressly named in "The Progress of Poesy," whilst Shakespeare and Milton are only indicated.

thing said about Shakspeare or Milton, till it was explained to her; and wishes that there had been titles prefixed to tell what they were about.

From this mention of Mason's name you may think, perhaps, we are great correspondents; no such thing; I have not heard from him these two months. I will be sure to scold in my own name as well as in yours. I rejoice to hear you are so ripe for the press, and so voluminous,<sup>1</sup>—not for my own sake only, whom you flatter with the hopes of seeing your labours both public and private,—but for yours too, for to be employed is to be happy.<sup>2</sup> This principle of mine, and I am convinced of its truth, has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing; indeed I have one excuse; my health, which you so kindly enquire after, is not extraordinary, ever since I came hither. It is no great malady, but several little ones, that seem brewing no good to me.

It will be a particular pleasure to me to hear whether Content dwells in Leicestershire,<sup>3</sup> and how she entertains herself there; only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet ugliness of Cambridge. I am, dear sir,

Your friend and obliged humble servant.

T. GRAY.

If Mr. Brown falls in your way, be so good to shew him the beginning of this letter, and it will save me the labour of writing the same thing twice. His first letter, I believe, was in the mail that was robbed, for it was delayed many days; his second I have just received.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding probably to the "Moral and Political Dialogues" then composing, and published in 1759.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Gray to Walpole, July 11th, *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Hurd was settled in Leicestershire, February 16th, 1757, on the College living of Thurstaston. See Mason's "Elegy IV." to Mr. Hurd:

"Whose equal mind could see vain Fortune shower  
Her flowery favours on the fawning crew,  
While in low *Thurcaston's sequestered bower*,  
She fixed him distant from Promotion's view."

—*Mitford*. It is quite worth while to preserve the praise from *Mason to Hurd*, thus innocently quoted.

CXLVIII. *To Mason.*

DEAR MASON—

You are welcome to the land of the living, to the sunshine of a court, to the dirt of a chaplain's table,<sup>1</sup> to the society of Dr. Squire<sup>2</sup> and Dr. Chapman.<sup>3</sup> Have you set out, as Dr. Cobden ended, with a sermon against adultery? or do you, with deep mortification and a Christian sense of your own nothingness, read prayers to Princess Emily<sup>4</sup> while she is putting on her dress? Pray acquaint me with the whole ceremonial, and how your first preachment succeeded; whether you have heard of anybody that renounced their election, or made restitution to the Exchequer; whether you saw any woman trample her pompons under foot, or spit upon her handkerchief to wipe off the rouge.

I would not have put another note to save the souls of all the owls in London. It is extremely well as it is—nobody understands me, and I am perfectly satisfied. Even

<sup>1</sup> Mason was appointed, by the Duke of Devonshire, Chaplain in ordinary to George II. 1757.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> When Gray wrote in 1761, in the "Sketch of His Own Character":

"But left Church and State to Charles Townshend and *Squire*,"

Squire had, I think, just been made Bishop of St. David's (see to Wharton, May 9th, 1761). He was, says Mitford, Fellow of St. John's, Rector of St. Anne's, Soho, and afterwards Dean of Bristol, before his elevation to the episcopacy. Warburton said of him that he made *religion his trade*, as another dean made *trade his religion*. Squire's chaplain was the infamous Dr. Dodd, by Squire introduced to Lord Chesterfield, who made him tutor to his son. Dodd, as is well known, was hanged for forging the son's name.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 159, n. 2, and Index.

<sup>4</sup> Compare the anecdote in Walpole's "Reminiscences": "While the Queen (*Caroline*) dressed, prayers used to be read in the outer room, where hung a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, bedchamber woman-in-waiting, was ordered one day to bid the chaplain, Dr. Maddox, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, begin the service. He said archly, 'and a very proper altar-piece, madam.' Queen Anne had the same custom, and once, ordering the door to be shut while she shifted, the chaplain stopped. The queen sent to ask why he did not proceed. He replied: 'He would not whistle the word of God through a key-hole.'"—*Mitford*.

the *Critical Review*<sup>1</sup> (Mr. Franklin, I am told), that is rapt and surprised and shudders at me, yet mistakes the Æolian lyre for the harp of Æolus, which, indeed, as he observes, is a very bad instrument to dance to. If you hear anything (though it is not very likely, for I know my day is over), you will tell me. Lord Lyttleton<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Shenstone<sup>3</sup> admire me, but wish I had been a little clearer. Mr. (Palmyra) Wood<sup>4</sup> owns himself disappointed in his expectations.

<sup>1</sup> See "Critical Review," vol. iv., p. 167. "Such an instrument as the *Æolian harp*, which is altogether uncertain and irregular, must be very ill adapted to the dance, which is one continued, regular movement," etc.—*Mitford*. This blunder, as I have noted elsewhere, though inexcusable in a Professor of Greek, was not unnatural in less instructed readers. Thomson in 1748 had prepossessed the mind of the reading public with a description of what we commonly call the Æolian harp in "The Castle of Indolence," Canto I., xi. :

"A certain music never known before," etc.

He adds a note: "This is not an invention of the author; there being in fact such an instrument called Æolus' Harp, which being placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described." In the same year he published an Ode to Æolus' harp, describing it in a note as the invention of Mr. Oswald. Mason, an authority on such matters, says, in a note to his "Ode to an Æolus' Harp," that it was invented by Kircher about the year 1649, and accidentally discovered again by Oswald.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 172, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> "Mr. Gray, of manners very delicate, yet possessed of a poetical vein fraught with the *noblest and sublimest images*, and a mind fraught with the more masculine parts of learning." See Shenstone's "Essays," vol. ii., p. 248.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> "Some English travellers from Aleppo discovered the ruins of Palmyra about the end of the last century. Our curiosity has been gratified in a more splendid manner by Messieurs Wood and Dawkins."—GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, c. xl., n. 69. The author of "The Ruins of Palmyra," Robert Wood. Walpole writes, December 19th, 1753: "'Palmyra' is come forth, and is a noble book; the prints finely engraved, and an admirable dissertation before it." Again in 1758 he writes: "'The Palmyra' and Balbec are noble works to be undertaken and executed by private men"—the private men being Robert Wood, Under-Secretary of State, Dawkins, and Bouverie. Wood in his capacity as under-secretary got into trouble for seizing the papers of Wilkes in 1763, under a general warrant. He died in 1771, and was buried at Putney; Walpole wrote his epitaph. Mitford tells us that he accompanied the Duke of Bridgewater (the "father of British

Your enemy, Dr. Brown,<sup>1</sup> says I am the best thing in the language. Mr. Fox,<sup>2</sup> supposing the Bard sung his song but once over, does not wonder if Edward the First did not understand him. This last criticism is rather unhappy, for though it had been sung a hundred times under his window, it was absolutely impossible King Edward should understand him; but that is no reason for Mr. Fox, who lives almost 500 years after him. It is very well; the next thing I print shall be in Welch,—that's all.

I delight in your Epigram, but dare not show it anybody, for your sake; but I more delight to hear from Mr. Hurd that *Caractacus* advances. Am I not to see Mador's song? Could not we meet some day,—at Hounslow, for example, after your waiting is over? Do tell me time and place. I am most truly yours,  
T. G.

*P.S.*—If you write to Lord Jersey,<sup>3</sup> commend me to him. I was so civil to send a book to Lord Nuneham,<sup>4</sup> but hear nothing of him. Where is Stonhewer? I am grown a stranger to him. You will oblige me by sending to Dodsley's, to say I wonder the third and fourth volumes of the *Encyclopedie* are not come. If you chance to call yourself, you might enquire if many of my 2000 remain upon his hands. He told me a fortnight ago about 12 or 1300 were gone.

You talk of writing a comment. I do not desire you should be employed in any such office; but what if Delap (inspired by a little of your intelligence) should do such a matter; it will get him a shilling; but it must bear no name, nor must he know I mentioned it.

Inland Navigation") in his travels through Italy, and that his portrait is in the Bridgewater Gallery.

<sup>1</sup> The author of "The Estimate."—*Mitford*. See p. 186 and n. 2; p. 257 and n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards the 1st Lord Holland; on his seat at Westgate, Gray wrote the severe "Impromptu," preserved among his poems. Cf. p. 285, n. 1. He was the father of Charles James Fox.

<sup>3</sup> The father of "the little Lord Villiers." See p. 266 and n. 3.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 266 and n. 2.



CXLIX. *To Wharton.*

Stoke, Sept: 6, 1757.

DEAR DOCT<sup>R</sup>

I am greatly obliged to your care & kindness for considering with more attention, than it deserves, the article of my health. at present I am far better, & take long walks again, have better spirits, & am more capable of amusement. the offer you make me of your lodgings for a time I should gladly embrace, both for the sake of seeing you, & for variety, & because it will answer another end by furnishing me with a reason for not going into the country to *a place, where I am invited.*<sup>1</sup> (I think, you understand me) but the truth is, I can not afford to hurry about from place to place; so I shall continue, where I am, and trust to *illness*, or some other cause for an excuse, since to *that place* I am positive, I will not go. it hurts me beyond measure, that I am forced to make these excuses, but go I cannot, and something must be said. These are cruel things!

The family<sup>2</sup> you mention near me are full as civil as ever; Mis Sp:<sup>3</sup> seems to understand; and to all such, as do

<sup>1</sup> Probably Strawberry Hill. He had written recently to Mason: "Could not we meet some day—at Hounslow for example—when your waiting is over?" So Mitford explains a similar suggestion to Mason, October 6th, 1759. 'In one of his letters Walpole says: "I live within two miles of Hounslow." Long after this time there was only a *ferry-boat* between Twickenham and Richmond, and Walpole's usual road to London must have been through Isleworth and Brentford, by the Hounslow road.' It will be noted that to Wharton Gray consistently represents his intercourse with Walpole as somewhat reluctantly maintained on his own part; there was, perhaps, in this something of affectation.

<sup>2</sup> Those whom he calls (to Wharton, August 27th, *supra*) the Cobhams, meaning, I think, Lady Cobham and Miss Speed; for Lady Cobham died without issue.

<sup>3</sup> A substantial part of this lady's history may be traced in Gray's lively pages, and the notes from time to time. For the rest, she was, according to Walpole, Lady Cobham's niece. Her father, Colonel Speed, was the friend of Viscount Cobham, who, upon the Colonel's decease, took her into his family and treated her with paternal care. As a young girl at Stowe, she met Pope, and probably Thomson, who celebrated Stowe and its Cobham in

not, she says—*Φωναντα συνετοισι*—in so many words. And this is both my Motto and Comment. I am afraid, you mistake Mr. Roper's complaisance for approbation. Dr. Brown (I hear) says, they are the best Odes<sup>1</sup> in our language. Mr. Garrick, the best in ours, *or any other*. I should not write this immodest panegyric, did not you guess at the motive of their applause. L<sup>d</sup> Lyttleton & M<sup>r</sup>

verse: she therefore early knew "the wicked imp they call a Poet." It is possible that she knew Gray before she went with Lady Schaub to pay him that visit which is the theme of "The Long Story." She may have met him, for example, at the house of Lady Brown, that great entertainer of "travelled" men—who was certainly a common friend of Lady Schaub and the poet. At the date of "The Long Story" she was about twenty-seven years old. She is drawn by Richard Bentley in his illustrations to "The Long Story," flying through the air with her companion; her features, as Mr. Gosse describes them, are there "pretty and delicate." Her graceful letter of acknowledgment of "The Long Story" is given in "Gray and His Friends," p. 197; and another in August, 1759, inviting him to Stoke, which shows that she had been in correspondence with him. She there says: "You can easily conceive me vain of the Partiality you show me"—and "if you are at present an invalide, let that prompt you to come, for from the *affected creature* you knew me, I am nothing now but a comfortable nurse." We should gather from this letter that she was clever and sprightly—and, after the fashion of her day, quite indifferent to spelling (she calls him Mr. *Grey*). Shortly before her marriage to the Baron de la Peyriere (Jan., 1762), Gray wrote for her the trifles "Thyrsis when he left me swore," etc., and "With Beauty, with Pleasure surrounded to languish," the former to an air of Gemini-ani. Four years after Gray's death Walpole describes her (1775) as having completed the conquest of France by her behaviour and by the fêtes she gave in honour of the wedding of Madame Clotilde (sister of Louis XVI.) to the Prince of Piedmont. She has developed since Bentley pictured her (unless he flattered) for Walpole talks of her "large cheeks." Her husband was ambassador in France, but had in 1777 a "sad fall"—he was "arrested at Susa and ordered to present himself twice a day to the governor. Madame has leave to go when she pleases," but all the same "she was supposed to be the cause of her husband's disgrace, as very intriguing"—(she urged him to make himself prime minister). "Lord Shelburne, who was her friend, prevailed on the king to obtain their pardon in 1783, about which time she died suddenly"—in fact, just as she was about to come to England again, early in that year.

<sup>1</sup> From a note communicated to me by my friend Mr. James Boswell, I find that on June 29th, 1757, Gray received forty guineas for his two odes.—*Mitford*

Shenstone admire, but wish they were a little clearer. L<sup>d</sup> Barrington's<sup>1</sup> explanation, I think, I told you before, so will not repeat it. Mr. Fox thinks, if the Bard sung his song but once over, King Edward could not possibly understand him. indeed I am of his opinion, and am certain, if he had sung it fifty times, it was impossible the king should know a jot the more about Edw<sup>d</sup> the 3<sup>d</sup>, & Qu: Elizabeth, and Spencer, and Milton, &c . . . M<sup>r</sup> Wood (M<sup>r</sup> Pitt's Wood<sup>2</sup>) is disappointed in his expectations. Dr. Akenside criticises opening a *source* with a *key*.<sup>3</sup> The Critical Review you have seen, or may see. He is in raptures (they say, it is Professor Franklin) but mistakes the Æolian Lyre for the *Harp of Æolus*, & on this mistake founds a compliment & a criticism. this is, I think, all I have heard, that signifies.

The *Encyclopedie*,<sup>4</sup> I own, may cloy one, if one sits down to it. but you will own, that out of one great good dinner, a number of little good dinners may be made, that would not cloy one at all. There is a long article *sur le Beau*<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> William, Lord Barrington, who filled many public offices, and retired from Parliament in 1778; died February 1st, 1793. . . . His official career extended over a period of twenty-four years. He had been successively Secretary-at-War, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Treasurer of the Navy.—*Mitford*. His "explanation" is perhaps (see to Hurd, August 25th) the notion that the last stanza of "The Bard" relates to "King Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell."

<sup>2</sup> "Palmyra" Wood, as we have seen; called here Mr. Pitt's Wood, because the great statesman was his patron.

<sup>3</sup> "There too these golden *keys*, immortal boy,  
This can *unlock* the gates of joy  
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
Or *ope* the sacred source of sympathetic tears."  
—*Progress of Poesy*, iii. 1. 91.

But Akenside, in his "Ode on Lyric Poetry," "While I so late *unlock* thy purer *springs*." In "Pleasures of the Imagination" (Book I.), "I *unlock* the *springs* of ancient Wisdom."—*Mitford*. Akenside's objection is to the *key*. Yet it is possible both to lock and unlock waters with a key.

<sup>4</sup> It must be owned that neither in this criticism nor in those which he makes from time to time upon Rousseau, is there much inkling of the political and social tendencies of French science and speculation.

<sup>5</sup> By Diderot, but the latter part of it is a long quotation from

that for my life I can not understand. several of the geographical articles are carelessly done, & some of the antiquities, or ancient history.<sup>1</sup>

My best compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. I hope the operation going forward on your children will succeed to your wishes. Adieu, dear S<sup>r</sup>, & believe me ever,

Yours

TG:

This letter is to *yourself* only. Our best Mason, I suppose you know is in Town, and *in waiting*. Do you know any thing of St<sup>r</sup>?<sup>2</sup> Pray desire Mas<sup>n</sup> to repeat an epigram to you.

CL. *To Mason.*

Stoke, September 28, 1757.

DEAR MASON

I have, as I desired Stonhewer to tell you, read over *Caractacus* twice, not with pleasure only, but with emotion.<sup>3</sup> You may say what you will, but the contrivance, the manners, the interests, the passions, and the expression, go beyond the dramatic part of your *Elfrida* many, many leagues. I even say (though you will think me a bad judge of this) that the world will

Marmontel, himself a contributor to the work. The former part discusses, *inter alia*, the theory of Hutcheson, the disciple of Shaftesbury, of an internal sense of beauty, and this should have interested Gray, already familiar, as we have seen, with "the Hutcheson jargon"; but he may have stumbled at the Frenchman's own definition of beauty as "tout ce qui réveille en nous l'idée de rapports." Marmontel (*l. c.*) affirms that the distinct qualities of the beautiful may be reduced to three, "la force, la richesse, et l'intelligence." I am unable to say for certain whether Gray had before him the article in this composite form. It is noteworthy that "Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful" had appeared in 1756.

<sup>1</sup> Gray's judgment in this sentence is confirmed by those who know in our own day.

<sup>2</sup> Stonehewer.

<sup>3</sup> In the manuscript now before him, Mr. Gray had only the first Ode, the others were not then written; and although the dramatic

like it better. I am struck with the Chorus, who are not there merely to sing and dance, but bear throughout a principal part in the action, and have (beside the costume, which is excellent) as much a character of their own as any other person. I am charmed with their priestly pride and obstinacy, when, after all is lost, they resolve to confront the Roman General, and spit in his face.<sup>1</sup> But now I am going to tell you what touches me most. From the beginning the first opening is greatly improved. The curiosity of Didius<sup>2</sup> is now a very natural reason for dwelling on each particular of the scene before him, nor is the description at all too long. I am glad to find the two young men are Cartismandua's sons;<sup>3</sup> they interest me far more. I love people of condition. They were men before that nobody knew; one could not make them a bow if one had met them at a public place.

I always admired that interruption of the Druids to Evelina,<sup>4</sup> "Peace, Virgin, peace," etc.; and chiefly the abstract idea personified (to use the words of a critic), at

part was brought to a conclusion, yet it was afterwards in many places altered.—*Mason*, who tells us at great length that Gray was mistaken with regard to the opinion that the world would have about "Caractacus." Mitford here contrasts Gray with Walpole, who writes, "Mr. Mason has published another drama called 'Caractacus.' There are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons than of the Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, 'will cry and roar all night' without the least provocation" (to George Montagu, June 2nd, 1759).

<sup>1</sup> Of the instances of "priestly pride and obstinacy" which Gray thus describes with gentle banter, here is a sample;—

"Servant of Cæsar, has thine impious tongue  
Spent the black venom of its blasphemy?  
It has. Then take our curses on thine head,  
E'en his fell curses, who doth reign in Mona,  
Vicegerent of those gods thy pride insults."

<sup>2</sup> Aulus Didius, the Roman general.

<sup>3</sup> Cartismandua is Queen of the Brigantes; Vellinus and Elidurus are her sons. Vellinus is a traitor, and betrays Caractacus.

<sup>4</sup> Daughter of Caractacus.





I am delighted with in quite another way, for this is pure poetry, as it ought to be, forming the proper transition, and leading on the mind to that still purer poetry that follows it. You have somehow mistaken my meaning about the sober Sisters: the verb "nod" before "only," seemed to be a verb neuter; now you have made it absolutely such, which was just my objection to it; but it is easily altered, for if the accusative case come first, there is no danger of ambiguity. I read

See ! their gold and ebon rod  
Where the sober Sisters nod,  
And greet in whispers sage and slow.  
Snowdon, mark ! 'tis Magic's hour ;  
Now the mutter'd spell hath power,  
Power to rift <sup>2</sup> thy ribs of rock,  
To burst thy base with thunder's shock,  
But, etc., etc.<sup>3</sup>

than those that dwell  
In musick's, etc.

You will laugh at my "these's" and "those's," but they strike my ear better. What Mador sings<sup>4</sup> must be the

Much is the potency of pious prayer :  
And much the sacred influence convey'd  
By sage mysterious office : when the soul,  
Snatch'd by the power of music from her cell  
Of fleshly thralldom, feels herself upborn  
On plumes of ecstasy, and boldly springs  
'Mid swelling harmonies and pealing hymns  
Up to the porch of heav'n," etc.

<sup>1</sup> So in the present text, except that we have a comma after "rod," which, if significant, makes "nod" still "a verb neuter."

<sup>2</sup> "Rend" in present text.

<sup>3</sup> "But to thee no ruder spell  
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell  
In music's secret cells, and lie  
Steep'd in the stream of harmony."

<sup>4</sup> "What Mador sings" is now the song which sends them all to sleep, beginning, "Hail, thou harp," etc. (see letter, December 19th, 1756, *ad fin.*). They are to go to sleep in order to see visions and dream dreams, and it would appear that these strains, if they had at first another purpose, were easily adapted to this end. Guesses, however, at the state of Mason's drama at this time may easily be wrong.

finest thing that ever was wrote; and the next chorus, where they all go to sleep, must be finer still.

In the beginning of the succeeding act I admire the chorus again, "Is it not now the hour, the holy hour,"<sup>1</sup> etc.: and their evasion of a lie, "Say'st thou, proud boy," etc.: and "Sleep with the unsunn'd silver,"<sup>2</sup> which is an example of a dramatic simile. The sudden appearance of Caractacus,<sup>3</sup> the pretended respect and admiration of Vellinus,<sup>4</sup> and the probability of his story, the distrust of the Druids, and their reasoning with Caractacus,<sup>5</sup> and particularly that, "'Tis meet thou should'st; thou art a

1 "Is it not now the hour,  
The holy hour, when to the cloudless height  
Of yon starr'd concave climbs the full-orb'd moon,  
And to this nether world in solemn stillness  
Gives sign, that to the list'ning ear of Heav'n  
Religion's voice should plead? The very babe  
Knows this, and, 'chance awak'd his little hands  
Lifts to the gods, and on his innocent couch  
Calls down a blessing."

2 "(Vellinus.)

Caractacus is here.

(Chorus.)

Say'st thou, proud boy?  
'Tis boldly said, and *grant 'twere truly said*,  
Think'st thou he were not here from fraud or force  
As safe, as in a camp of conquerors?  
Here, youth, he would be guarded by the gods;  
Their own high hostage; and each sacred hair  
Of his selected head, would in these caverns  
*Sleep with the unsunn'd silver of the mine*,  
As precious and as safe."

3 When the traitor Vellinus says that he and his brother are sent to seek the great Caractacus, the hero "starts from behind the altar" with "And ye have found me," etc.

4 "Ye blest immortal Powers! is this the man,  
The more than man who for nine bloody years  
Withstood all Rome? He is; that warlike front," etc.

6 "Rash Caractacus!  
What hast thou done? What dost thou mean to do?"

The reader can perhaps judge the sacrifices Gray is making to friendship.

king,"<sup>1</sup> etc., etc.; "Mark me, Prince, the time will come when destiny," etc., are well and happily imagined. Apropos of the last striking passage<sup>2</sup> I have mentioned, I am going to make a digression.

When we treat a subject where the manners are almost lost in antiquity our stock of ideas must needs be small, and nothing betrays our poverty more than the returning to and harping frequently on one image; it was therefore I thought you should omit some lines before, though good in themselves, about the scythed car, that the passage now before us might appear with greater lustre when it came; and in this, I see, you have complied with me. But there are other ideas here and there still that occur too often, particularly about the oaks, some of which I would discard to make way for the rest.

But the subjects I speak of, to compensate (and more than compensate) that unavoidable poverty, have one great

<sup>1</sup> " (*Caractacus.*)

Yet I submit in all——

(*Chorus.*)

'Tis meet thou should'st.

Thou art a king, a sov'reign o'er frail man;  
I am a Druid, servant of the Gods;  
Such service is above such sov'reignty,  
As well thou know'st."

<sup>2</sup> It is in Mason's best "'Ercles vein":

"Mark me, Prince!

The time will come, when Destiny and Death,  
Thron'd in a burning car, the thund'ring wheels  
Arm'd with gigantic scythes of adamant  
Shall scour this field of life: and in the rear  
The fiend Oblivion: kingdoms, empires, worlds  
Melt in the general blaze: when, lo, from high  
Andraste darting, catches from the wreck  
The roll of fame, claps her ascending plumes,  
And stamps on orient stars each patriot name  
Round her eternal dome."

Caractacus is so pleased with this address that he replies:

"Speak ever thus

And I will hear thee, till attention fade  
In heedless ecstasy."

advantage when they fall into good hands : they leave an unbounded liberty to pure imagination and fiction (our favourite provinces), where no critic can molest or antiquary gainsay us. And yet (to please me) these fictions must have some affinity, some seeming connection with that little we really know of the character and customs of the people. For example, I never heard in my days that midnight and the moon were sisters, that they carried rods of ebony and gold, or met to whisper on the top of a mountain ; but now, I could lay my life it is all true, and do not doubt it will be found so in some Pantheon of the Druids that is to be discovered in the library at Herculaneum. The Car of Destiny and Death is a very noble invention of the same class, and, as far as that goes, is so fine, that it makes me more delicate than, perhaps, I should be. About the close of it, Andraste, sailing on the wings of fame, that snatches the wreaths from oblivion to hang them on her loftiest amaranth, though a clean and beautiful piece of unknown mythology, has too Greek an air to give me perfect satisfaction.

Now I proceed. The preparation to the Chorus, though so much akin to that in the former act, is excellent. The remarks of Evelina, and her suspicions of the brothers, mixed with a secret inclination to the younger of them (though, I think, her part throughout wants re-touching),<sup>1</sup> yet please me much ; and the contrivance of the following

<sup>1</sup> It still wants it. Evelina, daughter of Caractacus, suspects the elder brother Vellinus (the traitor), but betrays no very "secret" inclination for the younger, Elidurus.

"Yet must I still distrust the elder stranger :  
For while he talks (and much the flatterer talks)  
His brother's silent carriage gave disproof  
Of all his boast, etc.

. . . oft I saw  
A sigh unbidden heave the younger's breast,  
His gentle eye would cast a glance on me  
As if he pitied me. . . .

. . . then he'd sigh again  
Look on the ground, and hang his modest head  
Most pensively."

—This to those discerning old men, the Druids.



scene much more. "Masters of wisdom,<sup>1</sup> no," etc., I always admired, as I do the rocking-stone<sup>2</sup> and the distress of Elidurus. Evelina's examination of him is a well-invented scene, and will be, with a little pains, a very touching one; but the introduction of Arviragus<sup>3</sup> is superlative. I am not sure whether those few lines of his short narrative, "My strength repaired, it boots not that I tell,"<sup>4</sup> etc., do not please me as much as anything in the whole drama. The sullen bravery of Elidurus; the menaces of the Chorus, that "Think not, Religion,"<sup>5</sup> etc.; the trumpet

<sup>1</sup> See quotation p. 326, n. 1, *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> "Behold yon huge  
And unhewn sphere of living adamant."

"This," says Mason, "is meant to describe the rocking-stone, of which there are several still to be seen in Wales, Cornwall, and Derbyshire. They are universally supposed, by antiquarians, to be Druid monuments; and Mr. Toland thinks 'that the Druids made the people believe that they only could move them, and that by a miracle, by which they condemned or acquitted the accused, and often brought criminals to confess what could in no other way be extorted from them.'"

The distress of Elidurus is occasioned by this, that though innocent of treachery himself, he shrinks from the test, because conscious of the treachery of his brother.

<sup>3</sup> Son of Caractacus, supposed to have deserted his father in a defeat; he appears, however, in the crisis of the drama, tells how he had been left for dead, and falls in the closing struggle.

<sup>4</sup> "what humble arts  
Compell'd I us'd to screen me from the foe.  
How now a peasant from a beggarly scrip  
I sold cheap food to slaves, that nam'd the price,  
Nor after gave it. Now a minstrel poor  
With ill-tun'd harp, and uncouth descant shrill  
I ply'd a thriftless trade, and by such shifts  
Did win obscurity to shroud my name."

<sup>5</sup> "(Chorus.)

Think not Religion and our holy office  
Doth teach us tamely, like the bleating lamb,  
To crouch before oppression, and with neck  
Outstretch'd await the stroke.

. . . Know, when I blow  
That sacred trumpet bound with sable fillets  
To yonder branching oak, the awful sound  
Calls forth a thousand Britons.

of the Druids; that "I'll follow him, though in my chains," etc.; "Hast thou a brother, no,"<sup>1</sup> etc.; the placability of the Chorus<sup>2</sup> when they see the motives of Elidurus' obstinacy, give me great contentment. So do the reflections of the Druid on the necessity of lustration,<sup>3</sup> and the reasons for Vellinus' easy escape; but I would not have him seize on a spear, nor issue hastily through the cavern's mouth.<sup>4</sup> Why should he not steal away unmarked

---

(*Elidurus.*)

Gracious gods!

Then there are hopes, indeed.—Oh call them instant,  
This Prince will lead them on: I'll follow him,  
Though in my chains," etc.

<sup>1</sup> Arviragus, son of Caractacus, suggests that Elidurus might join in the attack on the Romans, but the Druids object that he is under suspicion, and urge him to a confession, which he refuses. Then Arviragus says:

"Reflect,

Either thyself or brother must have wrong'd us:  
Then why conceal—"

To which he replies:

"Hast thou a brother? no!

Else hadst thou spar'd the word: and yet a sister,  
Lovely as thine, might more than teach thee, Prince,  
What 'tis to have a brother," etc.

<sup>2</sup>

"Excellent youth!

Thy words do speak thy soul, and such a soul,  
As 'wakes our wonder. Thou art free: thy brother  
Shall be thine honour's pledge! So will we use him  
As thou art false or true."

<sup>3</sup> Let this suffice:

"Hence doth the man

Who ev'n converses with a villain, need  
As much purgation, as the pallid wretch  
'Scap'd from the walls, where frowning Pestilence  
Spreads wide her livid banners."

<sup>4</sup> As the play stands now, Evelina remembers to have noted the escape of Vellinus, when she was telling her father of the return of her brother:

"But my tongue

Scarce nam'd Arviragus, ere the false stranger  
(As I bethink me since) with stealthy pace  
Fled to the cavern's mouth."

and unmissed till the hurry of passions in those that should have guarded him was a little abated? But I chiefly admire the two speeches of Elidurus:—"Ah! Vellinus, is this thee,"<sup>1</sup> etc., and "Ye do gaze on me, Fathers,"<sup>2</sup> etc. The manner in which the Chorus reply to him is very fine, but the image at the end wants a little mending. The next scene is highly moving; it is so very good that I must have it made yet better.

Now for the last Act. I do not know what you would have, but to me the design and contrivance of it is at least equal to any part of the whole. The short-lived triumph of the Britons—the address of Caractacus to the Roman victims—Evelina's discovery of the ambush—the mistake of the Roman fires for the rising sun—the death of Arviragus—the interview between Didius and Caractacus—his mourning over his dead son—his parting speech (in which you have made all the use of Tacitus<sup>3</sup> that your

<sup>1</sup> Thus now :

"Ah, Vellinus!

Does thus our love, does thus our friendship end?"

—which is, at any rate, grammatical.

<sup>2</sup> The passage, I think, reads thus, now, and it is better than the average of Mason's work :

(*Chorus.*)

"True, thou must die.

(*Elidurus.*)

I pray ye, then, on your best mercy, Fathers,  
It may be speedy. I would fain be dead,  
If this be life. Yet I must doubt ev'n that.  
For falsehood of this strange stupendous sort  
Sets firm-ey'd Reason on a gaze, mistrusting,  
That what she sees in palpable plain form,  
The stars in yon blue arch, these woods, these caverns,  
Are all mere tricks of cozenage, nothing real,  
The vision of a vision. If he's fled  
I ought to hate this brother.

(*Chorus.*)

Yet thou dost not."

This is all that the Chorus replies; "the image at the end" has been "mended" away.

<sup>3</sup> The speech attributed to Caractacus by Tacitus was delivered, if at all, at Rome—certainly not in Mona. Mason follows

plan would admit)—everything, in short, but that little dispute between Didius and him, "'Tis well,<sup>1</sup> and therefore to increase that reverence," etc., down to "Give me a moment" (which must be omitted, or put in the mouth of the Druid), I approve in the highest degree. If I should find any fault with the last Act it could only be with trifles and little expressions. If you make any alterations I fear it will never improve it, I mean as to the plan. I send you back the two last sheets, because you bid me. I reserve my nibblings and minutiae for another day. Adieu, I am most truly yours,

T. G.

Gray's example, in "Agrippina," in dramatizing the historian's concise hints (cf. note on l. 146, *sq.*, of "Agrippina" in Pitt Press ed. of "Gray's Eng. Poems"). For instance, Tacitus makes Caractacus say ("Ann." xii. 37): "*Si quanta nobilitas et fortuna mihi fuit, tanta rerum prosperarum moderatio fuisset, amicus potius in hanc urbem quam captus venissem.*" Paraphrased thus by Mason:

"I,  
Rash that I was, ne'er knew the golden curb  
Discretion hangs on brav'ry: else perchance  
These men that fasten fetters on thy father  
Had sued to him for peace, and claim'd his friendship."

And again: "*Habui equos, viros, arma, opes. Quid mirum si haec invitus amisi? Num si vos omnibus imperitare vultis, sequitur ut omnes servitutem accipiant?*"

"Soldier, I had arms,  
Had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars,  
Had wealth, dominion. Dost thou wonder, Roman,  
I fought to save them? What, if Cæsar aims  
To lord it universal o'er the world,  
Shall the world tamely crouch at Cæsar's footstool?"

Where the rugged simplicity of the barbarian is lost. Again: "*Si incolumem servaveris, æternum exemplar clementiæ ero*" is expanded, to the glory of Caractacus, not of Cæsar, into

"his clemency,  
When trick'd and varnish'd by your glossing penmen,  
Will shine in honour's annals, and adorn  
Himself: it boots not me."

These adaptations (to do Mason justice) are not unskilful.

<sup>1</sup> The things to which Gray here objects have disappeared.

I have had a printed Ode sent me, called "Melpomene."<sup>1</sup> Pray who wrote it? I suspect Mr. Bedingfield,<sup>2</sup> Montagu,<sup>3</sup> young Pitt,<sup>4</sup> or Delap.<sup>5</sup> Do say I like it.

CLI. *To Wharton.*

Oct: 7. 1757.

DEAR DOCT<sup>r</sup>

I heartily rejoice with you, that your little family are out of danger, and all apprehensions of that kind over with them for life. yet I have heard, you were ill yourself, and kept your bed: as this was (I imagine) only by way of regimen, & not from necessity; I hope soon to be told, you have no further occasion for it. yet take care of yourself, for there is a bad fever now very frequent. it is

<sup>1</sup> See *Dodsley's Poems* in Anderson's Collection, vol. xi., p. 76—*Mitford*. It would seem from Gray's next letter to Mason that the discovery that this poem was by the excellent ex-footman occasioned some dismay. Dodsley's little treatise, "The Economy of Human Life," was attributed to no less a personage than the great Lord Chesterfield.

<sup>2</sup> In Dodsley's "Collection of Poems," vol. iii., p. 119, is a poem, "The Death of Achilles," by Mr. Bedingfield. See on him a letter of Dr. J. Warton to his brother, 1753, "Give my compliments to Bedingfield. I am glad he is emerging into life from Hertford College," in Dr. Wooll's "Life of Dr. Warton," p. 217; and one from Dodsley, "Mr. Bedingfield has actually refined his taste to a degree that makes him dissatisfied with almost every composition," p. 225; and another from him of the year 1757 to Dr. Warton, p. 244, on Milton.—*Mitford*. See also *supra*, p. 291, n. 1, and *infra*, to Warton, Oct. 7, 1757.

<sup>3</sup> Frederick, son of Charles Montagu, of Papplewick in Northamptonshire. See Gray to Wharton, Jan. 9, 1761. Walpole calls him "Sandwich's own cousin." He sat for Higham Ferrers.—*From Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock, nephew of Lord Chatham, afterwards Lord Camelford, died at Florence in 1793. See on him Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, January, 1760, and January, 1761. His only son and successor was killed in a duel in 1804, and his daughter was married to Lord Grenville in 1792. Walpole says of him to Mason: "He is not only an ingenious young man, but a most amiable one. He has always acted in the most noble style." Grenville speaks of "the affectionate attachment of the people who knew him best." He was attached to George Grenville, and by him made a Lord of the Admiralty.—*From Mitford*.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 329, n. 1.



among the boys at Eton, & (I am told), is much spread about London too. my notion is, that your violent quick pulse, & soapy diet, would not suit well with feverish disorders. Though our party at Slough turn'd out so ill, I could not help being sorry, that you were not with us.

Have you read Mr. Hurd's (printed) letter to Mason, on the Marks of Imitation? <sup>1</sup> you do not tell me your opinion of it. You bid me send you criticisms on myself, and even compliments. did I tell you, what the Speaker <sup>2</sup> says? the 2<sup>d</sup> Ode, he says, is a good pretty tale, but nothing to the *Churchyard*. Mr. Bedingfield in a golden shower of panegyrick writes me word, that at York-races he overheard three People, whom by their dress and manner he takes for Lords, say, that I was impenetrable & inexplicable, and they wish'd, I had told them in prose, what I meant in verse, & then they bought me (w<sup>ch</sup> was what most displeased him) and put me in their pocket. D<sup>r</sup> Warburton is come to town, and likes them extremely. he says the World never pass'd so just an opinion upon any thing as upon them: for that in other things they have affected to like or dislike, whereas here they own, they do not understand, which he looks upon to be very true; but yet thinks, they understand them as well as they do Milton or Shakespear, whom they are obliged by fashion to admire. M<sup>r</sup> G.<sup>k's</sup> <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In 1757 Hurd published a letter to Mason "On the Marks of Imitation," which is since incorporated in a dissertation in his *Horace*. The remarks that appeared against it, anonymously written with much acrimony (*v.* "Monthly Review," 1766, i. 474), were by Mr. Capell. Hurd maintained through life his friendship for Mason, which was formed at college; and at Mason's death, in 1797, a long and interesting correspondence was returned by his executors to the bishop. Dr. Whitaker truly said, "Bishop Hurd was the last survivor of Gray's friends"; except Mr. Nicholls of Blundeston.—*From Mitford*. Hurd died in 1808; Norton Nicholls, I think, in 1809. Walpole died in 1797, the same year as Mason.

<sup>2</sup> This was Arthur Onslow, elected January, 1727, retired 1761. He was the nephew of Richard Onslow, speaker in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign.

<sup>3</sup> Garrick's. His verses appeared anonymously in "The London Chronicle" of October 1st, 1757. Gray writes on the following Friday. Garrick's verses are:

"Repine not, Gray, that our weak dazzled eyes  
Thy daring heights and brightness shun;

compliment you have seen; I am told it was printed in the Chronicle of last Saturday. The Review I have read, & admire it, particularly that observation, that the "Bard" is taken from *Pastor, cum traheret*,<sup>1</sup> & the advice to be more an *original*, & in order to be so, the way is (he says) to cultivate the native flowers of the soil, & not introduce the exoticks of another climate.

I am greatly pleased with M<sup>ns</sup> *Caractacus* in its present state. The contrivance & arrangement of events, the manners of the country, the characters & passions, strike

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How few can track the eagle to the skies,  
Or, like him, gaze upon the sun !  
The gentle reader loves the gentle Muse,  
That little dares, and little means,  
Who humbly sips her learning from *Reviews*,  
Or flutters in the *Magazines*.

"No longer now from Learning's sacred store  
Our minds their health and vigour draw ;  
Homer and Pindar are revered no more,  
No more the Stagyrite is law.  
Though nurst by these, in vain thy Muse appears,  
To breathe her ardours in our souls ;  
In vain to sightless eyes and deaden'd ears,  
Thy lightning gleams, and thunder rolls !  
Yet droop not, Gray, nor quit thy heav'n-born art,  
Again thy wondrous powers reveal,  
Wake slumb'ring Virtue in the Briton's heart,  
And rouse us to reflect and feel !  
With ancient deeds our long-chill'd bosoms fire,  
Those deeds which mark'd ELIZA's reign,  
Make Britons Greeks again ! Then strike the lyre,  
And Pindar shall not sing in vain."

<sup>1</sup> Cf. to Wharton, December 2nd, 1758. "The Bard," says Johnson in "Lives of the Poets," "appears, at the first view, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus." The reference is to the 15th of the first book of Horace's Odes, beginning "*Pastor cum traheret*," wherein Nereus, the sea-god, is represented staying with a calm the voyage of Paris, who is carrying off Helen, whilst he prophecies the war that is to follow, and the doom that awaits the seducer. Johnson knew only Mason's collection of the letters, in which Gray's repudiation did not appear. Algarotti, whose letter to W. T. How, December 26th, 1762, *ap.* Mason, Johnson had read, does not say that Gray *imitated* Horace. A comparison between the two poems was, nevertheless, inevitable.

me wonderfully. the difficult part is now got over, nothing remains but to polish, & retouch a little: yet only the beginning of the first Chorus is done of the lyric part.<sup>1</sup> have you seen it?

Adieu! dear S<sup>r</sup>, and believe me ever

Yours  
TG

I shall be in Town probably sooner than you come to stay there.<sup>2</sup>

## CLII. *To Mason.*

Friday, Oct. 13.<sup>3</sup> 1757.

DEAR MASON

I thank you for your history of Melpomene,<sup>4</sup> which is curious and ought to be remembered; the judgment of knowing ones ought always to be upon record, that they may not be suffered to retract and mitigate their applause. If I were Dodsley I would sue them, and they should buckle my shoe in Westminster Hall. What is the reason I hear nothing of your waiting, and your performances in public? Another thing,—why has Mr. Hurd's Letter<sup>5</sup> to you never been advertised? and why do not I hear what anybody says about it?

I go from hence for three days on Wednesday next, and hope your installation will not be so over that you should come to Windsor before I return; if I had notice in due

<sup>1</sup> I do not understand this. If Gray's notes have been placed by Mitford under their right dates, Mason had already written the whole of "Hail, thou harp," etc., by the 19th of December, 1796, and Gray criticises "Mona on Snowdon calls," carried as far as Mason ever carried it, in June, 1757. I suspect that Gray's comments were separate from the body of his letters to Mason, and have been mixed with these in the wrong order.

<sup>2</sup> Addressed: "To Dr. Thomas Wharton M:D: in Kings-Arms Yard, Coleman Street London."

<sup>3</sup> If this date is right, October 7th, to Wharton, must be wrongly dated by Gray. Cf. note there on the "Chronicle."

<sup>4</sup> See note on letter, September 28th, 1757, *supra*.

<sup>5</sup> See note on preceding letter.

time, I would meet you at the Christopher<sup>1</sup> in Eton, or, if you choose it,—you know the worst, having been already here,—shall rejoice to see you at Stoke. In town I shall hardly be till next month. Our expedition is extremely *à l'Anglaise*,<sup>2</sup> but I have given up all thoughts of England, and care for nobody but the King of Prussia. Pray do not suffer your megrims to prevail over you; it is good for you that you should come to school for a few months now and then. I must say no one has profited more in so few lessons. Common sense nowhere thrives better than in the neighbourhood of nonsense. Take care of your health, and believe me ever yours,

T. G.

Send me Elegy,<sup>3</sup>—my hoe is sharp.

CLIII. *To Wharton.*DEAR DOCT<sup>R</sup>

I should be extremely sorry to think that you or M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton came a day the sooner to town on my account this fine season. if you are already come, I shall come to you: if not, you will let me know some day this week (for I shall hardly stay here much longer) that I may write for a lodging. I rejoice to hear you are all well.

If there be really any Enquiry into the Expedition (w<sup>ch</sup> I believe will scarcely be, unless it be very hard press'd) many things will appear, as well with regard to the design as the execution, that do not yet seem to be generally known.<sup>4</sup> the design, for w<sup>ch</sup> the soldiers were

<sup>1</sup> This famous inn is now a master's house at Eton, the old courtyard still remaining with traces of the galleries. The modern "Christopher" is some way down the High Street. Walpole wrote to George Montagu (in a letter hopelessly misdated, but probably later than 1745): "Lord! how great I used to think anybody just landed at the 'Christopher'! But here are no boys for me to send for—here I am, like Noah, just returned into his old world again, with all sorts of queer feels about me." And then he plunges into a world of Etonian slang, *φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι*.

<sup>2</sup> See Mitford on letter to Wharton, October 31st of this year, *infra*.

<sup>3</sup> Elegy III., "Written in the Garden of a Friend," to which is appended the date 1758.

<sup>4</sup> This passage refers to the unsuccessful result of the expedi-

put into the boats, was to attack a Fort, call'd *Fourasse*, at the mouth of the Charante (for Rochefort itself lies five miles up the River), it was necessary, they should be masters of this place not only to clear their way to the Town, but to have some place of security for their first embarkation of about 1200 Men, who must remain for four hours exposed to the Enemy, before any reinforcement could join them (as the Admirals declared), & (I have heard) this design was laid aside in great measure upon Capt: Howe's<sup>1</sup> saying it would be, if practicable at all, a very bloody, and difficult attempt. if therefore he asserts what you have been told, it is very strange. When I see you, I shall tell you more; and even this, if you do not hear it publicly said, I should wish, you would not mention.

I want to know what is said of our Capt: General's resignation<sup>2</sup> & the causes of it, for this seems a more extraordinary thing than the other.

Adieu, Dear S<sup>r</sup> I am ever

Faithfully Yours.<sup>3</sup>

October 31. 1757.

tion, under the command of Sir Edward Hawke, and Sir John Mordaunt, against Rochefort, in the month of September, 1757. For which Sir John Mordaunt was afterwards tried by a court martial, and acquitted.—*From Mitford.* The expedition had so far succeeded, on September 28th, that it captured the fortified island of Aix, at the mouth of the Charente. Here Sir William Williams, whose epitaph Gray wrote after his death at Belleisle, served as a volunteer on board Captain Howe's ship the "Magnanime," and was deputed to receive the capitulation. (See note on Gray's Poems, Pitt Press ed., p. 258.) Chesterfield to his son, October 10th, writes thus: "General Mordaunt asked the admiral [Hawke] if he could land him and the troops near Rochefort? The admiral said, 'With great ease.' To which the general replied, 'But can you take us on board again?' To which the admiral answered, 'That, like all naval operations, will depend upon the wind.' 'If so,' said the general, 'I'll e'en go home again.'" Walpole's cousin, General Conway (afterwards Marshal), was in this expedition, and took possession of the citadel of Aix.

<sup>1</sup> So Mr. Gosse rightly. Mitford, *Hone's*. This was afterwards Lord Howe, the famous admiral.

<sup>2</sup> I suppose that this relates to the resignation of the command

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<sup>3</sup> No signature.



CLIV. *To Wharton.*

Dec: 8. 1757.

DEAR DOCTOR

I have received the draught you were so good to send me, & the money is paid. you apprehend too much from my resolutions about writing: they are only made to be broken, & after all it will be just as the maggot bites. you have a very mean opinion of the *Epick*<sup>1</sup> if you think it consists only in laying out a Plan. in four and twenty years at a moderate computation I may have finish'd twelve books, & nine years after I hope to publish. I shall then be 74 years old, and I shall get 500£ for the copy to make me easy for the remainder of my days. somebody has directed a letter to the *Rev<sup>d</sup>* Mr. G: at Strawberry-Hill, w<sup>ch</sup> was sent me yesterday hither. It is anonymous, consists of above nine pages, all about the Bard, and if I would hear as much more about his Companion, I am to direct to the Posthouse at Andover.<sup>2</sup> I do not know but I may have that

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of the army by the D. of Cumberland, after the capitulation of Closter-Seven.—*Mitford*. Chesterfield writes to his son, October 17th, 1757: "Hear, O Israel, and wonder. On Sunday morning last, the Duke gave up his commission of Captain-General, and his Regiment of Guards. You will ask me why? I cannot tell you; but I will tell you the causes assigned; which, perhaps, are none of them the true ones. It is said that the king reproached him with having exceeded his powers, in making the Hanover Convention; which his Royal Highness absolutely denied, and threw up thereupon." Walpole declares that George II. had ordered his son to make the capitulation, and then disavowed him. See p. 342, n. 2, *supra*.

<sup>1</sup> No particular poem, I think, but an epic in general, such as Wharton no doubt was urging him to write.

<sup>2</sup> Gray's, then unknown, critic and correspondent was, I believe, "Mr. J. Butler, of Andover." In a MS. letter from Gray to Dodsley (which Mr. Bindley purchased at the sale of Mr. Isaac Reed's books, subsequently bought by Mr. Rogers at Bindley's sale for eighteen guineas), after he has mentioned how he wishes his poems to be printed, and added some notes, etc., he says, "When you have done, I shall desire you to present, in my name, a copy to Mr. Walpole, in Arlington Street; another to Mr. Daines Barrington (he is one of the Welsh judges) in the Inner Temple;

curiosity, for his observations (whoever it is) are not nonsense. He takes the liberty of a Person unknown, and treats me with abundance of freedom. I guess it to be some *reading* clergyman. M<sup>r</sup> Brown & I join in our best compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. I am, Dear S<sup>r</sup>, most sincerely

Yours

TG:

### CLV. *To Wharton.*<sup>1</sup>

DEAR DOCTOR

You will wonder why I trouble you so soon with another letter; it is about the great box which I committed to the care of your John, and which does not yet make its appearance at Cambridge. In it are all my shoes, clogs, *Encyclopedie*, and other rich moveables, and I begin to fear it has miscarried. I shall be much obliged to you, if you will let him make enquiry after it.

What are we to believe about Silesia?<sup>2</sup> am I to make bonfires, or keep a general fast? pray, rid me of this suspense, for it is very uneasy to me. I am ever

Yours

TG:

Cambridge, Dec: 12. 1757.

### CLVI. *To Mason.*

December 19, 1757.

DEAR MASON

Though I very well know the bland emollient

and a third, to *Mr. J. Butler, at Andover*. Whether this latter gentleman is living or not, or in that neighbourhood, I am ignorant; but you will oblige me in making the inquiry. If you have no better means of knowing, a line directed to the post mistress, at Andover, will bring you information; after this you may, if you please, bestow another copy or two on me. I am, etc."—*Mitford*. See *infra* to Mason, January 3rd, 1758.

<sup>1</sup> To Wharton's London address, Coleman Street.

<sup>2</sup> This alludes to the various turns of fortune in the contest then taking place between the King of Prussia and the Austrians.

saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver,<sup>1</sup> yet if any great man would say to me, "I make you rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of £300 a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me Sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me; but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part I would rather be serjeant trumpeter or pin-maker to the palace. Nevertheless I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe<sup>2</sup> was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle,<sup>3</sup> whom you

The latter, it will be recollected, took Schweidnitz, [Nov. 22] and afterwards defeated the Prince, of Bevern, at Breslaw [Nov. 14] by which they got possession of that town. They were, however, defeated by the K. of Prussia himself, at Lissa [Leuthen, Dec. 5]; who then retook Schweidnitz and Breslaw, and thus became master of Silesia.—*Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> Mason, who here garbles ruthlessly, makes Gray say: "I hope you couched my refusal to Lord John Cavendish in as respectful terms as possible, and with all due acknowledgments to the Duke." He tells us that the laureateship was offered to Gray on the death of Cibber by the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Chamberlain, who desired his brother to make the proposal to Gray; "and his lordship had commissioned me (then in town) to write to him concerning it." It should be remembered that Lord John Cavendish died as late as 1796, long after Mason published Gray's letters, and that Gray's real words might have given offence.

<sup>2</sup> "At the accession of King George [I.] he was made poet-laureat; I am afraid by the ejection of poor Nahum Tate, who (1716) died in the Mint, where he was forced to seek shelter by extreme poverty."—*Johnson*. Nicholas Rowe died in 1718, and his epitaph was written by Pope:

"Thy relics, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust," etc.

<sup>3</sup> "This passage on Settle is omitted in Mason's edition," says *Mitford*, for the obvious reason, we may add, that Mason committed a silly mistake. "Elkanah Settle, born 1646, died 1724; the last of the city poets; for, when mayors' pageants dropped, the office fell with them. He commenced his poetical life by

mention, he belonged to my lord mayor not to the king. Eusden<sup>1</sup> was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character,<sup>2</sup> as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet-laureat.

I am obliged to you for your news; pray send me some more, and better of the sort. I can tell you nothing in return; so your generosity will be the greater;—only Dick<sup>3</sup> is going to give up his rooms, and live at Ashwell. Mr. Treasurer<sup>4</sup> sets Sir M. Lamb<sup>5</sup> at nought, and says he has sent him reasons half a sheet at a time; and Mr.

opposing Dryden [see Johnson's 'Life of Dryden'], and he ended it by writing drolls for Bartholomew Fair. His friend, John Dunton, has praised him in his Life, p. 243; and he still lives embalmed and immortal in the 'Dunciad' of Pope, bk. i., v. 90."—*Mitford*. [The Lord Mayor's day, says Pope,

"Lived in Settle's numbers one day more."]

<sup>1</sup> Appointed poet-laureate by Lord Halifax in 1716. He was rector of Coningsby in Lincolnshire (which afterwards received another poet, the author of the "Fleece"), where he died in 1730. He too appears in the "Dunciad," i. 104:

"And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line."

—*From Mitford*. Lawrence Eusden, clerk, succeeded Rowe in 1718, and was succeeded by Colley Cibber in 1730.

<sup>2</sup> Not to be dealt with in a note. He succeeded Davenant in the laureateship, and held the place till 1689, when he was succeeded by Shadwell.

<sup>3</sup> Dick is the Rev. Richard Forester, mentioned before [p. 338, note 6]. He vacated his fellowship at the end of the year 1757, and went to Ashwell in his own county.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Joseph Gaskarth was the college treasurer, but the subject of his disagreement with Sir M. Lamb does not appear to be known.—*Mitford*.

<sup>5</sup> Probably Sir Matthew Lamb, of Bocket Hall, Herts, created a Baronet in 1755; father of the first Lord Melbourne. He died November 6th, 1768. See Clutterbuck's "Hertfordshire," ii., p. 361.—*Mitford*.

Brown attests his veracity as an eye-witness. I have had nine pages of criticism on the "Bard" sent me in an anonymous letter,<sup>1</sup> directed to the Reverend Mr. G. at Strawberry Hill; and if I have a mind to hear as much more on the other Ode, I am told where I may direct. He seems a good sensible man, and I dare say a clergyman. He is very frank, and indeed much ruder than he means to be. Adieu, dear Mason, and believe me that I am too.

<sup>1</sup> See Mitford's note on letter of December 8th, 1757.





## ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

P. 8, n. 1. The idiom is rustic. In Congreve's "*Æsop*," ii. 1, Roger says, "I've get my wife Joan to be the queen's chamber-maid and then crack! *says me I* and forget all our acquaintance."

P. 8, n. 3. In 1749 "*Oroonoko*" at Covent Garden was witnessed by an African prince and his companion, both of whom had been kidnapped, and redeemed by the British government. They were powerfully affected by a story which was so like their own; and their distress moved the audience more than the simulated passion on the stage (see "*Walpole's Letters*," vol. ii., p. 149 and note, ed. Cunningham). I know nothing parallel to this, except the *possibility* that Clavigo may have witnessed his own story, with the improvement of his death, as told by Goethe (*Lewes' "Life of Goethe,"* p. 162).

P. 9, l. 26, *hogan*. I cannot say for certain what "*hogan*" is. But Boswell tells us ("*Life of Johnson*," A.D. 1781) of a Cornish drink, called by the fishermen mahogany, two parts gin and one part treacle well beaten together. Johnson observed, "*Mahogany* must be a modern name: for it is not long since the wood called mahogany was known in this country." I hazard a suggestion, which may be altogether futile, that this drink was "*hogan*"—turned into "*mahogany*" by Bacchanalian wit.

P. 12, n. 2. Thomas Linacre was physician to Henry VIII., and first president of the college of physicians; he also held preferments in the church. He taught Sir Thomas More and Erasmus Greek, and the Princess Mary (afterwards Queen) Latin. He wrote the "*Rudiments of [Latin] Grammar*." Died 1524.

P. 16 (n. 2 of p. 15, *ad fin.*). The lady, I conjecture, was Miss Chute, the maiden sister of John Chute; and I think it is she who is the bearer of Letter LVI. (p. 105), May 13th, 1742.

P. 22 (n. 4 of p. 21, *ad fin.*). Lessing certainly says "*Colley*," but she was really the wife of Colley's son, Theophilus Cibber. Her maiden name was Arne, and she was the sister of the composer who wrote the music for "*Rule Britannia*."

P. 41, n. 1. Walpole wrote to Cole, December 10th, 1775: "*Who is the author, E. B. G.*" [it was Edward Burnaby Greene] . . . "*of an Elegy on my wolf-devoured dog, poor Tory? a name you will wonder at in a dog of mine; but his godmother was the widow of Alderman Parsons, who gave him at Paris to Lord Conway, and he to me.*"

P. 90 (n. 2 of p. 89, *ad fin.*). Mr. Churton Collins kindly referred me to "N. and Q.," ser. 1, vol. ii., p. 31, for the right story; it comes from "Mrs. Bigg's (anonymous) Residence in France" (edited by Gifford). She had a copy of Gray when she was arrested in the Reign of Terror. The Jacobins who searched her goods lighted on the line:

"O Tu severi relligio loci",

and said, "Apparemment ce livre est quelque chose de fanatique."

P. 108, n. 4. As early as December 19th, 1741, Mann writes to Horace Walpole: "About 3 weeks ago 6 medals were sent from England to Rome, vastly satirical. Sir Robert Walpole with a cord round his neck, led by the devil; on the other side, Sir Robert leads the king by the nose."

P. 109, n. 1, *ad fin.* In 1716, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote from Cologne: "I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklaces; though perhaps it was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished even she herself converted into dressing-plate, and a great St. Christopher I imagined would have looked very well in a cistern." May we infer from this context that the "cistern" was sometimes used for the *toilette*?

P. 115, n. 2, *ad fin.* See errata. Of Woolston's "Six Discourses on the Miracles of our Saviour," the 6th edition, in 2 parts 8vo, had appeared in 1729-30. I regret that I have elsewhere also confused in a note on Gray's "Sketch of His Own Character" (Poems, Pitt Press edition) the Deist Woolston with his more orthodox contemporary Wollaston, whose "Religion of Nature," Gray, according to Norton Nicholls, admired. It was Wollaston, not Woolston, whom Bolingbroke censured.

P. 123 (n. 3 on p. 122, *ad fin.*). "Two statues were erected to Cutler's memory—one in the College of Physicians, and the other in the Grocers' Hall. They were erected, and one removed (that in the College of Physicians), before Pope stigmatized 'Sage Cutler'" (Wheatley on Pepys of January 23rd, 1662-3, on which day the diarist found Sir John's discourse on trade "well worth hearing"). The niche was, we see, vacant when Gray wrote.

P. 129, n. 3, after "impossible." But I must admit that since I made this note, some of them have been deciphered by younger eyes than mine.

P. 139, n. 2. In my notes to the "Elegy" (Pitt Press), pp. 129, 130, I have given reasons for doubting Mason's statement that the poem was begun in 1742.

P. 160, n. 1. Swift to Knightley Chetwode (June 21st, 1715): "I was to see Jordan, who tells me something, but I have forgot it."

P. 171 (n. 4 of p. 170, after "it was written"). Accordingly Mason wrote to Gray, January 28th, 1763: "I have seen his 'Song to David,' and from thence conclude him as mad as ever."

P. 172, n. 1, l. 11, after "too poetical." Gray, however, ex-

plains his own meaning in the misplaced letter to Walpole of November, 1747, p. 181, *infra*.

P. 175 (Mitford's note from preceding page). Mitford, however, has not interpreted the Cambridge Calendar correctly. Stonehewer graduated from Trinity, and afterwards was Fellow of Peterhouse.

P. 182, n. 3. But the "Eton Ode" had already been published in this year by Dodsley in a folio pamphlet of eight pages, and Gray means that as far as that ode is concerned Dodsley may reprint it in his "Miscellany" if he chooses.

P. 208, l. 15, "repay." Mitford and Mr. Gosse (independently) "replace."

P. 213, n. 4. But I believe it was "Lawman, the mad Attorney." See Letter LXXV. (to Wharton, p. 159).

P. 347, n. 3. Thurstaston was the birthplace of Latimer, a divine of a different complexion.





## APPENDIX.

### THE TEXT OF THE WHARTON LETTERS.

THE history of the present edition of the letters to Wharton is as follows. About fifteen years ago I was enabled, through the kindness of the late Mr. John Morris, to make free use of the beautiful Gray collection in his possession. With no definite prospect at that time of publishing the result, I corrected the text of the letters to Norton Nicholls as edited after Mitford by Mr. Gosse, by the originals in that collection, so as to bring it to as near an approximation to Gray's orthography as I could achieve. Subsequently, still with no very certain design, I applied the same process to the Wharton letters, as edited by Mr. Gosse. I employed for that purpose the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum. I did not then possess the Aldine edition of Gray's Works, as edited by Mitford (5 vols., Bell and Daldy), or I should have used Mitford's text for choice. It seems to me to be as trustworthy a transcript, if that is the right word, as that of Mr. Gosse: sometimes, indeed, Mitford understood the peculiarities of Gray's writing better than the later editor. But, for the purpose which I had in view, the two texts are much the same. Indeed, as will be seen, the identity of these two independent records in very curious and, in a sense, important particulars, has caused me the greatest perplexity. And that the records are independent, Mr. Gosse expressly affirms.

As a specimen of my method I give the following excerpt from the Wharton letters, first as edited by Mr. Gosse and secondly as edited by me.

Postscript of letter to Wharton, March, 1747, as it appears in the text of Mr. Gosse:

(1) "Trollope is in town still at his lodgings, and has been very ill. Brown wrote a month ago to Hayes and Christopher, but has had no answer, whether or no, they shall be here at the Commencement. Can you tell? Morley is going to be married to a grave and stayed Maiden of 30 years old with much pelf, and his own relation. Poor Soul!"

(2) The same exactly as Gray wrote it:

"Trollope is in Town still at his Lodgeings, & has been very ill. Brown wrote a Month ago to Hayes & Christoph<sup>r</sup> but has had no Answer, whither or no, they shall be here at the Commencement. can you tell? Morley is going to be married to a grave & stayed Maiden of 30 Years old with much Pelf, & his own Relation. poor Soul!"

Here notice his habit of beginning a sentence without a capital. He does this very generally except when the first word is a substantive, or he is starting a fresh paragraph. Notice the capitals for substantives. Notice that he commonly suffixes "ing" to a word ending in "e" without sacrificing the "e"; as "Lodgeing," "writeing," etc. Notice also, what has escaped the very careful printers of the present edition, that he wrote "whither" here, as well as in another place in the same letter, and elsewhere, for "whether"; I think because he so pronounced. Also that he wrote not "Christopher" (with Mr. Gosse, and also with Mitford), but "Christoph<sup>r</sup>", which I take to mean Christopherson, though I cannot be sure of this. Observe, lastly, his fondness for the *ampersand* (with which he may actually be found beginning a sentence after a full stop!)—a feature which in spite of pains, has not been reproduced by me in all instances. I believe that it would be quite possible to print conjecturally with a very near approximation to Gray's manuscript, the spelling of those letters or poems to the originals of which we have at present no access.

It is satisfactory to be able to record that Mr. Gosse, the last editor of these letters, attaches the utmost value to "exact reproduction." He says of his own edition of Gray's Works:

"The orthography of the text may perhaps be attacked, but I am prepared to defend it. Where I had Gray's holograph

before me, with no text printed in his life time, I had no choice but to reproduce it without modification of any kind. The odd spelling, which presents forms quite peculiar to Gray, the abundance of capitals, which was a foible with him, the eccentric punctuation—all these may annoy certain readers, but I think the majority of students will be glad to see them preserved in an edition which does not aim at being popular on the one hand, or educational on the other. As an instance of the value of accuracy in orthography, I may refer to the extremely fine passage in blank verse, from Dante, which I print here (vol. i., pp. 157-160) for the first time, from a MS. of the poet's in the possession of Lord Houghton. This is undated, and no one knows anything of its history; but from the peculiarities of its spelling, I have no hesitation in attributing it to the period from 1742 to 1744. Such a fact as this may be allowed to justify exactitude."

The translation from Dante Mr. Gosse, as he elsewhere tells us, gives from a *transcript* by Mitford, which I can well believe is very accurate. Of the "holographs" of Gray in English during the whole of the period from the beginning of 1742 to the end of 1744, we cannot be said for certain to possess more than the following: a letter to Chute which can be proved to demonstration to belong to May 13th, 1742, though Mr. Gosse himself dates it conjecturally 1746; a letter, if this may be included, to Ashton, published for the first time in "Gray and His Friends," from an apparently faithful transcript by Mitford; another letter to Chute and Mann, assigned by Mr. Gosse to July, 1745, but also demonstrably belonging to July, 1742; another to Chute, which Mr. Gosse places among the letters of 1746, but which Mitford rightly assigned to 1743; and three letters to Wharton. Of these letters it is obvious that Mr. Gosse can rely on none of those to Chute for the characteristics of Gray's handwriting between 1742 and 1744, for, though they belong to this period, he places them elsewhere. If he applied his criterion, whatever it may be, to these, and misplaced them on the strength of it, I fear it must follow that his criterion is fallacious. Of the poetry belonging to the same period, it would be a great deal too much to assume that the copies extant in Gray's handwriting were made by him at the time of

their composition. As far as those in the Pembroke Common-Place Books are concerned, this is certainly not the case with some, and possibly not the case with any. Nevertheless, let us take every extant example of Gray's manuscript poetry, which can, in the judgment of anyone, have been put to paper during this period. These are the Ode on the Spring, the Sonnet on the Death of West, the Eton College Ode, the Hymn to Adversity, the Hymn to Ignorance,<sup>1</sup> and the Fraser MS. of the Elegy. Of these Mr. Gosse tells us he has not seen the MS. of the Hymn to Ignorance, though it is at Pembroke College. So that his inference rests on the peculiarities of three letters to Wharton and five poems. Amid the enormous mass of Gray's manuscript accessible to research, these eight documents have characteristics so distinctively belonging to three consecutive years of his life, that when nothing more than a presumably faithful transcript turns up, of just eighty-four lines of verse, an editor is able, with perfect confidence, to assign these to this period, and this alone! It must be admitted that such a fact justifies even more than the exactitude which Mr. Gosse has displayed. It justifies, also, what he has not given us, a very precise account of the characteristics which separate this period of Gray's manuscript from any other. It would be tedious to give instances, but as far as I can see, there is not one eccentricity in spelling or form in this version which could not be paralleled from other writings in Gray's hand which lie far outside the limits of this mysterious period. From alterations to later readings, from the comparative fading of the ink, and other similar indications, the average man might pronounce from Gray's MSS. that this document was older than that, or that such-and-such parts were later additions. He could no more infer the date from the spelling, than he could tell what his neighbour had for dinner by the smoke from his chimney. Conscious of his limitations, such a man would look about him for collateral evidences of quite a different kind. In trying to fix the date of the verses in question he would ask when Gray was studying Italian, making versions from the Italian. He would find that Gray, according

<sup>1</sup> If this is in Gray's handwriting.

to Mason, described himself to West in March, 1737, as "learning Italian like any dragon." He would find that in 1738 he sent West a version of a scene in the "Pastor Fido." He would find extant a version from Tasso assigned to the same year, and mention by Mason of another, apparently of somewhat earlier date. In the course of the next year Gray was in Italy, where he lived for more than a year and a half. Accordingly it would be natural to place this version between 1737 and 1741. To be sure, it would be absurd to affirm that Gray could not have made it at a later date. But certainly the last period to which we should be inclined to attribute it, would be that which Mr. Gosse selects. Look at everything we have of Gray's between those dates. There is not one particle of evidence that he is employed with Italian literature.<sup>1</sup> He writes some Latin, and for him much English, verse; he discusses Latin or English literature with West or Wharton; the books which he mentions to Chute are either English or French. He has to take his LL.B. degree, and, I suppose, to do some sort of reading, and perhaps attend lectures to this end, between October, 1742, and December, 1744. If we assign to the three years, 1742, 1743, and 1744, all the things of Gray's which certainly belong to them, there is perhaps no time of his life in which we can more precisely trace the direction of his studies. But through the perfunctory manner in which the dates of the letters have been determined hitherto, the assignment of them to their proper places has been to the present editor a difficult task. Who would not covet a talisman such as Mr. Gosse possesses, even though it scatters all one's laborious inferences to the winds? And why are these gifts hidden, or so charily employed? Why were they not applied without stint to a whole mass of accessible manuscript, covering a period of at least thirty years? It is indeed generous to leave to others an achievement which would be as striking in its way as the greatest exploits of Bentley and Porson, with the additional attraction of a method more novel than theirs. But why not have given

<sup>1</sup> I do not believe that the *Elegy* was begun before 1745. But if it was begun in 1742, the reference in the first line would only go to show that Gray had read Dante before then. Where more likely than at Florence, if not before he went to Italy?



also the exact material to work upon? Even with this, as far as it is now supplied, the rash adventurer will be baffled. We have the will, *nous autres*, but not the power, to divine after this manner.

The advantages for most of us of exact reproduction, in spite of its obvious drawbacks to the reader, I take to be these. We allow others as well as ourselves to interpret our author, when we do not suppress by our own conjectures what was actually written. This is a most dangerous habit in the case of proper names. I know that Mitford indulged it sometimes even in transcribing. For instance, in certain notes by Gray printed in "Gray and His Friends," p. 280, we have this:

"Bp of Norwich finds the Pretender reading P. d'Orleans."

What Gray wrote I have not the least doubt was "Pr:" and Mitford interpreted this as "Pretender", though he seems to have transcribed these notes with very great care. The real incident is told in a letter from Walpole to Mann of December, 1742. "The Pr:" is the Prince of Wales, whom Hayter found reading the Père d'Orléans, the apologist for James II. Mitford has made another mistake of the same kind in interpreting Mason. He makes him write to Gray, December 25, 1755:

"Charles Townshend, in the same debate, called Lord Holland an unthinking, unparliamentary minister, for which he was severely mumbled by Mr. Fox."

Beyond all question he must have had before him "H:" or "Hold:", which stood for Lord Holdernessee, Mason's patron. He forgot that the Fox here mentioned was himself the first Lord Holland, at a later date than 1755.

Again, Richard Stonehewer is one of the minor lights of politics in Gray's time, and finds a place in the "Dictionary of National Biography." It might therefore be quite worth while to trace him in the correspondence of his friend Gray. But we may go wrong as to his movements. For in Letter CXXXVII Gray writes, according to Mitford:

"Stonehewer is gone to town, but (as he assures me) not to stay above a week."

The same name Mr. Gosse gives as S[tonehewe]r. Here we have the same interpretation in two forms, the latter apparently the more exact. But they are both equally wrong. For what

Gray wrote is "S!", which cannot possibly stand for Stonehewer,<sup>1</sup> but probably represents Southwell. In these days of minute college histories small names, in such a correspondence as this, may prove of significance, and Southwell has, I believe, something to do with a dark passage in the history of Gray's beloved Pembroke, which distressed him very much.

Again the spelling is often a clue to pronunciation, though it might be as dangerous to make too much of this as of rhymes which may be only approximate or already conventional. I think for example that Gray said "whither" for "whether," and perhaps "hast" for "haste"—but at any rate we should record that he so wrote,<sup>2</sup> and that too, as his manner was, clearly and deliberately. And further, the spelling of the scholar-poet Milton was important enough in the eyes of such men as Thirlwall, Whewell, Julius Charles Hare, and Walter Savage Landor to justify them in a partial adoption of his orthography; indications of this still survive for readers of "Guesses at Truth" and the "Imaginary Conversations." Whether Gray's spellings have any value of a similar kind it is not for his editors to decide. But that he had a generally consistent practice is abundantly clear. And there may be something in his propensity to retain the letter "e" with a suffix. He may have thought that it should be preserved wherever the sound is unchanged; and that if "e" distinguishes "write" from "writ" in sound, "e" should not be discarded. He will write "chappel," "fellow," etc.: he might argue that the short sound of the vowel is thus fixed for them. The termination -our he uses of course more commonly than we do; writing *Horreur*, *Traitour*, even *Visitour*: all perhaps on principle. We cannot safely say that all, or perhaps any of these instances are peculiar to Gray. They may belong to his generation. He writes "every body" as separate words, a characteristic which Mitford has preserved even where Mr. Gosse has neglected it. And the Fraser MS. of

<sup>1</sup> In the notes this form of the name has been generally (not invariably) preserved. But it is certain that Gray wrote and pronounced it *Stonehewer*.

<sup>2</sup> "Hast the loom of Hell prepare!"—Gray's MS. of the "Fatal Sisters."

the *Elegy* testifies that he wrote "For ever"<sup>1</sup> to confirm the lamented C. S. C.:

"Forever! 'Tis a single word!  
And yet our fathers deemed it two:  
Nor am I confident they erred:  
Are you?"

Of his own edition of these "Wharton Letters" Mr. Gosse says:

"As far as regards the largest section of Gray's prose writings, the letters which he addressed to Thomas Wharton, I am relieved from the responsibility of reference to any previous text, for I have scrupulously printed these, as though they had never been published before, direct from the originals, which exist, in a thick volume, among the Egerton MSS. in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. The Wharton letters are so numerous and so important, and have hitherto been so carelessly transcribed, that I regard this portion of my labours, mechanical as it is, with great satisfaction; for the final correction of this part of Gray's text, which has hitherto been neglected, is of much more importance than that of the Norton Nicholls and Mason letters, which, as I have already said, received the particular attention of Mitford at a later period, when he understood his duties as an editor in a much more serious sense than in his youth."<sup>2</sup>

And again:

"In the following pages I have followed Mitford's latest collations, except as regards the very numerous letters addressed to Wharton, which are all printed here directly from Gray's holographs in the Egerton MSS."

<sup>1</sup> "For ever sleep: the breezy call of morn," etc.  
(Earliest draft of *Elegy*.)

<sup>2</sup> From this we must infer that there is no difference between Mitford's edition of those letters dated 1816 and those dated 1836-5 and 1858, respectively. These latter, as far as I can discover, are identical. That of 1816 I have not seen. If Mitford improved between 1816 and 1835, why is he censured for the sins of his youth? But upon any hypothesis he deserves to be better spoken of. Whatever editions by Mitford of the Wharton Letters Mr. Gosse has seen, they are to him as if he had not seen them, and yet they confirm his results in very extraordinary particulars.

I take all this to mean either that Mr. Gosse transcribed exactly from the Egerton MSS. the Wharton letters, or that, if he used Mitford's text at all, he corrected it with the Egerton MSS. before him, as I have corrected *his* printed text of these letters throughout. Yet, upon either hypothesis, what need was there for all this labour on my part? Convinced of the value of exact reproduction, and able upon this method to draw as to the dates of Gray's writings inferences which excite the puzzled admiration of less gifted labourers, Mr. Gosse did, nevertheless, offer to the public a text very generally modernized in spelling which seems to be substantially the printed text of Mitford, some slight omissions repaired, some obliterated names deciphered, some readings altered (some for the better, some for the worse),<sup>1</sup> the reports of Wharton's endorsements given (but not always correctly), and Mitford's worst mistakes or oversights faithfully repeated. I am inclined to think that Mitford did actually transcribe the Wharton letters. I might perhaps boldly affirm that no one else has done so. From what I have seen of his practice elsewhere, I should say that he transcribed them, if at all, exactly, but left the spelling very much to the printer. Thus the word "stayed" survives as Gray spelt it in the specimen of Mr. Gosse's text which I have given above; and the word "Lodgeing" does not. But precisely the same is the case with respect to the same two words in Mitford's text also. I mention this not to emphasize a coincidence of which there are many other examples, but as an indication that Mitford's printer had before him an exact transcript of Gray.

My perplexity is not relieved by the evidences of minute care which Mr. Gosse's textual notes occasionally display. Such a remark as this: "The MS. is torn, but the tail of a stroke can be seen," indicates a conscientious editorship, which is an example to us all, and may well keep the most laborious of us in

<sup>1</sup> *E.g.* Gray writes to Wharton, Aug. 19, 1748, speaking of a play of Gresset's, "Edward I could scarce get through. . . ." So Mason and Mitford. But Mr. Gosse reads "Edward I," I suggest because he mistook the following first person for a numeral, and then annotates "Gray makes a slip of the pen here. Gresset wrote no *Edward I*. His *Edouard III*. was brought out," etc. The context (*q.v.*) sufficiently indicates that Gray had, after all, read the play.

countenance. We do indeed live in a changed world when a well-known man of letters can annotate after this fashion, with no fear that he who can

“With certain aim transfix the tail of J”

may be pilloried in a new Dunciad with those

“Who sink or sound in *cano*, O or A,  
Or give up Cicero to C or K.”

Such instances are of course vouchers that the rest of the letters to Wharton have been studied and reproduced with the same scrupulous fidelity. The general reader can scarcely be interested in the many trivial instances in which Mitford and Mr. Gosse offer a record of the state of the manuscript which witnesses against mine. I have only noticed a good many of these in order to show candidly what a wealth of concurrent yet independent testimony there is against the text which I offer. The whole question would be of no moment whatever but for the fact that our estimate of Gray as a man of education is seriously affected by the choice between Mitford and Mr. Gosse on the one part, and the present edition on the other. The blunders which Mitford has attributed to Gray would be easily explicable as slips in transcribing, or errors of the press, due partly to Mitford's minute handwriting, partly to his inadequate correction of the proofs. But the corroborative evidence of Mr. Gosse is fatal to such an explanation. Therefore, to go no further than the present volume, it is, I fear, proved already and will go nigh to be thought shortly that our fastidious and accurate poet talked of *animalculæ*, dreaded a mysterious disease he called *Pythisis*, invented the meaningless word *deballate*, wrote, “quiet and hope is gradually returning,” called the French elm the *vernacular*, and feared that he and his *male* companions in a post-chaise would be ‘*tous fracassées*.’”<sup>1</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> One of his little weaknesses was that he talked of titled people: one of his studies was the country seats of the nobility. Did he then write of the “*Duke of Guilford's*”? So Mitford has it, and so also Mr. Gosse. He may be supposed to have known the name of the professor of Greek who entered upon his office at Cambridge in 1744. It was Fraigneau, but Mitford gives it as Traigneau, and so does Mr. Gosse. Did Gray write, “I hope to *replace* my debts this year”? So Mitford and Mr. Gosse. I found *repay*. Did Gray, in a spirit of prophecy, write of Madame de



present editor saw other things than these, things more according to knowledge, and more creditable to Gray. But what can this avail, against such concurrent testimony? *Allez vous coucher, Bazile!* A man in such a dilemma is:

“an infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry.”

But Mr. Gosse is certainly less than just to Mitford. The reader has seen what he says of Mitford's editorship of this correspondence. I find no such marked distinction as that on which Mr. Gosse insists, between this and his work on the letters to Nicholls. Having from the original of these corrected Mr. Gosse's reproduction of Mitford's text, I am entitled, I think, to say that it has all the characteristics of Mitford's edition of the Wharton letters. It is indeed inferior to that edition in the dating of the letters. Mitford there had Wharton for a guide; a fairly safe guide, though he sometimes made mistakes. And I must say that when an editor presents to the public certain errors which would in themselves be absolutely incredible, considering the acquirements of the writer to whom they are attributed, he ought to be profoundly grateful to a predecessor, of whose labours he has not availed himself, but who nevertheless confirms the results of his independent research in the most startling particulars. Be this as it may, whatever the faults of the present edition may be, its most flagrant defects must be attributed to *autopsia*, a word which once signified “seeing with one's own eyes,” but in this generation may well stand for a disease. Under this infirmity I must have laboured for many weary months, and it is the only palliation I can offer for the text which I present. I am forced to the miserable confession, that by the convergent evidence of a most laborious and conscientious editor in the past, and of an editor still living whom we know on the best authority to be even more laborious and conscientious, and to possess critical gifts of a most exceptional character, the present edition is “damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.” What is of infinitely more importance,

Stael? Mitford or his printer might have erred herein—but did Mr. Gosse or his printer make the same error exactly at the same place? I found *Staal*.

Gray's reputation as a singularly precise and elegant scholar, is damned as well.

*Postscript.*—I am assured by a friend who has carefully investigated the point for me, that the only difference between Mitford's edition of 1816 and that of 1836-5, as far as the Wharton correspondence is concerned, is in the addition of four letters. The text of those published in 1816 remained as it was. From what Mr. Gosse says it would be natural to infer that Mitford became aware of Mason's iniquities *after* 1816. He says of Mason: "His version of Gray's Letters is crowded with alterations, interpolations, and transpositions 'far too numerous and too important,' as Mitford at last perceived 'to be merely the effect of a negligent transcription.'" What does "*at last*" mean here? Who would imagine that Mr. Gosse is quoting a note made in 1816 by Mitford on his own edition of the Wharton correspondence—that edition which Mr. Gosse tells us betrays an inadequate conception of an editor's duties—but which Mitford then claimed to be a faithful reproduction of what Gray actually wrote? Mitford says in 1816 (advertisement) in language which impudently forestalls that of Mr. Gosse sixty-eight years later, "The great importance which the editor attaches to this volume is, that it enables the public *for the first time to read the genuine and uncorrupted correspondence of Gray, exactly in his own language, and printed from his own manuscripts.*" He then goes on to speak of Mason's treatment of the Wharton correspondence. Was *Mitford* throwing dust in the eyes of the public when he thus wrote? I believe that he was then as careful an editor as he ever proved himself to be; and that he was then, as always, conscientious.

The edition of 1836-5, contained, as I have said, four more letters. I can find no mention in Mr. Gosse's Preface of this edition in connection with the Wharton correspondence. It is in fact, abundantly clear, that he knows of no work done by Mitford on this particular collection after 1816. Mr. Gosse *must* therefore have transcribed these four letters with no printed text to facilitate his labours. It is, accordingly, most creditable to Mitford that he transcribed, or at any rate printed, these letters almost exactly as Mr. Gosse gives them. In some very minute respects Mr. Gosse is the more accurate, in others

Mitford. In one instance Mitford has no doubt omitted a word, but only because it would be offensive to the Wharton family. He has correctly printed "any thing" as two separate words, while Mr. Gosse's text runs them together. Neither Mitford nor Mr. Gosse reproduces Gray's "hast" for "haste" in the letter of Mar. 15, 1768. In the same letter they both agree in making Gray speak of a Mr. L., and then of a Mr. Ll., although Gray knows only a Mr. Ll: . Mitford has made Gray use capitals where he did not, and Mr. Gosse has done the very same. The words are "that you would sell these Tythes out of Hand and with them all your expectations and all your Law-suits"—and neither "tythes," "hand," nor "law-suits" have capitals in the MS. In this same letter Gray writes "Ston-hewer" when he gives the name in full; both Mitford and Mr. Gosse find Stonehewer. I might quote other instances from this letter to prove that there must be telepathy in time as well as in space.









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